(2)

Masonic Miscellanies,

IN

POETRY AND PROSE.

CONTAINING

I.

THE MUSE OF MASONRY,

Comprising

SONGS,

(*Chiefly adapted to familiar Tunes,*)

CANTATAS,	ORATORIOS,	SONNETS,
DUETS,	ANTHEMS,	PROLOGUES,
CATCHES,	EULOGIES,	and
GLEES,	ODES,	EPILOGUES;

With appropriate Toasts and Sentiments.

II.

THE MASONIC ESSAYIST.

III.

THE FREEM-ASON's VADE-MECUM.

By STEPHEN JONES.

Sparsa coegi.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY BROTHER *JOSEPH HILL.*
1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
27
57
SEP

TO

WILLIAM PRESTON, Esq.

Dear Sir,

HUMBLE as the Offering is, I am induced to entreat your Acceptance of this little Volume, as a ſmall Teſtimony of the Reſpect I bear to you as a Man, and the Veneration with which I contemplate you in the Character of a Maſon.

Thoſe who are favoured with your Friendſhip, know with what incredible Pains you have explored the Mines of Maſonic Lore: and they alſo know (what is as honourable to your Heart as that is creditable to your Induſtry) that you have with unreſerved Liberality communicated what it has coſt you ſo much Labour and Study to acquire.

Having, among many others, been honoured with acceſs to your Parties of Inſtruction, I owe to you whatever Inſight I may have acquired into the true Nature and Deſign of Maſonry. Whatever, therefore, on that Subject employs my Pen, can be to no Perſon ſo juſtly inſcribed as to you: to you, who introduced, who initiated me, and who afterwards kindly undertook the Direction of

my Reſearches into its Principles. How much I venerate the Inſtitution you well know; how inadequate I am to expreſs my Thoughts upon it, the *Second Part* of this Work will, I am afraid, but too plainly demonſtrate. It will, however, be a high Gratification to me, if you ſhould think ſo favourably of the Attempt, as to allow me thus publicly to inſcribe myſelf,

Dear Sir,
Your much obliged,
and very faithful Servant
and Brother,
S. JONES.

TO MASONRY.

THOU faireſt type of Excellence divine,
Whoſe ſocial links the race of man combine,
Whoſe awful mandates ſtoward Vice control,
And breath thro' Nature one enlighten'd ſoul;
From thy mild ſway benignant virtues riſe,
Pour on the heart, and emulate the ſkies;
From thy ſage voice ſublime Inſtruction ſprings,
While Knowledge waves her many-colour'd wings,
And ſtar-ey'd Truth, and Conſcience, holy reſt,
Enthron'd true feeling in the glowing breaſt.
Then deign the labour of thy Sons to guide,
O'er each full line in nervous ſenſe preſide,
Adorn each verſe, each manly thought inflame,
And what we gain from Genius give to Fame!

DERMODY.

PREFACE.

IT has been the practice of almoſt every Author or Compiler of publications on Maſonry, to affix to their books a larger or ſmaller collection of Maſonic Poetry.

The moſt reſpectable ſelection, as far as it goes, of Odes, Songs, &c. on this ſubject, is that made by Mr. Preſton *at the end of his* Illuſtrations; *and I hazard little in ſaying, that his is the only work wherein it is viſible that any care has been taken to correct the uncouth diction of many of the poems. Mr.* Preſton's *collection, however, is neceſſarily confined, on account of the copious nature, and higher importance, of the main work. It appeared, therefore, a deſirable thing, to collect into one volume the numerous articles of this kind which had hitherto been ſcattered through multifarious publications.*

In the preſent work the Reader will find—First, *the different productions claſſed under their reſpective*—Secondly, *an alphabetical order has been adopted, as far as was practicable, in the arrangement of each claſs.*—Thirdly, *very numerous alterations (it is hoped emendations) have been made in the ſeveral compoſitions.*—Fourthly, *where the names of the writers could be aſſigned, or local and temporary alluſions explained, both theſe objects have been attended to.*—Fifthly, *conſidering that many Maſonic Songs, of tolerable merit as compoſitions, have been long neglected on account of their tunes being unknown, that difficulty has here been obviated in a great degree; not by the endeavour (which in all probability would have been fruitleſs) to diſcover and reſtore the original airs, but by applying to them ſuch modern tunes as are moſt generally known and eſteemed. How far this attempt has been ſucceſsful muſt be left to the opinion of the Reader. With reſpect to*

such songs as are (*like the* Enter'd Apprentice's, *&c.*) *in continual practice among the Craft, it would have been folly to have meddled with the tunes; nor indeed could any others have been assigned with equal expression or effect.*

Thus much it seemed proper to say as to the First Part *of the present volume.*

The Second Part *consists chiefly of prose selections, illustrative of the true principles of the Institution. The Essays written by the* Editor *were well intended, and on that account will, he hopes, escape severe criticism: he is content to take a very humble seat as a writer, if he be permitted to rank among the most sincere admirers of* genuine *Masonry.*

As one part of this work is given to amusement, *and another to* instruction, *a* third *is added, to which the merit of* convenience *well perhaps be allowed. It will be found to contain a number of articles of information on subjects that are in frequent occurrence, and may, therefore, among the Brethren, be not an unwelcome Pocket Companion or Vade-Mecum.*

As there is, perhaps, a natural disposition in most writers to contemplate in prospectu *a new edition of their labours, it is requested of such Brethren as may be possessed of articles of merit applicable to the plan of this work, that they will be kind enough to favour the publishers with copies of them, which will be received with thanks, and* (*in the event of its being again sent to the press*) *respectfully attended to.*

S. J.

BRITISH MUSEUM 27 57 SEP

THE MUSE OF MASONRY.

SONGS.

I.

THE FAREWEL

To the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton.

By ROBERT BURNS.

[Tune—*Good Night, and Joy be wi' you a'.*]

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the myſtic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my ſocial joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands muſt hie,
Purſuing Fortune's ſlidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you ſtill, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your ſocial band,
And ſpent the cheerful feſtive night;
Oft, honour'd with ſupreme command,
Preſided o'er the ſons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright
Which none but craftſmen ever ſaw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart ſhall write
Thoſe happy ſcenes when far awa'!

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand deſign,
Beneath the omniſcient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!

That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still riſing by the plummet's law,
'Till order bright completely ſhine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewel! whoſe merits claim
Juſtly that higheſt badge to wear!
Heav'n bleſs your honour'd, noble name,
To Maſonry and Scotia dear!
A laſt requeſt permit me here,
When yearly ye aſſemble a',
One round, I aſk it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

II.

[Tune—*Dear Tom, this brown Jug.*]

ADVANCE each true brother, my ſong now attend,
And aſſiſt in full chorus a brother and friend;
With good humour he calls you, then ſocially join,
That the cieling may ring with a theme that's divine.
Then join, brother Maſons, aloft raiſe the ſong,
All the virtues in life to true Maſons belong.

The wiſeſt of men was a Maſon we know,
From him our chief honours and dignities flow;
He founded the temple, the pillars he rais'd,
And Solomon ſtill in our ſongs ſhall be prais'd.
Then join, &c.

With ſquare and with compaſs, with level and line,
We conſtantly work to complete our deſign;
By prudence we ſteer, and the paſſions ſubdue,
What we learn in our youth in our age we renew.
Then join, &c.

On Freedom and Friendſhip our order began,
To deal ſquarely with all is the chief of our plan;
The ſneer then of fools we eſteem as a feather,
Since Virtue's the cement that joins us together.
Then join, &c.

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'Till the ocean be dry, and hard rocks melt away,
'Till the globe ſhall diſſolve, and no ſun cheer the day;
So long ſhall the Maſons their order maintain,
And the arrows of ſlander be ſhot forth in vain.
Then join, &c.

III.

ALONE from arts and ſcience flow
Whate'er inſtructs or charms the eye,
Whate'er can fill the mind with awe,
Beneath yon arched azure ſky.

With heav'nly true mechanic ſkill,
Our great Almighty Maſter wrought;
And in ſix days did He fulfil
What far ſurpaſſes human thought.

Firm in the centre fixed He
The ſun to guide the rolling ſpheres;
The moon by night a light to be,
And mark us out the months and years.

What tho' no pow'rful lever's ſeen,
Nor axle, wheel, or pully there;
Yet they have ever conſtant been,
As time and truth to us declare.

Juſt ſo our true Maſonic fame
On lofty laſting columns ſtands;
Grac'd with a royal Brunſwick's name,
And rear'd beneath his ruling hands.

IV.

[Tune—*Young Damon, &c.*]

A MASON's daughter, fair and young,
The pride of all the virgin throng,
Thus to her lover ſaid:
Though, Damon, I your flame aprove,
Your actions praiſe, your perſon love,
Yet ſtill I'll live a maid.

None ſhall untie my virgin-zone,
But one to whom the ſecret's known
Of fam'd Free-maſonry;
In which the great and good combine,
To raiſe, with generous deſign,
Man to felicity.

The lodge excludes the fop and fool,
The plodding knave, and party-tool,
That liberty would fell;
The noble, faithful, and the brave,
No golden charms can e'er deceive,
In ſlavery to dwell.

Thus ſaid, he bow'd, and went away
Apply'd, was made, without delay
Return'd to her again;
The fair comply'd with his requeſt,
Connubial joys the couple bleſt;
And long may they remain.

V

[Tune—*A Sailor's life's a life of woe.*

A MASON's life's the life for me,
With joy we meet each other,
We paſs our time with mirth and glee,
And hail each friendly brother:
In lodge no party feuds are ſeen,
But careful we in this agree,
To baniſh care or ſpleen.
The Maſter's call
We one and all
With pleaſure ſoon obey;
With heart and hand
We ready ſtand,
Our duty ſtill to pay.
But when the glaſs goes round,
Then mirth and glee abound,
We're happy ev'ry ſoul;

We laugh a little, we drink a little,
We work a little, we play a little,
We laugh, &c.
We ſing a little, are merry a little,
And quaff the flowing bowl.
And quaff, &c.

See in the eaſt the maſter ſtands,
The wardens ſouth and weſt, Sir,
Both ready to obey commands,
Find work, or give us reſt, Sir;
The ſignal given, we all prepare,
With one accord obey the word,
To work by rule or ſquare:
Or, if they pleaſe,
The ladder raiſe,
Or plumb the level line;
Thus we employ
our time with joy,
Attending every ſign.
But when the glaſs goes round,
Then mirth and glee abound,
We're happy ev'ry ſoul;
We laugh a little, and drink a little,
We work a little, and play a little,
We laugh, &c.
We ſing a little, are merry a little,
And quaff the flowing bowl.
And quaff, &c.

Th' Almighty ſaid, "Let there be light,"
Effulgent rays appearing,
Diſpell'd the gloom, the glory bright
To this new world was cheering:
But unto Maſonry alone,
Another light, ſo clear and bright,
In myſtic rays then ſhone;
From eaſt to weſt
It ſpread ſo faſt,
That, Faith and Hope unfurl'd,

We hail with joy
Sweet Charity,
The darling of the world.
Then while the toaſt goes round,
Let mirth and glee abound,
Let's be happy every ſoul;
We'll laugh a little, and drink a little,
We'll work a little, and play a little,
We'll laugh, &c.
We'll ſing a little, be merry a little,
And quaff the flowing bowl.
And quaff, &c.

VI.

Tune—*Dear Tom, this brown Jug.*]

ARISE, gentle Muſe, and thy wiſdom impart
To each boſom that glows with the love of our art;
For the bliſs that from thy inſpiration accrues,
Is what all ſhould admire, and each Maſon purſues.
Hence harmoney ſprings, 'tis the cement of love,
Fair freedom on earth, and bright union above.

Tho' malice our joy ſhould attempt to control,
Tho' diſcord around like an ocean ſhould roll;
To the one we'll be deaf, to the other be blind,
For wiſdom alone is the ſtrength of the mind.
Hence harmony, &c.

The bright charms of beauty for ever will ſhine,
Our art to adorn with a luſtre divine,
'Till time, circling round, ſhall unfold the great truth,
Which thus has united the ſage and the youth.
Hence harmony, &c.

VII.

[Tune—*Attic Fire.*]

ARISE, and blow thy trumpet, Fame!
Free maſonry aloud proclaim
To realms and worlds unknown:

Tell them 'twas this great David's ſon,
The wiſe, the matchleſs Solomon,
Priz'd far above his throne.

The ſolemn temple's cloud-capt towers,
Th' aſpiring domes are works of ours,
By us thoſe piles were rais'd:
Then bid mankind with ſongs advance,
And thro' th' ethereal vaſt expanſe
Let Maſonry be prais'd!

We help the poor in time of need,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
'Tis our foundation ſtone:
We build upon the nobleſt plan,
For friendſhip rivets man to man,
And makes us all as one. } *Chorus 3 times.*

Still louder, Fame! thy trumpet blow;
Let all the diſtant regions know
Free-maſonry is this:
Almighty wiſdom gave it birth,
And Heaven has fix'd it here on earth,
A type of future bliſs!

VIII.

AS long as our coaſt ſhall with whiteneſs appear,
Still Maſons ſtand foremoſt in verſe;
While harmoney, friendſhip, and joys are held dear,
New bands ſhall our praiſes rehearſe.

Chorus.

Tho' lodges leſs favour'd, leſs happy, decay,
Deſtroy'd by old Time as he runs;
Tho' Albions, Gregorians, and Bucks, fade away,
Still Maſons ſhall live in their ſons.

If Envy attempt our ſucceſs to impede,
United we'll trample her down;
If Faction ſhould threaten, we'll ſhew we're agreed,
And Diſcord ſhall own we are one.

Tho' lodges, &c.

While with ardour we glow this our order to raiſe,
Promoting its welfare and peace,
Old Maſons return our endeavours to praiſe,
And new ones confirm the increaſe.
Tho' lodges, &c.

Go on, cry our parents, for Time is your friend,
His flight ſhall increaſe your renown;
And mirth ſhall your gueſt be, and Bacchus attend,
And joy all your meetings ſhall crown.
Tho' lodges, &c.

IX.

Written by the Editor.

The 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th Verſes may be omitted on ordinary occaſions, to ſhorten the Song.

[Tune—*Hearts of Oak.*]

A SYSTEM more pure ne'er was modell'd by man,
Than that which we boaſt as the Free-maſon's plan;
It unites all the world by the ſtrongeſt of ties,
And adds to mens' bliſs, while it makes them more wiſe.
From the prince to the boor,
Be he rich, be he poor,
A Maſon is a brother,
And each will help the other,
So grateful the tie is of Free-maſonry.

That hence flow the pureſt enjoyments of life,
That baniſh'd from hence are deſſenſion and ſtrife,
That the leſſons are good which we practiſe and teach,
Are truths that our foes vainly ſtrive to impeach.
From the prince, &c.

The greateſt of monarchs, the wiſeſt, and beſt,
Have Maſons become, and been true to the teſt;
And ſtill with that ſanction our rites are purſu'd,
Admir'd by the wiſe, and approv'd by the good.
From the Prince, &c.

The King and the Craft having claim'd our applauſe,
The guardian the one, t'other firm to the laws.
In union, my brethren, aſſiſt me to ſing,
Ever true be the Craft to a patriot King!
From the prince, &c.

To George Prince of Wales our affections we owe,
To his health let libations with due honours flow;
With zeal let our Royal Grand Maſter be giv'n,
And the bleſſings of Maſons be ſanction'd by Heav'n.
From the Prince, &c.

His conſort may health and enjoyment attend,
The Craft are aſſur'd that ſhe's firmly their friend;
For her offspring we crave but this boon from above,
Be the meed of her virtues a whole nation's love!
From the prince, &c.

Of York and of Clarence (while o'er land and ſea
The toils of the brave ſerve to keep Britain free)
May their deeds furniſh ſubjects for many to lay,
And their mem'ry ne'er die till all nature decay!
From the prince, &c.

Yet let not the Man of our hearts be unſung,
Nor forgot the effects of his well-pleading tongue;
May the pray'rs of our orphans to Heaven aſcend,
And ſecure its beſt bleſſings for Moira their friend!
From the prince, &c.

The taſk were too tedious the deeds to record
Of the great and the good that our annals afford;
In a word, let us utter this truth to mankind,
There's no temple more pure than the true Maſon's mind.
From the prince, &c.

X.

[Tune—*Derry down.*]

ATTEND, loving brethren, and to me give ear,
Our work being ended, let's lay aſide care;
Let mirth and good humour our ſenſes regale,
And mind that our ſecrets we never reveal.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

With leave of his worſhip that there fills the chair,
Who governs our actions by compaſs and ſquare;
We'll ſing a few verſes in Maſonry's praiſe;
Not fond of ambition, we look for no bays.
Derry down, &c.

Our ancient Grand Maſter, inſpir'd by the Lord,
On holy Moriah, ſays ſcripture record,
Began the magnificent ſtructure to frame
In the month called Zif, the fourth year of his reign.
Derry down, &c.

With level and ſquare the foundation begun,
In length ſixty cubits, breadth nineteen and one;
Here Maſonry ſhone above all other arts,
So ſublime's the great ſecret the artiſt imparts.
Derry down, &c.

Old Hiram of Tyre, king David's great friend,
Did fir, pine, and cedar from Lebanon ſend,
To build the ſanctorum by Maſonry's ſkill,
In obedience unto the great Architect's will.
Derry down, &c.

One hundred and fifty-three thouſand ſix hundred,
Employ'd for the temple, we find the were number'd;
With crafts many thouſands, and bearers of loads,
And maſters ſix hundred, ſay ſcripture records,
Derry down, &c.

Theſe form'd themſelves all into lodges, they ſay,
Some eaſt and ſome weſt, ſome north and ſouth way;

In love and truth ſtill they go happilly on,
In all well govern'd countries under the ſun.
Derry down, &c.

Now let the briſk bumper go merrily round;
May our worſhipful maſter in honour abound;
May his precepts inſtructive to harmony move,
And we live like true brethren in friendſhip and love.
Derry down, &c.

All health to our brethren of ev'ry degree,
Diſpers'd round the globe, or by land or by ſea:
Preſerve them, ye pow'rs, their virtues improve:
When we part from this world, may we all meet above.
Derry down, &c.

XI.

[Tune—*Smile, Britannia.*]

ATTEND, attend the ſtrains,
Ye Maſons free, whilſt I,
To celebrate your fame,
Your virtues ſound on high;
Accepted Maſons, free and bold,
We never live the dupes to gold.

Great Solomon, the king,
Great architect of fame;
Of whom all coaſts did ring,
Rever'd a Maſon's name:
Like him, accepted, free, and bold,
True wiſdom we prefer to gold.

Since him the great and wiſe
Of every age and clime,
With fame that never dies,
Purſu'd the art ſublime;
Inſpir'd by heav'n, juſt and free,
Have honour'd much our myſtery.

The glorious paths of thoſe
With heav'n-born wiſdom crown'd,
We every day diſcloſe,
And tread on ſacred ground;
A maſon, righteous, juſt, and free,
Or elſe not worthy Maſonry.

XII.

[Tune—*Mulberry Tree.*]

BEHOLD a cloud break, and Urania deſcends,
The ſky-mantled nymph our convention attends;
It is for the Craft that ſhe ſweeps the loud ſtrings,
And ſcience attunes her ſweet notes as ſhe ſings.
All the arts inform'd by me,
Bow to thee, bleſt Maſonry,
Creation ſpreads her charms to thee,
And thou immortal e'er ſhalt be.

Elated, all own that thy ſource is divine,
The bible thy ſtandard, thy ſquare and thy line;
That truth is thy handman, and reaſon thy ſoul,
And juſtice thy guide to the farthermoſt pole.
All the arts, &c.

As wide and extenſive as Sol's boundleſs ray,
All cheering as ſpring and as bright as her May,
The ſyſtem Maſonic of myſtical rite,
Spreads an ocean of rapture and infinite light.
All the arts, &c.

Senſe, truth, and good humour, and harmony join,
By Maſonry warm'd, they unite and combine;
To the bower of friendſhip ſhe leads them along,
To taſte of her banquets and chorus her ſong.
Then the arts, &c.

Behold the Free-maſon, how glorious his plan!
It enlarges the mind and ennobles the man,

It teaches the hand and the heart how to bleſs,
And melts e'en the miſer to ſoften diſtreſs.
Then the arts, &c.

To time's lateſt period the Craft ſo divine,
As the rays of their art ſhall diffuſedly ſhine,
Their laws, rules, and orders, all other excel,
And Kent e'er ſtand foremoſt their virtues to tell.
While the arts, &c.

XIII.

[Tune—*Derry down.*]

BEHOLD in a lodge we dear brethren are met,
And in proper order together are ſet;
Our ſecrets to none but ourſelves ſhall be known,
Our actions to none but Free-maſons be ſhown.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd;
Let's ſtand by our laws, that are wiſely contriv'd;
And then all the glorious creation ſhall ſee,
That none are ſo loving, ſo friendly as we.
Derry down, &c.

The temple, and many a magnificent pile,
E'en buildings now ſtanding within our own Iſle,
With wiſdom contriv'd, with beauty refin'd,
With ſtrength to ſupport, and the building to bind.
Derry down, &c.

Theſe noble grand ſtructures will always proclaim
What honour is due to a Free-maſon's name;
E'en ages to come, when our work they ſhall ſee,
Will ſtrive with each other like us to be free.
Derry down, &c.

What tho' ſome of late, by their ſpleen, plainly ſhow
They fain would deride what they gladly would know,
Let ev'ry true brother theſe vermin deſpiſe,
And the ancient grand ſecret keep back from their eyes.
Derry down, &c.

Then, brethren, let each put his hand to his heart,
And reſolve from true Maſonry ne'er to depart:
And when the laſt trumpet on earth ſhall deſcend,
Our lodge will be clos'd, and our ſecrets ſhall end.
Derry down, &c.

XIV.

The Fellow-Craft's Song.

N. B. The verſes marked with an Aſteriſk may be omitted when 'tis requiſite to ſhorten the ſong.

COME all ye (*a*) elves that be,
Come follow, follow me,
All ye that guards have been
Without, or ſerve within:
Come ſing for joy, thro' us 'tis found
That all this Lodge is ſacred ground.

* Guides too (*b*) that fairies are,
Come five by five prepare;
Come buy freſh oil with ſpeed,
The dying lamps to feed;
All trimm'd anew in glitt'ring light,
For welcome garments muſt be white.

* Come (*c*) ſeraphs too, that be
Bright rulers, three by three,
Attend on me your queen,
Two handmaids led between;
And all around the healths I name
Make you the hallow'd ſtones proclaim.

(*a*) The five external ſenſes and ideas of the ſoul.

(*b*) The five internal ſenſes, or faculties of the ſoul, *viz.* perception, reflection, imagination, attention, and invention.

(*c*) The three ſuperior graces, or faculties of the mind, wiſdom, knowledge, and ſkill.

* While (*d*) ſylphs and ſylvan loves
Of mountains and of groves,
With gnomes and ſprightly dames
Of fountains and of flames,
The joyful noiſe of hands and feet
Shall echo, and the noiſe repeat *.

All we who ſing and love,
Who live in ſprings above,
Deſcend, deſcend do we,
With Maſons to be free;
Where (*e*) ſprings of wine revive each face,
And ſtreams of milk ſpill all the place.

Where (*f*) cherubs guard the door
With flaming ſword before,
We thro' the key-hole creep,
And there we deeply peep;
O'er all their jewels ſkip and leap,
Or trip it tip-toe ſtep by ſtep.

Or as upon the green
We fairies turn unſeen,
So here we make (*g*) a ring,
And dance while Maſons ſing!
Around their crowns we whirl apace,
Nor yet one ſingle hair miſplace.

(*d*) The ſeven influences, both natural and divine, of the heart, or gradual ſucceſſions and acquirements.

* Here might be drank the following health:
All hail the crafty ſiſters three!
The dame that blows the fire, and ſhe
That waves the fine embroidery;
But chief of all, hail Maſonry!

(*e*) The liberal arts and ſciences of Maſons.

(*f*) The two keys of ſcripture and nature which belong to the logos, or word of rational judgment, whereby we diſtinguiſh truth from falſhood, and evidence from darkneſs, &c.

(*g*) Alluding to the revolutions of our thoughts, or rumination, &c.

Or when from thence we jump
All down with (*h*) ſilent thump,
None hear our feet rebound
Round, round the table, round,
Nor ſee us while we nimbly paſs
Thrice round the rim of ev'ry glaſs.

Hence (*i*) ſatyrs, hence, begone,
Foul veſture ye have on;
No naked nymphs here be,
Each five and ſacred three,
With virgins and with graces join
In ſacred ſongs the feaſt divine.

Two (*k*) ſtones of cryſtal clear
Our ſquared cloth ſhall bear;
Five loaves of oaken maſt
Shall be our firm repaſt;
Five acorn cups of pearly dew
Shall ſerve to pledge each health anew *.

If any (*l*) crumbs withal
Do from their table fall,
With greedy mirth we eat,
No honey is ſo ſweet;
And when they drop it from the thumb,
We catch each *ſupernaculum*.

(*h*) Alluding to the ſecreſies of our thoughts, and obedience of our wills, &c.

(*i*) Such ideas as are impurely dreſſed, or too open and familiar, &c.

(*k*) Alluding to the foundations whereon this ſacred order is laid, &c.

* N. B. Here might be drank this health:
To all true houſewives and their bearns,
To every damſel that has charms,
But chiefly thoſe in Maſon's arms.

(*l*) The leſſons, &c. given in a lodge.

The (*m*) tongues of nightingales,
The (*n*) eyes of unctuous ſnails,
The (*o*) ſerpent's brain, with blood
Of (*p*) doves, is charming food;
But (*q*) brains of worms, and marrow o' mice,
Are fooliſh, and of filthy price.

Whilſt we enchant all ears
With (*r*) muſic of the ſpheres,
No (*ſſ*) graſs-hopper nor fly
Serves for our minſtrelſy;
Such locuſts leave, and all ſuch flies
To Beelzebub, the (*t*) prince of lies.

Grace ſaid, while all awhile
In ſongs the time beguile;
Or pleaſant healths, or at
The table ſit and chat;
Then, (*u*) female like, on teas we feaſt,
As we firſt (*w*) taught it in the eaſt.

Of (*x*) graſs the tender (*y*) tops
Infus'd in (*z*) dewy drops,

(*m*) The oratory of teachers.

(*n*) The curioſity of enquirers.

(*o*) The underſtanding of the crafty.

(*p*) The ſpirit of the innocent.

(*q*) The blind and covetous.

(*r*) The harmony of the ſeveral degrees of life, ſoul, and mind, &c.

(*ſſ*) No buſy-bodies nor ramblers, &c.

(*t*) The author of maggots, chimeras, &c.

(*u*) The learning of lectures, and explanation of ſecrets.

(*w*) Alluding to the natural light of the Chineſe;

(*x*) or rather the firſt reſtorer of Maſonry, who fed on the tops of wild herbs and wild honey, &c.

(*y*) The newer terms of art and ſcience derived from nature, &c.

(*z*) The older terms of ſcripture, &c.

Or when from thence we jump
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None hear our feet rebound
Round, round the table, round,
Nor ſee us while we nimbly paſs
Thrice round the rim of ev'ry glaſs.

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(*p*) The ſpirit of the innocent.

(*q*) The blind and covetous.

(*r*) The harmony of the ſeveral degrees of life, ſoul, and mind, &c.

(*ſ*) No buſy-bodies nor ramblers, &c.

(*t*) The author of maggots, chimeras, &c.

(*u*) The learning of lectures, and explanation of ſecrets.

(*w*) Alluding to the natural light of the Chineſe;

(*x*) or rather the firſt reſtorer of Maſonry, who fed on the tops of wild herbs and wild honey, &c.

(*y*) The newer terms of art and ſcience derived from nature, &c.

(*z*) The older terms of ſcripture, &c.

With (*a*) cryſtal bags of bees,
Make us delicious teas;
So ſweet and fragrant of the (*b*) flow'r,
None taſte the bitter nor the ſow'r.

Mean while, the (*c*) houſe new ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept;
If all things ſhine with grace,
And nothing's out of place,
Then do we praiſe the (*d*) houſhold maid,
And (*e*) four-fold ſurely ſhe's repaid.

But if the houſe be foul,
With (*f*) hammer, axe, or tool;
If wardens fall aſleep,
Or fellows drink too deep;
If (*g*) ſmoke perchance or (*h*) flames ariſe,
Or if the lodge (*i*) untiled lies;

Then in the (*k*) dead of night,
With (*l*) goblins we affright;

(*a*) The ſweet collections and digeſtions of us the labourers in Maſonry, &c.

(*b*) Beautiful moral of it, ſuch that either its religion or law diſpleaſes none.

(*c*) Implying that the whole œconomy being reformed and purified, ought to be kept in decency and order.

(*d*) The memory, &c.

(*e*) For every idea points out four ſeveral ways, *viz.* To things celeſtial and angelical, tereſtrial and human, &c.

(*f*) Low, vulgar, and litigious notions, &c.

(*g*) Diſcoveries, &c.

(*h*) Diſputations, &c.

(*i*) Unveiled, &c.

(*k*) The times of ignorance, &c.

(*l*) Enthuſiaſm or ſuperſtition, &c.

Or lead ſome into (*m*) pools,
Or (*n*) ſteal away the tools;
Or elſe (*o*) we pinch both arms and thighs,
'Till ſome one hears, or us eſpies.

Thus of true maſonry,
Tho' (*p*) females, we are free;
Made free by us all are,
Tho' none us ſee nor hear,
When in (*q*) the morning ſigns are ſeen
Where we (*r*) the eve before have been.

Yet what we hear and ſee,
In lodges where we be,
Not (*ſſ*) force nor offer'd gold
Can Maſons truths unfold.
Beſides, the Craft we love, not gain,
And ſecrets why ſhould we profane?

(*m*) Libertiniſms or abominations; the conſequences of myſtery and darkneſs, &c.

(*n*) Deprive the mind, &c. of its proper teſtimonies, emblems, &c.

(*o*) Alluding to the arts whereby Maſons awake mens minds.

(*p*) As external forms begetting our ideas, may be metaphorically ſtyled *males*; ſo the faculties inter-conceiving them, may be as elegantly ſtyled *females*, &c.

(*q*) The age of reformation, &c.

(*r*) The age of accompliſhments, &c.

(*ſſ*) Implying that ſublime truths are not obtained any otherwiſe than by a right ſtudy, and an endeavour to find out the real ſenſe, which being always veiled, are holy therefore and ſacred, ſuch as are all general truths, &c.

We firſt taught Maſons ſchool *,
To walk by ſquare (*t*) and (*u*) rule,
On level (*w*) juſt to act,
And work all (*x*) upright fact;
To live in (*y*) compaſs by our due,
And keep our hearts for ever (*z*) true.

That when the world's at (*a*) reſt,
And ſnoring in her neſt;
When (*b*) ſun has long been ſet,
And (*c*) ſtars no rays beget;
When (*d*) moon her horned glory hides,
Their (*e*) lighted tapers are our guides.

CHORUS.

* Then fairies hand in hand
Thrice at the word's command,

* Here likewiſe may be drank this health:
May therefore bounty, faith, and love,
The lodge's laſting cement prove;
While dark confuſion ſhame 'em all
Who dare her freedom to enthral.

(*t*) The juſtice of our actions, &c.

(*u*) The rule of law, &c.

(*w*) With regard to our equals, &c.

(*x*) With regard to our ſuperiors, &c.

(*y*) Within our proper ſtations, &c.

(*z*) To every maſter, &c.

(*a*) Returned to a ſtate of illiterature and inactivity.

(*b*) The light of the goſpel, *i. e.* of reaſon and of judgment.

(*c*) Both prieſts and philoſophers, &c.

(*d*) Scripture, which, according to the learning of the times, encreaſes or diminiſhes alternately in the glory of her writers, &c.

(*e*) The perfect patterns, &c. of Free-maſonry.

And ſeraphs make a ring,
While merry Maſons ſing,
That as their lodge, ſo always they
Stay'd always, and ſhall always ſtay.

And riſe up ev'ry elve,
Come join the ſacred twelve;
Sing alſo whilſt they ſing
Their ancient glorious King,
That as is he, ſo ever we
Were ever, and ſhall ever be.

XV.

[Tune—*The Birks of Invermay.*]

COME all ye gentle ſprings that move
And animate the human mind,
And by your energy improve
The ſocial bond by which we're join'd:
The ſocial lodge, of care devoid,
And haggard malice always free,
Shall by your aid be ſtill employ'd
In ſocial love and harmony.

How muſt the heart with rapture glow
When every nerve's with virtue ſtrung,
When from the kindly boſom flow
Unfeign'd expreſſions of the tongue!
The ſocial virtues thus practis'd,
Expreſs'd by ſymbols of our art,
Engage us to be exercis'd
In ſtudies that improve the heart.

XVI.

[Tune—*Enter'd Apprentice's Song.*]

COME, are you prepar'd,
Your ſcaffolds well rear'd?
Bring mortar, and temper it purely;

'Tis all ſafe, I hope,
Well brac'd with each rope,
Your ledgers and putlocks ſecurely.

Then next your bricks bring,
It is time to begin,
For the ſun with his ray is adorning:
The day's fair and clear,
No rain you need fear,
'Tis a charming and lovely fine morning.

Pray where are your tools,
Your line and plumb-rules?
Each man to his work let him ſtand, boys;
Work ſolid and ſure,
Upright and ſecure,
And your building, be ſure, will be ſtrong, boys.

Pray make no miſtake,
But true your joints break,
And take care you follow your leaders;
Work, rake, beck and tueth,
And make your work ſmooth,
And be ſure that you fill up your headers.

XVII.

COME, come, my brethren dear,
Now we're aſſembled here,
Exalt your voices clear
With harmony;
Here none ſhall be admitted in,
Were he a lord, a duke, or king,
He's counted but an empty thing,
Except he's free.

Cho. Let ev'ry man take glaſs in hand,
Drink bumpers to our maſter grand,
As long as he can ſit or ſtand
With decency.

By our arts we prove
Emblems of truth and love,
Types given from above
To thoſe that are free;
There's ne'er a king that fills a throne,
Will ever be aſham'd to own
Thoſe ſecrets to the world unknown,
But ſuch as we.
Cho. Let ev'ry man, &c.

Now, ladies, try your arts,
To gain us, men of parts,
Who beſt can charm your hearts,
Becauſe we're free;
Take us, try us, and you'll find,
We're true, we're loving, juſt, and kind,
And taught to pleaſe a lady's mind,
By Maſonry.

Grand Chorus.

God bleſs king George, long may he reign,
To curb the pride of foes who're vain,
And with his conqu'ring ſword maintain
Free-maſonry.

XVIII.

[*The Enter'd Apprentice's Song.*]

COME let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Aſſembled on merry occaſion,
To drink, laugh, and ſing;
Be he beggar or king,
Here's a health to an Accepted Maſon.

The world is in pain
Our ſecrets to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on:
They ne'er can divine
The word or the ſign
Of a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Nor why the great men of the nation
Should aprons put on,
And make themſelves one
With a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
To keep up our old reputation;
There's naught but what's good
To be underſtood
By a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
And juſt to the fair,
Who will truſt us on any occaſion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Then join hand in hand, [*Standing.*
By each Brother firm ſtand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright face on;
What mortal can boaſt } *Chorus*
So noble a toaſt } *three*
As a Free and an Accepted Maſon? } *times.*

XIX.

Sung at a Provincial Grand Lodge for the county of Cornwall, held at Truro on the Feſtival of St. John the Baptiſt, June 24, 1779.

[Tune—*Come, thou roſy dimpled boy.*]

COME, ye Maſons, hither bring
The tuneful pipe and pleaſing ſtring,
Exalt each voice,
Aloud rejoice,
And make the ſpacious concave ring:
Let your hearts be blythe and gay,
Joy and mirth let all diſplay,
No dull care
Shall enter here,
For this is Maſon's holiday.

Friendſhip here has fix'd her ſeat,
And virtue finds a calm retreat;
Go tell the fool,
'Tis wiſdom's ſchool,
Where love and honour always meet.
Let your hearts, &c.

Social pleaſures here invite
To fill the ſoul with ſweet delight,
While hand in hand
Our friendly band
In love and harmony unite.
Let your hearts, &c.

May we oft aſſemble here,
And long the badge of honour wear;
May joy abound,
And we be found
For ever faithful and ſincere.
Let your hearts, &c.

Take the flowing glaſs in hand,
And drink to your provincial grand;
Long may he reign,
The cauſe maintain,
And lodges flouriſh thro' the land.
Let your hearts, &c.

XX.

[Tune—*Attic Fire.*]

DIVINE Urania, virgin pure!
Enthron'd in the Olympian bow'r,
I here invoke thy lays;
Celeſtial muſe! awake thy lyre,
With heav'n-born ſweet ſeraphic fire,
Free-maſonry to praiſe.

The ſtately ſtructures that ariſe,
And bruſh the concave of the ſkies,
Still ornament thy ſhrine;
Th' aſpiring domes, thoſe works of ours,
The ſolemn temples—cloud-capt tow'rs,
Confeſs the art divine.

With Prudence all our actions are,
By bible, compaſs, and by ſquare,
In love and truth combin'd;
While juſtice and benevolence,
With fortitude and temperance,
Adorn and grace the mind!

XXI.

[Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*]

ERE God the univerſe began,
In one rude chaos matter lay,
And wild diſorder over-ran,
Nor knew of light one glimmering ray;
While, in darkneſs, o'er the whole
Confuſion reign'd without control.

Then God aroſe, his thunders hurl'd,
And bad the elements ariſe;
In air he hung the pendent world,
And o'er it ſpread the azure ſkies;
Stars in circles caus'd to run,
And in the centre fix'd the ſun.

Then man he call'd forth out of duſt,
And form'd him with a living ſoul;
All things committed to his truſt,
And made him ruler of the whole;
But, ungrateful unto heaven,
The rebel was from Eden driven.

From thence proceeded all our woes,
Nor could mankind one comfort cheer,
Until Free-maſonry aroſe,
And form'd another Eden here:
'Tis only on Maſonic ground
Pleaſure with innocence is found.

'Tis here the pureſt fountains flow,
Here naught corrupt can enter in;
Here trees of knowledge ſtately grow,
Whoſe fruit we taſte, exempt from ſin:
In friendſhip ſweet we ſtill abound,
While guardian angels hover round.

XXII.

A Royal Arch Song, by Brother Lowe *of Stockport.*

FATHER Adam, created, beheld the light ſhine,
Heav'n made him a Maſon, and gave him a ſign,
Our royal grand ſecret to him did impart,
And in Paradiſe often he talk'd of our art.

Then Noah found favour and grace in his ſight,
He built up an ark by the help of our light;
In the clouds God his rainbow then ſet, to inſure
That his mercies and cov'nants ſhould ever endure.

Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob, partook of the ſame,
And Moſes, that excellent Maſon of fame,
Whom God had appointed his choſen to bring
From bondage, and humble proud Egypt's great king.

Bezaleel and Aholiab were likewiſe inſpir'd
By the ſpirit of wiſdom, and for it admir'd,

Well ſkill'd in all workmanſhip curious and true,
Of ſcarlet and purple, fine linen and blue.

In the Wilderneſs, taught by our great Architect,
A grand tabernacle they then did erect,
And veſſels they made of gold that was good,
Wrought ſilver, braſs, ſtones, and fine ſhittim wood.

Then Joſhua was choſen to have the command,
Who led them all ſafe into the Holy Land;
And to ſhew that the Lord would his mercies fulfil,
Sun and moon at the order of Joſhua ſtood ſtill.

Next David and Jonathan a covenant made,
By the ſon of great Saul he ne'er was betray'd;
And tho' ſtrange, yet its ſcriptural truth that I tell,
That the love of Saul's ſon did all womens' excel.

David's heart ſore did ache this kind love to return,
When for Saul's ſeven ſons the Lord's anger did burn:
Then the ſons of great Saul king David did take,
But ſpared Mephiboſheth for his oath's ſake.

Our noble grand maſters appear next in view,
Who build up the Temple, ſo juſt and ſo true,
The pattern which David from God had receiv'd,
Who, not ſuffer'd to build, in his heart was ſore griev'd.

Our ſecret divine, which had lain long conceal'd,
By a light from above unto me was reveal'd;
Surpris'd with the radiance with which it did ſhine,
I felt and confeſs'd it was ſomething divine.

Then having paſs'd three, and both offer'd and burn'd,
I ſoon gain'd admittance on that holy ground,
And reveal'd unto me were the myſt'ries I ſought,
Tho' the light was by darkneſs comprehended not.

Being thus conſecrated, I ſoon did accord
To acknowledge Jehovah for God and for Lord;
Believ'd him the ſource of the light that did ſhine,
And confeſs'd him to be our grand maſter divine.

Then join hands and hearts your voices to raiſe;
With the whole of creation unite and ſing praiſe;
To the power divine all glory be given,
By men upon earth, and by angels in heaven.

XXIII.

FIDELITY once had a fancy to rove,
And therefore ſhe quitted the manſions above;
On earth ſhe arriv'd, but ſo long was her tour,
Jove thought ſhe intended returning no more.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Then Merc'ry was haſten'd in queſt of the dame,
And ſoon to this world of confuſion he came;
At Paris he ſtopp'd, and enquired by chance,
But heard that Fidelity ne'er was in France.
Derry down, &c.

The god then to Portugal next took his rout,
In hopes that at Liſbon he might find her out;
But there he was told ſhe had mock'd ſuperſtition,
And left it for fear of the grand inquiſition.
Derry down, &c.

Being thus diſappointed, to Holland he flew,
And ſtrictly enquir'd of an eminent Jew;
When Mordecai readily told him thus much,
Fidelity never was lik'd by the Dutch.
Derry down, &c.

Arriving in London, he haſten'd to court,
Where numbers of little great men do reſort;
Who all ſtood amaz'd, when he aſk'd for the dame,
And ſwore they had ſcarce ever heard of the name.
Derry down, &c.

To Weſtminſter-hall did the god next repair,
In hopes with dame Juſtice ſhe might be found there:
For both he enquir'd; when the court anſwer'd thus,
The perſons you mention, Sir, ne'er trouble us.
Derry down, &c.

Then bending his courſe to the Cyprian grove,
He civilly aſk'd of the young god of love;
The urchin reply'd—*Could you think here to find her,*
When I and my mother, you know, never mind her?
Derry down, &c.

In one only place you can find her on earth,
The ſeat of true friendſhip, love, freedom, and mirth:
To a lodge of Free-maſons then quickly repair,
And you need not to doubt but you'll meet with her there.

Derry down, &c.

XXIV.

In the old Book this Song was thought too long, therefore the following laſt Verſe and Chorus is thought ſufficient.

The Warden's Song. By Dr. Anderſon.

FROM henceforth ever ſing
The craftſman and the king,
With poetry and muſic ſweet,
Reſound their harmony compleat:
And with geometry in ſkilful hand,
Due homage pay,
Without delay,
To the king and to our maſter grand;
He rules the free-born ſons of art,
By love and friendſhip, hand and heart.

CHORUS.

Who can rehearſe the praiſe,
In ſoft poetic lays,
Or ſolid proſe, of Maſons true,
Whoſe art tranſcends the common view?
Their ſecrets ne'er to ſtrangers yet expos'd,
Reſerv'd ſhall be,
By Maſons free,
And only to the faithful lodge diſclos'd;
Becauſe they're kept in Maſon's heart
By Brethren of the royal art.

XXV.

[Tune—*The Goddeſs of Eaſe.*]

GENIUS of Maſonry, deſcend,
And with thee bring thy ſpotleſs train;
Conſtant our ſacred rites attend,
While we adore thy peaceful reign:
Bring with thee Virtue, brighteſt maid,
Bring love, bring truth, bring friendſhip here;
While ſocial mirth ſhall lend her aid,
To ſmooth the wrinkled brow of care.

Come, Charity, with goodneſs crown'd,
Encircled in thy heavenly robe,
Diffuſe thy bleſſings all around,
To every corner of the globe.
See where ſhe comes, with power to bleſs,
With open hand, and teader heart,
Which wounded feels at man's diſtreſs,
And bleeds at every human ſmart.

Envy may every ill deviſe,
And falſehood be thy deadlieſt foe,
Thou, friendſhip, ſtill ſhalt towering riſe,
And ſink thine adverſaries low:
Thy well-built pile ſhall long endure,
Thro' rolling years preſerve its prime,
Upon a rock it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the rude aſſaults of time.

Ye happy few, who here extend
In perfect lines, from eaſt to weſt,
With fervent zeal the lodge defend,
And lock its ſecrets in each breaſt;
Since ye are met upon the ſquare,
Bid love and friendſhip jointly reign,
Be peace and harmony your care,
Nor break the adamantine chain.

Behold the planets how they move,
Yet keep due order as they run;
Then imitate the ſtars above,
And ſhine reſplendent as the ſun:
That future Maſons, when they meet,
May all our glorious deeds rehearſe,
And ſay, their fathers were ſo great,
That they adorn'd the univerſe.

XXVI.

[Tune—*Care, thou canker.*]

GLORIOUS Craft, which fires the mind
With ſweet harmony and love,
Surely thou wert firſt deſign'd
A foretaſte of the joys above.

Pleaſures always on the wait,
Thou reformeſt Adam's race;
Strength and beauty in thee meet,
Wiſdom's radiant in thy face.

Arts and virtue now combine,
Friendſhip raiſes cheerful mirth;
All united to refine
Man from's groſſer part of earth.

Stately temples now ariſe,
And on lofty columns ſtand;
Mighty domes attempt the ſkies,
To adorn this happy land.

XXVII.

The Treaſurer's Song.

[Tune—*Near ſome cool ſhade.*]

GRANT me, kind heav'n, what I requeſt,
In Maſonry let me be bleſt;
Direct me to that happy place,
Where friendſhip ſmiles in every face;
Where freedom and ſweet innocence,
Enlarge the mind and cheer the ſenſe.

Where ſceptred reaſon from her throne
Surveys the lodge and makes us one;
And harmony's delightful ſway
For ever ſheds ambroſial day;
Where we bleſt Eden's pleaſures taſte,
While balmy joys are our repaſt.

Our lodge the ſocial virtues grace,
And wiſdom's rules we fondly trace;
All nature, open'd to our view,
Points out the paths we ſhould purſue;
Let us ſubſiſt in laſting peace,
And may our happineſs increaſe.

No prying eye can view us here,
No fool or knave diſturb our cheer;
Our well-form'd laws ſet mankind free,
And give relief to miſery;
The poor, oppreſs'd with woe and grief,
Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

XXVIII.

[Tune—*Contented I am.*]

GRAVE buſ'neſs being clos'd, and a call from the ſouth,
The bowl of refreſhment we drain;
Yet e'en o'er our wine we reject ſervile ſloth,
And our rites 'midſt our glaſſes retain.
My brave boys, &c.

With loyalty brighten'd, we firſt toaſt the king,
May his ſplendour and virtues entwine!
And, to honour his name, how we make the lodge ring
When the King and the Craft we combine!
My brave boys, &c.

May the ſon's poliſh'd graces improve on the ſire;
May the arts flouriſh fair from his ſmile;
And long our grand maſter, with wiſdom and fire,
Give beauty and ſtrength to the pile!
My brave boys, &c.

As the ruby-lipp'd wine its ſoft ſpirit imparts,
Louder ſtrains and freſh ardours abound:
What a glow of true pleaſure enlivens our hearts
When our honour'd provincial goes round!
My brave boys, &c.

The abſent we claim, tho' diſpers'd round the ball;
The ſilent and ſecret our friends;
And one honour'd gueſt, at our magical call,
From the grave of concealment aſcends,
My brave boys, &c.

Immortal the ſtrain, and thrice-awful the hand,
That our rites and libations controls;
Like the ſons of Olympus, 'midſt thunders we ſtand,
And with myſteries ennoble our bowls,
My brave boys, &c.

What a circle appears, when the border entwines,
How grapple the links to each ſoul!
'Tis the zodiac of friendſhip embelliſh'd with ſigns,
And illum'd by the ſtar in the pole,
My brave boys, &c.

Thus cemented by laws unſeen and unknown,
The univerſe hangs out its frame;
And, thus ſecretly bound, ſhall our ſtructure be ſhewn,
'Till creation ſhall be but a name,
My brave boys, &c.

XXIX.

GUARDIAN genius of our art divine,
Unto thy faithful ſons appear;
Ceaſe now o'er ruins of the eaſt to pine,
And ſmile in blooming beauty here.

Egypt, Syria, and proud Babylon,
No more thy bliſsful preſence claim;
In Britain fix thy ever-during throne,
Where myriads do confeſs thy name.

The ſciences from eaſtern regions brought,
Which after ſhone in Greece and Rome,
Are here in hundreds ſtately lodges taught,
To which remoteſt brethren come.

Behold in ſtrength our riſing dome appears,
'Till mixing with the azure ſkies;
Behold what beauty thro' the whole appears;
So wiſely built, it muſt ſurpriſe.

Nor are we only to theſe arts confin'd,
For we the paths of virtue trace;
By us man's rugged nature is refin'd,
And poliſh'd into love and peace.

XXX.

[Tune—*God ſave the King*]

HAIL, Maſonry divine!
Glory of ages ſhine,
Long may'ſt thou reign!
Where'er thy lodges ſtand,
May they have great command,
And always grace the land,
Thou art divine!

Great fabric! ſtill ariſe,
And grace the azure ſkies,
Great are thy ſchemes!
Thy noble orders are
Matchleſs beyond compare;
No art with thee can ſhare,
Thou art divine!

Hiram, the architect,
Did all the Craft direct
How they ſhould build:
Sol'mon, great Iſr'el's king,
Did mighty bleſſings bring,
And left us cauſe to ſing,
Hail, royal art! } *Chorus 3 times.*

XXXI.

A Fellow-Craft's Song.

[Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*]

HAIL, Maſonry, thou Craft divine!
Glory of earth, from heaven reveal'd;
Which doth with jewels precious ſhine,
From all but Maſons eyes conceal'd:
Thy praiſes due, who can rehearſe,
In nervous proſe, or flowing verſe?

All Craftſmen true diſtinguiſh'd are,
Our codes all other laws excel;
And what's in knowledge choice and rare,
Within our breaſts ſecurely dwell:
The ſilent breaſt, the faithful heart,
Preſerve the ſecrets of the art.

From ſcorching heat and piercing cold,
From beaſts, whoſe roar the foreſt rends;
From the aſſaults of warriors bold,
The Maſon's art mankind defends:
Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives ſuch aid.

Enſigns of ſtate, that feed our pride,
Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain,
By Maſons true are laid aſide,
Art's free-born ſons ſuch toys diſdain;
Ennobled by the name they bear,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowſhip, from envy free,
Friendly converſe of brotherhood,
The lodge's laſting cement be,
Which has for ages firmly ſtood:
A lodge thus built, for ages paſt
Has laſted, and ſhall ever laſt.

Then let us celebrate the praiſe
Of all who have enrich'd the art,
Let gratitude our voices raiſe,
And each true brother bear a part;

Let cheerful ſtrains their fame reſound,
And living Maſons healths go round.

XXXII.

[Tune—*Enter'd Apprentice's Song.*]

HERE's a health to each one,
From the king on the throne
To him that is meaneſt of ſtation;
If he can contend
To have lawfully gain'd,
The name of an accepted Maſon.

The glory of kings
Are poor empty things,
Tho' empires they have in poſſeſſion;
If void of the fame
Of that noble name
Of a free and an accepted Maſon.

It is ancienter far
Than other arts are,
Surpaſſing all other profeſſion:
There's none can pretend
To diſcover a friend
Like a free and an accepted Maſon.

The world is amaz'd,
Their wonder is rais'd,
To ſee ſuch concurring relation
Among us: they cry,
The devil is nigh
When one is accepted a Maſon.

But let them ſay on,
To us 'tis well known
What's true or falſe in the relation;
Let's drink his health round
That is ſecret and ſound,
And a faithful and accepted Maſon.

XXXIII.

[Tune—*By the Side of a murmuring Stream.*]

HOW doubly bleſt the condition
Of brethren that live on the ſquare!
How excellent that inſtitution,
No diſcord can germinate there:
No ſallies of angry reſentment,
No ſullen effect of the ſpleen;
No meagre hue'd pale-diſcontentment
Is e'er in the lodge to be ſeen.
Complacency, mirth, and good nature
Is ev'ry Free-maſon's enjoyment;
Which, by the glaſs render'd compleater,
Doth ſoften our harder employment:
The Graces and Virtues united,
Regard us with fond admiration,
Beholding their work ſo completed,
In forming the heart of a Maſon.

XXXIV.

[Tune—*The Miller of Mansfield.*]

HOW happy a Maſon, whoſe boſom ſtill flows
With friendſhip, and who ever cheerfully goes!
The effects of the myſteries lodg'd in his breaſt,
Myſteries rever'd, and by princes poſſeſt:
Our friends and our bottle we beſt can enjoy,
No rancour or envy our quiet annoy; [tools,
Our plumb-line and compaſs, our ſquare and our
Direct all our actions in Virtue's fair rules.
To Mars and to Venus we're equally true,
Our hearts he enlivens, her charms we ſubdue;
Let the enemy tell, and the ladies declare,
No claſs or profeſſion with Maſons compare;
To give us a luſtre we ne'er need a creſt,
Since honour and virtue remain in our breaſt; [ſing,
We'll charm the rude world when we clap, laugh, and
If ſo happy a Maſon, ſay who'd be a king?

XXXV.

By Mr. Dibdin.

IN all your dealings take good care,
Inſtructed by the friendly ſquare,
To be true, upright, juſt, and fair,
And thou a Fellow-craft ſhalt be.

The level ſo muſt poiſe thy mind,
That ſatisfaction thou ſhalt find,
When to another Fortune's kind;
And that's the drift of Maſonry.

The compaſs t'other two compounds,
And ſays, tho' anger'd on juſt grounds,
Keep all your paſſions within bounds,
And thou a Fellow-craft ſhalt be.

Thus ſymbols of our order are
The compaſs, level, and the ſquare;
Which teach us to be juſt and fair;
And that's the drift of Maſonry.

XXXVI.

[Tune—*Belliſle March.*]

IN hiſt'ry we're told,
How the lodges of old
Aroſe in the eaſt, and ſhone forth like the ſun;
But all muſt agree,
That divine Maſonry
Commenc'd when the glorious creation begun:
With glory divine,
Oh! long may'ſt thou ſhine,
Thou choiceſt of bleſſings deriv'd from above!
Then charge bumpers high,
And with ſhouts rend the ſky,
To Maſonry, Friendſhip, and Brotherly Love.

Judea's great king,
Whoſe vaſt praiſes we ſing,
With wiſdom contriv'd while the Temple he plann'd;

The myſterious art
Then took place in each heart,
And Hiram with Solomon went hand in hand:
While each royal name
Was recorded in fame,
Their works earth and heaven did jointly approve;
Then charge bumpers high, &c.

Then Maſons were true,
And the Craft daily grew;
They liv'd within compaſs, and work'd by the ſquare;
In friendſhip they dwelt,
No ambition they felt;
Their deeds were upright, and their conſciences clear:
On this noble plan
Free-maſons began;
To help one another they mutually ſtrove;
Then charge bumpers high, &c.

Theſe maxims purſue,
And your paſſions ſubdue,
And imitate thoſe worthy Maſons of yore;
Fix a lodge in each breaſt,
Be fair Virtue your gueſt,
Let Wiſdom preſide, and let Truth tile the door:
So ſhall we ariſe
To an immortal prize
In that bliſsful lodge which no time can remove;
Then charge bumpers high, &c.

XXXVII.

[Tune—*Ye Lads of true Spirit.*]

IN times of old date,
When (as ſtories relate)
Good men to the gods had admiſſion,
When thoſe who were griev'd
Might with eaſe be reliev'd,
By offering an humble petition.

Some few who remain'd
In their morals unſtain'd,
Submiſſively made application,

To build a retreat,
If the gods ſhould think meet,
To ſhield them from wicked invaſion.

Delighted to find
There were yet in mankind
Some laudable ſentiments planted,
Without hefitation
They gave approbation,
And inſtant their wiſhes were granted.

Then for artiſts they ſought,
And fam'd architects brought,
Who the various employments were ſkill'd in;
Each handled his tools,
And by ſcience and rules
They ſtraightway proceeded to building.

Fair Wiſdom began
To ſketch out the plan
By which they were all to be guided;
Each order ſhe made
Was exactly obey'd,
When the portions of work ſhe divided.

The great corner-ſtone
Was by Charity done,
But Strength was the principal builder;
When for mortar they cry'd,
'Twas by Friendſhip ſupply'd,
And Beauty was carver and gilder.

Having long perſever'd,
A grand temple they rear'd,
A refuge from folly and ſcandal,
Where all who reſide
Are in Virtue employ'd,
Nor fear the attacks of a Vandal.

But if in their rage
They ſhould ever engage
In th' attempt, 'twould be always prevented;

The door is ſo high,
'Twould be madneſs to try,
And the walls are all ſtrongly cemented.

The gods all agreed
'Twas an excellent deed,
And to ſhew the affection they bore 'em,
A treaſure they gave,
Which the tenants ſtill have,
Secur'd in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.

Thus bleſs'd from above
With a token of love,
Each brother with joy ſhould receive it;
Safe lock'd in his heart,
It ſhould never depart,
'Till call'd for by heaven that gave it.

XXXVIII.

The Glaſgow Royal Arch. For St. John's Day.

JOY to my brother Maſons,
Who are met to remember,
And think upon
The great St. John
This twenty-ſeventh December.

CHORUS.

Fill it up,
To the top,
Let the ſparkling glaſs go round;
And to him
To the brim,
For in love he doth abound.
And to him
To the brim,
Love and harmony abound.

My glaſs will be yours, and your glaſs will be mine,
In token of friendſhip our hands let us join;
And with this cheering glaſs,
With pleaſure, round we'll paſs
The mem'ry of the great and the good Divine.

We'll ſtudy all to follow
The great St. John's example,
By doing well,
And hating ill,
For the reward is ample,
Fill it up, &c.

We will behave like Brothers,
Avoiding all diſorder;
Obſerving ſtill
What is the will
Of him who calleth order,
Fill it up, &c.

While we perform our duty,
We all ſhall be reſpected;
But if this place
We do diſgrace,
With ſhame ſhall be rejected,
Fill it up, &c.

May Providence protect us
From all enſnaring dangers,
That we ne'er may
Become the prey
Of faithleſs friends or ſtrangers,
Fill it up, &c.

T' our maſter and our wardens,
With pleaſure we agree,
To wiſh good health,
Succeſs and wealth,
By honours three times three,
Fill it up, &c.

May every loving Brother
Employ his thoughts, and ſearch
How to improve
In peace and love
The Glaſgow Royal Arch,
Fill it up, &c.

XXXIX.

[Tune—*Come let us prepare.*]

JUST ſtraight from his home
See yon candidate come,
Prepar'd for the time and occaſion;
Of all that can harm
We will him diſarm,
That he no ways may hurt a Free-maſon.

His eyes cannot ſearch
Out the way of his march,
Nor yet where his ſteps he muſt place on:
When him we receive,
He cannot perceive
How he came to be made a Free-maſon.

Then he'll danger defy,
And on heaven rely
For ſtrength to ſupport the occaſion;
With the bleſſing of pray'r
He baniſhes fear,
And undaunted is made a Free-maſon.

When he makes his demand,
By the maſter's command,
To know if he's fit for the ſtation;
Around he is brought,
E'er he get what he ſought
From a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

When girded with care,
By the help of the ſquare,
The emblem of truth and of reaſon;
In form he is plac'd,
While to him are rehears'd
The myſteries of a Free-maſon.

Then full in his ſight
Doth ſhine the grand light,
To illumine the works which we trace on;

And now, as his due,
Hé's cloth'd in full view
With the badge of an Accepted Maſon.

Now, hark! we enlarge
On the duties and charge,
Where his conduct and walk he muſt place on;
Then a bumper we'll fill,
And ſhew our good will
To a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

XL.

[Tune—*Come all hands ahoy to the anchor.*]

KING Solomon, that wiſe projector,
In Maſonry took great delight;
And Hiram, that great architector,
Whoſe actions ſhall ever ſhine bright:
From the heart of a true honeſt Maſon
There's none can the ſecrets remove;
Our maxims are juſtice, morality,
Friendſhip, and brotherly love.

Then who would not be a Free-maſon?
So happy and ſocial are we;
To lords, dukes, and princes we're brothers,
And in ev'ry lodge we are free.

We meet like true friends on the level,
And lovingly part on the ſquare;
Alike we reſpect king and beggar,
Provided they're juſt and ſincere:
We ſcorn an ungenerous action,
None can with Free-maſons compare;
We love for to live within compaſs,
By rules that are honeſt and fair.
Then who would not be a Free-maſon? &c.

We exclude all talkative fellows,
That will babble and prate paſt their wit;
They ne'er ſhall come into our ſecret,
For they're neither worthy nor fit:

But the perſon that's well recommended,
If we find him both honeſt and true,
When our lodge is well tyl'd, we'll prepare him,
And like Maſons our work we'll purſue.
Then who would not be a Free-maſon? &c.

There's ſome fooliſh people reject us,
For which they are highly to blame;
They cannot ſhew any objection
Or reaſon for doing the ſame:
The art's a divine inſpiration,
As all honeſt men will declare;
So here's to all true hearted brothers,
That live within compaſs and ſquare.
Then who would not be a Free-maſon? &c.

XLI.

LET drunkards boaſt the power of wine,
And reel from ſide to ſide;
Let lovers kneel at beauty's ſhrine,
The ſport of female pride:
Be ours the more exalted part,
To celebrate the Maſon's art,
And ſpread its praiſes wide.

To dens and thickets, dark and rude,
For ſhelter beaſts repair;
With ſticks and ſtraws the feather'd brood
Suſpend their neſts in air:
And man untaught, as wild as theſe,
Binds up ſad huts with boughs of trees,
And feeds on wretched fare.

But ſcience dawning in his mind,
The quarry he explores;
Induſtry and the arts combin'd
Improv'd all nature's ſtores:
Thus walls were built, and houſes rear'd,
No ſtorms nor tempeſts now are fear'd
Within his well-fram'd doors.

When ſtately palaces ariſe,
  When columns grace the hall,
When towers and ſpires ſalute the ſkies,
  We owe to Maſons all:
Nor buildings only do they give,
But teach men how within to live,
  And yield to reaſon's call.

All party quarrels they deteſt,
  For virtue and the arts,
Lodg'd in each true Free-maſon's breaſt,
  Unite and rule their hearts:
By theſe, while Maſons ſquare their minds,
The ſtate no better ſubjects finds,
  None act more upright parts.

When Bucks and Albions are forgot,
  Free-maſons will remain;
Muſhrooms, each day, ſpring up and rot,
  While oaks ſtretch o'er the plain:
Let others quarrel, rant and roar;
Their noiſy revels when no more,
  Still Maſonry ſhall reign.

Our leathern aprons we compare
  With garters red and blue;
Princes and kings our brothers are
  While they our rules purſue:
Then drink ſucceſs and health to all
The Craft around this earthly ball,
  May brethren ſtill prove true!

XLII.

Grand Warden's Song.

LET Maſonry be now my theme,
  throughout the globe to ſpread its fame,
And eternize each worthy brother's name;
  Your praiſe ſhall to the ſkies reſound,
  In laſting happineſs abound,
And with ſweet union all your noble deeds be crown'd.
And with ſweet union, &c.

Cho. Sing then, my muſe, to Maſon's glory,
Your names are ſo rever'd in ſtory,
That all th' admiring world do now adore ye.

Let harmony divine inſpire
Your ſouls with love and gen'rous fire;
To copy well wiſe Solomon your ſire;
Knowledge ſublime ſhall fill each heart,
The rules of g'ometry to impart, [art.
While wiſdom, ſtrength, and beauty crown the royal
Sing then, my muſe, &c.

Let faithful Maſons healths go round,
In ſwelling cups all cares be drown'd
And hearts united 'mongſt the Craft be found;
May everlaſting ſcenes of joy
Our peaceful hours of bliſs employ,
Which Time's all-conqu'ring hand ſhall ne'er deſtroy.
Sing then, my muſe, &c.

My brethren, thus all cares reſign,
Let your hearts glow with thoughts divine,
And veneration ſhow to Solomon's ſhrine;
Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,
That late poſterity ſhall ſay,
We've crown'd with joy this happy, happy day.
Sing then, my muſe, &c.

XLIII.

[Tune—*God ſave the King.*]

LET Maſons' fame reſound
Thro' all the nations round,
From pole to pole:
See what felicity,
Harmleſs ſimplicity,
Like electricity,
Runs thro' the whole.

Such ſweet variety
Ne'er had ſociety
Ever before:

Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Love and Sincerity,
Without Temerity,
Charm more and more.

When in the lodge we're met,
And in due order fet,
Happy are we:
Our works are glorious,
Deeds meritorious,
Never cenforious,
But always free.
When Folly's ſons ariſe
Maſonry to deſpiſe,
Scorn all their ſpite;
Laugh at their ignorance,
Pity their want of ſenſe,
Ne'er let them give offence,
Firmer unite.

Maſons have long been free,
And may they ever be
Great as of yore:
For many ages paſt
Maſonry has ſtood faſt,
And may its glory laſt
'Till Time's no more.

XLIV.

LET us ſing to the honour of thoſe
Who baſeneſs and error oppoſe;
Who from ſages and magi of old
Have got ſecrets which none can unfold;
Whilſt thro' life's ſwift career,
With mirth and good cheer,
We're revelling,
And levelling:
The monarch ſays we
In our joys far tranſcend
What on thrones do attend,
And thinks it a glory with us to be free.

The wiſeſt of kings pay'd the way,
And his precepts we keep to this day;
The moſt glorious of temples gave name,
To Free-maſons, who ſtill keep their fame:
Tho' no prince did ariſe
So great and ſo wiſe,
Yet, in falling
Our calling
Still bore high applauſe;
And tho' darkneſs o'er-run
The face of the ſun,
We, di'mond-like, blaz'd to illumine the cauſe.

XLV.

[Tune—*Hearts of Oak.*]

NO ſect in the world can with Maſons compare,
So ancient, ſo noble the badge which they wear,
That all other orders, however eſteem'd,
Interior to Maſonry juſtly are deem'd.
Chorus. We always are free,
And for ever agree;
Supporting each other,
Brother helps brother,
No mortals on earth are ſo friendly as we.

When firſt attic fire mortals' glory became,
Tho' ſmall was the ſpark, it ſoon grew to a flame;
As Phœbus celeſtial, tranſcendantly bright,
It ſpread o'er the world a freſh torrent of light.
We always are free, &c.

The greateſt of monarchs, the wiſeſt of men,
Free-maſonry honour'd again and again;
And nobles have quitted all other delights,
With joy to preſide o'er our myſtical rites.
We always are free, &c.

Tho' ſome may pretend we've no ſecrets to know,
Such idle opinions their ignorance ſhow;
While others, with raptures, cry out, they're reveal'd,
In Free-maſons boſoms they ſtill lie conceal'd.
We always are free, &c.

Coxcomical pedants may ſay what they can,
Abuſe us, ill uſe us, and laugh at our plan;
We'll temper our mortar, enliven our ſouls,
And join in a chorus o'er full flowing bowls.
We always are free, &c.

XLVI.

[Tune—*To Anacreon in Heaven.*]

NOT the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome,
Shall with viſions miſlead, or with meteors conſume
No Pegaſus' wings my ſhort ſoarings miſguide,
Nor raptures detain me on Helicon's ſide;
All clouds now diſſolve; from the eaſt beams the day;
Truth riſes in glory, and wakens the lay:
The eagle-ey'd muſe—ſees the light—fills the grove
With the ſong of Free-maſons, of friendſhip and love!

Inſpir'd with the theme, the divinity flies,
And thron'd on a rainbow—before her ariſe
Paſt, preſent, and future—with ſplendid array,
In Maſonic ſucceſſion, their treaſures diſplay:
She views murder'd merit by ruffian-hand fall,
And the grave give its dead up, at fellowſhip's call!
While the Craft, by their badges, their innocence prove;
And the ſong of Free-maſons is friendſhip and love!

From thoſe ages remote ſee the muſe ſpeeds her way,
To join in the glories the preſent diſplay;
In freedom and friendſhip ſhe ſees the true band,
With their ſplendor and virtues illumine the land:
Religion's pure beams break the vapours of night,
And from darkneſs myſterious the word gives the light!
While the lodge here below, as the choirs from above
Join the ſong of Free-maſons, in friendſhip and love!

That the future might keep what the preſent beſtows,
In rapture prophetic the goddeſs aroſe;
As ſhe ſung thro' the ſkies, angels echo'd the ſound,
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around;

The kind proclamation our ſong ſhall retain,
'Twas—*That Maſonry long may its luſtre maintain;*
And 'till Time be no more, our fraternity prove,
That the objects we aim at, are friendſhip and love!

XLVII.

The Candidate's Song, as ſung at Carmarthen.

[Tune—*O my little rolling Sailor.*]

O (*a*) Blanduſia, noble fountain,
Pure as glaſs, and clear as light!
Flowing from the (*b*) ſacred mountain,
Thou doſt charm both taſte and ſight.

Come, brave boys, this evening (*c*) crown ye
All her border round with flowers,
For to-morrow ſhe ſhall drown ye
In ſweet wines and pleaſant hours.

A (*d*) young victim ſhall to-morrow,
Welcome as a milk-white kid,
Without clamour, ſigh, or ſorrow,
In thy cryſtal baſon bleed.

Mad as firſt year's (*e*) horned cattle,
Or laſcivious as a ram;
Pointed ſteel ſhall cool his mettle,
And ſhall tame him like a lamb.

The (*f*) hot dog-ſtar's perſecutions
Can't thy (*g*) cooling ſhades inflame,
Nor the (*h*) bear's cold revolutions
Come to freeze thy conſtant ſtream.

(*a*) The ſcience of Maſonry.
(*b*) Of Solomon's Temple.
(*c*) Alluding to the cloathing of the lodge.
(*d*) Alluding to the form of the entered apprentice's creation, &c.
(*e*) Alluding to its great and undefiled ſolemnity, &c.
(*f*) By the Romans, Catholics, Turks, Barbarians, &c.
(*g*) The patrons of Free-maſonry.
(*h*) Nor the overflowing of the Goths, nor Calvaniſts, nor Lutherans, &c.

(*i*) Lab'ring beasts here find, when weary,
Cooling draughts to cure all pain;
Wand'ring (*k*) flocks here meet, and merry
Drink, and never thirst again.

Now shall I and sacred Horace
Both alike immortal be
By thy noble fountain; for as
Long as thou art, so are we.

This the (*l*) rock thy (*m*) lymph while giving,
Into voice melodious breaks;
This the (*n*) cov'ring oak, as living,
And the (*o*) stony cavern, speaks.

XLVIII.

[Tune—*A begging we will go, &c.*]

OF all the places in the town
That's for instruction good,
There's none like to a Mason's lodge,
If rightly understood:
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

There what is good is to be learnt
From brethren just and true;
In harmony we all agree,
And deference pay where due.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

The master he is in the east,
Due homage to him pay;
The wardens, sitting in the west,
His will well pleas'd obey.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

(*k*) Teachers.
(*i*) Societies.
(*l*) The literal word.
(*m*) The metaphor.
(*n*) Alluding to the expressive forms, both of the jewels, and of (*o*) the lodge itself.

The Craft and 'Preptices around
Their orders always take,
And in the rules of Maſonry
Due progreſs daily make.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

And after we've our bus'neſs done,
Then we rejoice and ſing;
To our Grand Maſter take a glaſs,
And George the Third our King.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

Then if the maſter will permit,
Dear brethren, join with me;
To all Free-maſons drink a health,
And give them three times three.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

XLIX.

By a Young Lady.

[Tune—*Come let us prepare.*]

O

OF your hearts to take care,
Now, ladies, prepare,
Be ſilent! I'll tell you the reaſon:
Sly Cupid, they ſay,
As the moſt certain way
To conquer the fair, is made Maſon.

The muſic you hear
Will raviſh your ear;
Your eye will be pleas'd paſt expreſſion:
But think on the ſmart
That follows the dart,
When thrown by the hand of a Maſon.

The nymph may pretend
Her heart to defend,
But let her from me take a leſſon:
She's ſurely undone,
Tho' her heart were of ſtone,
It will melt at one glance from a Maſon.

By the apron and glove
Cupid reigns god of love,
His empire to deny is now treaſon:
Then I humbly agree
Soon married to be,
And anſwer each call of my Maſon.
Heaven proſper the youth
For honour and truth,
And ſecrecy fam'd by all nations;
I'll ne'er be aſham'd,
Nor fear to be blam'd,
While I write in the praiſe of Free-maſons.

L.

Compoſed and ſung by Brother Samuel Porter, at the Dedication of the Shakeſpear Lodge, Stratford upon Avon.

[Tune—*Mulberry Tree.*]

ON Avon's ſweet banks, where the ſilver ſtreams glide,
The beauties in Stratford oft Shakeſpear would pride
And ſay, when enraptur'd by the juice of the vine,
He would there raiſe a lodge for his favourite nine:
To honour now his country,
Do honour to his memory,
And toaſt him round with three times three.

A few ſons of ſcience, his name to revere,
Agreed to his mem'ry a pillar to rear,
In true antique order, immenſe in its ſize,
From earth's hallow'd ſurface to heaven ſhould riſe:
For ſo build we o'er earth and ſea,
With beauty and true ſymmetry,
A ſacred pile to Maſonry.

From the north to the ſouth pole its width be expreſt,
Its length full extending between eaſt and weſt;
To make it immortal, they gave it a name,
And call'd it *the Shakeſpear*, to Warwickſhire's fame:

And thus build we o'er earth and ſea,
With beauty and true ſymmetry,
Such ſacred piles to Maſonry.

In Jehoſophat's vale the foundation was laid
By our royal Grand Maſter, the prince of the trade,
And to keep up in concord a grand jubilee,
Ordain'd it a lodge of Free-maſons ſhould be.
Ye ſons born free, with me agree,
The King and Craft let our toaſt be,
And toaſt him round with three times three.

May heaven's grand architect bleſs the deſign,
And health, peace and concord its members conjoin;
May they flouriſh in harmony, friendſhip and love,
'Till they're ſummon'd to join in the grand lodge above.
And ſo build we o'er earth and ſea
Such ſacred piles to Maſonry,
Thro' time to all eternity.

LI.

[Tune—*Old Sir Simon the King.*]

ON a whimſical frolic, fair Venus
Invited the gods to a ball;
The occaſion was, Chloe the coquette
Surrender'd to Damon, that's all:
A ſpecial requeſt was committed
To Mercury, nimble of wing,
That Apollo, with all his nine daughters,
Would come at their revels to ſing.

When Merc'ry preſented his card,
Apollo ſmil'd at the occaſion;
"But, friend Mercury (ſaid he) I'm debarr'd,
"You don't recollect I'm a Maſon;
"And this night, by expreſs invitation,
"I go to the feaſt of St. John;
"Let the gods quaff their goblets of nectar,
"And ſtrum o'er a ſong as they can."

LII.

[Tune—*Sailor Jack.*]

ONCE I was blind and could not ſee,
And all was dark around,
But Providence protected me,
And ſoon a friend I found:
Thro' hidden paths my friend me led,
Such paths as bablers never tread.
With a fa la la, &c.

He took all ſtumbling-blocks away,
That I might walk ſecure;
And brought me, long ere break of day,
To Sol's bright temple door,
Where ſoon we both admittance found,
By help of magic ſpell and ſound.
With a fal la la, &c.

The curber of my raſh attempt
Did then my breaſt alarm,
And hinted I was not exempt,
Nor free from double harm;
Which put a ſtop to riſing pride,
And made me truſt more to my guide.
With a fa la la, &c.

With ſober pace I then was led,
And brought to Sol's bright throne;
And there I was compell'd to ſtop,
'Till I myſelf made known:
With mighty noiſe I round was brought,
That to obtain which much I ſought.
With a fa la la, &c.

In humble poſture, and due form,
I liſten'd with good will;
Inſtead of mighty noiſe and ſtorm,
All then was calm and ſtill;
Such charming ſounds I then did hear,
As quite expell'd all doubt and fear.
With a fa la la, &c

The mighty monarch from his throne
Bid darkneſs then withdraw;

No ſooner ſaid than it was done,
And then great things I ſaw;
But what they were I'll not now tell,
But ſuch they were as here ſhall dwell.
With a ſa la la, &c.

Then round and round me he did tie
A noble ancient charm,
All future darkneſs to defy,
And ward off Cowan's harm:
So I return'd from whence I came,
Not what I was, but what I am,
With a ſa la la, &c.

LIII.

The Deputy Grand Maſter's Song.

ON, on, my dear brethren, purſue your great lecture,
Refine on the precepts of old architecture;
High honour to Maſons the Craft daily brings,
Who are brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the ſtage,
Reviving the art of Auguſtus' fam'd age;
And Veſpaſian deſtroy'd the vaſt temple in vain,
Since ſo many now riſe where our principles reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with ſuch art,
Will amaze the fix'd eye, and engage the whole heart;
Propoi tion's ſweet harmony gracing the whole,
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a ſoul.

Then, maſter and brethren, preſerve your great name,
This lodge ſo majeſtic ſhall purchaſe you fame;
Rever'd it ſhall ſtand 'till all nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade 'till the world is on fire.

See, ſee, behold here, what rewards all our toil,
Invigorates genius, and bids nature ſmile:
To our noble *grand maſter* let bumpers be crown'd,
To all Maſons a bumper, ſo let it go round.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it paſs,
Our ancient firm union cements with the glaſs;
And all the contention 'mong Maſons ſhall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

LIV.

[Tune—*To all you Ladies now on Land.*]

ON you who Maſonry deſpiſe,
This counſel I beſtow;
Don't ridicule, if you are wiſe,
A ſecret you don't know:
Yourſelves you banter, but not it,
You ſhew your ſpleen, but not your wit,
With a ſa la la, &c.

Inſpiring virtues by our rules,
And in ourſelves ſecure;
We have compaſſion for thoſe fools
Who think our acts impure:
We know from ignorance proceeds
Such mean opinions of our deeds,
With a la la la, &c.

If union and ſincerity
Have a pretence to pleaſe,
We brothers of Free-maſonry
Lay juſtly claim to theſe:
To ſtate diſputes we ne'er give birth,
Our motto friendſhip is and mirth,
With a ſa la la, &c.

Some of our rules I will impart,
But muſt conceal the reſt;
They're ſafely lodg'd in Maſons' hearts,
Within each honeſt breaſt:
We love our country and our king;
We toaſt the ladies, laugh and ſing,
With a ſa la la, &c.

LV.

OPEN, ye gates, receive the fair, who ſhares
With equal ſenſe our happineſs and cares.
Then, charming females, there behold
What maſſy ſtores of burniſh'd gold;
Yet richer is our art;
Not all the orient gems that ſhine,
Nor treaſures of rich Ophir's mine,
Excel the Maſon's heart.

True to the fair, he honours more
Than glitt'ring gems, or brighteſt ore,
The plighted pledge of love:
To ev'ry tie of honour bound,
In love and friendſhip conſtant found,
And favour'd from above.

LVI.

[Tune—*A Roſe Tree in full Bearing.*]

O *WHAT a happy thing it is,*
Brethren, to dwell in unity!
Whilſt ev'ry action's ſquar'd by this,
The true baſe-line of Maſonry;
Our plumb rule fixed to the point,
The angle of uprightneſs ſhows;
From ſide to ſide, from joint to joint,
By ſteps the ſtately manſion roſe.

Whate'er the order or the plan,
The parts will with the whole agree;
For, by a geometric man,
The work is done in ſymmetry:
From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
Far as the foaming billows roll,
Faith, Hope, and ſilver-braided Truth,
Shall ſtamp with worth the Maſon's ſoul.

But, chieſeſt, come, ſweet Charity,
Meek, tender, hoſpitable gueſt;
Aided by thoſe, inſpir'd by thee,
How tranquil is the Maſon's breaſt!
An olive branch thy forehead binds,
The gift that peerleſs Prudence gave,
An emblem of congenial minds,
And ſuch Maſonic brethren have.

LVII.

By Edward Mandeville, Eſq. of Carrick-on-Suir.

[Tune—*In a mould'ring Cave.*]

QUEEN Juno, long plagu'd by her wand'ring lord,
Each project attempted in vain;
No caution celeſtial could ſafety afford,
To guard the falſe heart of her ſwain:

He revel'd on Ida juſt under her throne,
And frolic'd with Hebe the fair;
Sweet peace from the goddeſs far diſtant was flown,
Nor aught could avail her her care.

When wooing fair Leda, tho' caught by ſurpriſe,
A ſwan quick appear'd to her view;
Not Argus himſelf, tho' ſo fam'd for his eyes,
The god thro' his wiles could purſue:
The goddeſs thus baffled, reſolv'd in her mind,
What project her lord might reclaim;
Not one thro' the regions above could ſhe find,
Then down to a lodge-room ſhe came.

Three cardinal virtues concentred ſhe found
To bloom in a Free-maſon's breaſt;
Sweet Friendſhip and Concord, by Conſtancy crown'd,
Each brother had fully poſſeſt:
The queen a petition did humbly prefer,
That Jove be *accepted* and *free*;
For one who is *rais'd* ſure can never more err,
And Virtue his tiler muſt be.

LVIII.

A Return to a Compliment from the Chair, by G. Wilſon.

[Tune—*On, on, my dear Brethren.*]

RIGHT worſhipful maſter, and worſhipful wardens,
Dear kind worthy brethren, true ſecreſy's guardians,
The friendſhip, the honour, ſo kindly conferr'd,
With gratitude, thanks, and reſpect, I regard.
Then kindly permit me the toaſt to return,
From a heart that for ever with friendſhip ſhall burn;
To all worthy brethren of every degree,
Craving aid with the honours, and by three times three.

LIX.

[Tune—*Which nobody can deny.*]

SOME folks have with curious impertinence ſtrove
From Free-maſons' boſoms their ſecrets to move,
I'll tell them in vain their endeavours muſt prove,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Of that happy ſecret when we are poſſeſs'd,
The tongue can't explain what is lodg'd in the breaſt,
For the bleſſing's ſo great it can ne'er be expreſs'd,
Which nobody can deny, &c.
By friendſhip's ſtrict ties we brothers are join'd,
With mirth in each heart and content in each mind,
And this is a difficult ſecret to find,
Which nobody can deny, &c.
But you, who would fain our grand ſecret expoſe,
One thing beſt conceal'd to the world you diſcloſe,
Much folly in blaming what none of you knows,
Which nobody can deny, &c.
Truth, Charity, Juſtice, our principles are,
What one doth poſſeſs the other may ſhare;
All theſe in the world are ſecrets moſt rare,
Which nobody can deny, &c.
While then we are met the world's wonder and boaſt,
And all do enjoy what pleaſes each moſt,
I'll give you the beſt and moſt glorious toaſt,
Which nobody can deny, &c.
Here's a health to the generous, brave and the good,
To all thoſe who think and who act as they ſhould,
In all this the Free maſon's health's underſtood,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

LX.

Compoſed and ſung upon the occaſion by Mr. James Biſſet, of the St. Alban's Lodge, Birmingham.

[Tune—*Vicar of Bray.*]

THE corner ſtone, this day, we have,
By ſolemn dedication
Of Stratford lodge, moſt firmly laid
On our moſt grand foundation;
Great Shakeſpear's name the pile ſhall boaſt,
A name ſo much renown'd, Sir;
With flowing bumpers let this toaſt
Then cheerfully go round, Sir:
Cho. May this new lodge for ever ſtand
To grace Maſonic ſtory,
The wonder of this happy land,
And raiſe old Shakeſpear's glory.

The myſtic arts of Maſonry,
From eaſt to weſt extending,
From pole to pole expands apace,
A gift of heaven's own ſending;
Bleſt light divine, ſent from above
To cheer the diſcontented,
To make mankind unite in love,
Like Maſons thus cemented.
Bleſt light divine, &c.

Great honours have been paid before,
But Shakeſpear's name to blazon,
Or give him fame, none can do more
Than ſay—He was a Maſon!
Upon the ſquare he firmly ſtood,
Such lovely ſtructure rear'd, Sir,
That ne'er before nor ſince the flood
Have buildings ſuch appear'd, Sir.
Upon the ſquare, &c.

All Nature's ſecrets he explor'd,
With wonder ſtruck ſhe view'd him;
She *never ſaw his like before,*
And all her works ſhe ſhow'd him:
The child of fancy, e'en in youth,
In knowledge he ſurpaſs'd her;
None ever could with him compare,
But Hiram, our Grand Maſter.

May Shakeſpear's lodge for ever ſtand,
And grace Maſonic ſtory,
The wonder of this happy land,
Old Stratford's boaſt and glory.

LXI.

[Tune—*On, on, my dear Brethren.*]

THE curious vulgar could never deviſe
What ſocial Free-maſons ſo highly do prize;
No human conjecture, no ſtudy in ſchools;
Such fruitleſs attempts are the actions of fools.

Sublime are our maxims, our plan from above,
Old as the creation, cemented with love;

To promote all the virtues adorning man's life,
Subduing our paſſions, preventing all ſtrife.

Purſue, my dear brethren, embrace with great care
A ſyſtem adapted our actions to ſquare;
Whoſe origin clearly approacheth divine;
Obſerve how its precepts to virtue incline.

The ſecrets of nature king Solomon knew,
The names of all trees in the foreſt that grew;
Architecture his ſtudy, Free-maſon's ſole guide,
Thus finiſh'd his temple, antiquity's pride.

True worthy Free-maſons our arts did conceal,
Their hearts were ſincere, and not prone to reveal;
Here's the widow ſon's memory, that mighty great ſage,
Who ſkilfully handled plumb, level, and gage.

Toaſt next our Grand Maſter, of noble repute,
No brother preſuming his laws to diſpute;
No diſcord, no faction, our lodge ſhall divide;
Here truth, love, and friendſhip muſt always abide.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, ye vain rebels, your country's diſgrace,
To ravage like Vandals, our arts to deface;
Learn how to grow loyal, our king to defend,
And live like Free-maſons, your lives to amend.

LXII.

[Tune—*A Cobler there was, &c.*]

THERE once was a Maſon who lov'd a long drink,
And a fop of a cowan, who fondly did think,
Could he get him fuddled, and find out this wonder,
He'd make all the Maſons of Scotland knock under.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

He went to the Maſon, and told him his tale;
A bargain was ſtruck for three dozen ſtrong ale:
He told him ſome nonſenſe, and gave him in fine
What the cowan thought truly the Free-maſon's ſign.
Derry down, &c.

Brimful of his learning, next day in the ſtreet,
With two or three Maſons he happen'd to meet,

And, impatient to be recogniz'd a Free maſon,
Gave ſigns, words and tokens without heſitation.
Derry down, &c.
They ſaw he was bubbled, but, wanting ſome fun,
They adjourn'd to a tavern, where being ſat down,
They told the young brother it was not diſcreet
To expoſe Maſons' ſigns in the public ſtreet.
Derry down, &c.
And for this indiſcretion he muſt pay a fine,
If I rightly remember, three bottles of wine,
Which he willingly paid, and e'en call'd for another;
For he firmly believ'd that he was a true brother.
Derry down, &c.
But, preſuming on this, to a lodge he did go,
Where, alas! he ſoon found he was *in ſtatu quo*;
For they told him, to his no ſmall mortification,
He had neither the face nor the heart of a Maſon.
Derry down, &c.

LXIII.

By Mr. Dibdin.

THE ſun's a Free-maſon, he works all the day,
Village, city, and town to adorn;
Then from labour to reſt,
At his lodge in the weſt,
Takes with good brother Neptune a glaſs on his way:
Thence ripe for the fair,
He flies from all care,
To dame Thetis' charms,
'Till rous'd from her arms
By the morn.

Chorus. So do we, our labour done,
Firſt the glaſs,
And then the laſs,
And then
Sweet ſlumbers give freſh force
To run our courſe,
Thus with the riſing ſun.

The courſe of the ſun all our myſteries deſines;
First Maſonry roſe in the eaſt,
Then, to no point confin'd,
His rays cheer mankind;
Beſides, who'll deny but he well knows the ſigns?
The Grand Maſter he
Then of Maſons ſhall be;
Nor ſhall aught the Craft harm,
'Till to ſhine and to warm
He has ceas'd.
Then like him, our labour done, &c.

LXIV.

THO' bigots ſtorm, and fools declaim,
And Maſons ſome thro' ign'rance blame,
The good, the juſt, the learn'd, the wiſe,
Free-maſonry will ne'er deſpiſe.
O'er all the earth let Maſons join
To execute one grand deſign,
And ſtrike amazement into fools,
Who laugh at Maſons and their tools.
On Juſtice, Truth, and Charity,
This edifice ſhall founded be;
And we'll combine to rear the whole
By Wiſdom's juſt unerring rule.
O'er all the earth, &c.
Let ev'ry Maſon then prepare
By Virtue's mould his work to ſquare;
And ev'ry taſk adjuſted be
By the level of equality.
O'er all the earth, &c.
Let jollity and freedom then
For ever in our lodge remain,
And ſtill our work cemented be
By univerſal harmony. O'er all, &c.
This ſtructure we will fortify
With the barrier of ſecrecy:
A Maſon barrier we may boaſt
Shall e'er impenetrably laſt. O'er all, &c.

To mutual love and friendſhip rais'd,
This fabric ſhall by all be prais'd;
And thoſe who ſtrive to ridicule
Our Craft, ſhall but themſelves befool.
Then o'er the earth, &c.

LXV.

A new occaſional Lyric, Maſonic Eulogium, ſung at the Royal Circus, St. George's Fields, for the Benefit of the Royal Cumberland Free-maſons' School.

THO' my voice can't enchant like the Syrens of old
I'll venture your ears to aſſail:
The attempt do not deem too intruding or bold,
Good humour 'tis meant to exhale.
Of the compact which binds proud ambition and pow'r,
My poor ſimple lays never dream;
But that which for ages true friendſhip has wore,
Free-maſonry's compact's my theme.

Then join my ſong, brothers! the ſentiment paſs,
No harm's in an honeſt endeavour;
Fill higher—Affection preſides o'er the glaſs,
"May Free-maſonry flouriſh for ever."

Their pillars of rectitude ne'er will decay;
Honour's temple's erected on high;
And architect Truth does a building diſplay
Of virtue, can't moulder or die.
I flattery ſcorn, it to falſehood gives birth;
But rapture the deed muſt impart
Which bids ſoft humanity patronize worth,
And light make the ſad orphan's heart.
Then join, &c.

Let ſenſual drones to rich viands invite,
Or tempt to gay Bacchus's board,
One moment of feeling will give more delight,
Than ages of mirth can afford:
To wipe from the eye the big tear of diſtreſs!
Infant gratitude view fondly ſhown!

To bleſſings beſtow, ſure the donor muſt bleſs,
Whoſe heart is humanity's throne!
Then join, &c.

LXVI.

THUS happily met, united and free,
A foretaſte of heaven we prove;
Then join heart and hand, and firmly agree
To cultivate brotherly love.

With corn, wine, and oil, our table replete,
The altar of friendſhip divine;
Each virtue and grace the circle complete,
With aid of the muſical nine.

Thus bleſt, and thus bleſſing, employment ſupreme!
May Maſonry daily increaſe,
Its grand ſcheme of morals our fav'rite theme,
The ſource of contentment and peace.

LXVII.

'TIS Maſonry unites mankind,
To gen'rous actions forms the ſoul;
In friendly converſe all conjoin'd,
One ſpirit animates the whole.

Where-e'er aſpiring domes ariſe,
Where-ever ſacred altars ſtand;
Thoſe altars blaze unto the ſkies,
Thoſe domes proclaim the Maſon's hand.

As paſſions rough the ſoul diſguiſe,
'Till ſcience cultivates the mind;
So the rude ſtone unſhapen lies,
'Till by the Maſon's art refin'd.

Tho' ſtill our chief concern and care
Be to deſerve a brother's name;
Yet ever mindful of the fair,
Their kindeſt influence we claim.

Let wretches at our manhood rail;
But they who once our order prove

Will own that we, who build ſo well,
With equal energy can love.

Sing, brethren, then, the Craft divine,
(Beſt band of ſocial joy and mirth;)
With choral ſound and cheerful wine,
Proclaim its virtue o'er the earth.

LXVIII.

[Tune—*The Bonny Broom.*]

TO Maſonry your voices raiſe,
Ye brethren of the Craft;
To that, and our great Maſter's praiſe,
Let bumpers now be quaff'd:
True friendſhip, love, and concord join'd,
Poſſeſs a Maſon's heart;
Thoſe virtues beautify the mind,
And ſtill adorn the art.

Hail, all hail, my brethren dear,
All hail to ye alway;
Regard the art while ye have life,
Revere it every day.

While thus in unity we join,
Our hearts ſtill good and true;
Inſpired by the grace divine,
And no baſe ends in view:
We friendly meet, ourſelves employ,
To improve the fruitful mind
With bleſſings which can never cloy,
But dignify mankind.

Hail, all hail, &c.

No flinty hearts amongſt us are,
We're generous and kind;
The needy oft our fortune ſhare,
If them we worthy find:
Our charity, from eaſt to weſt,
To worthy objects we
Diffuſe, as is the great beheſt,
To every man that's free, Hail, &c.

Thus bleſs'd, and bleſſing, well we know
Our joys can never end;
For long as vital ſpirits flow
A Maſon finds a friend.
Then join your hearts and tongues with mine,
Our glorious art to praiſe;
Diſcreetly take the generous wine,
Let reaſon rule your ways.
Hail, all hail, &c.

LXIX.

[Tune—*He comes, &c.*]

UNITE, unite, your voices raiſe;
Loudy ſing Free-maſons' praiſe:
Spread far and wide their ſpotleſs fame,
And glory in the ſacred name.

Behold, behold, the upright band
In Virtue's paths go hand in hand;
They ſhun each ill, they do no wrong,
Strict honour does to them belong.

How juſt, how juſt are all their ways!
Superior far to mortal praiſe!
Their worth deſcription far exceeds,
For matchleſs are Free-maſons' deeds.

Go on, go on, ye juſt and true,
Still the ſame bright paths purſue;
Th' admiring world ſhall on ye gaze,
And Friendſhip's altar ever blaze.

Begone, begone, fly diſcord hence!
With party rage and inſolence!
Sweet peace ſhall bleſs this happy band
And freedom ſmile throughout the land.

LXX.

[Tune—*How happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs.*]

WE brethren Free-maſons, let's mark the great name,
The moſt ancient and loyal recorded by fame;
In unity met, let us merrily ſing,
The life of a Maſon's like that of a king.

No diſcord, nor envy, among us ſhall be,
No confuſion of tongues, but we'll always agree;
Not, like building of Babel, confound one another,
But fill up your glaſſes, and drink to each brother.

A tower they wanted to lead them to bliſs,
I hope there's no brother but knows what it is;
Three principal ſteps in our ladder there be,
A myſt'ry to all, but to thoſe that are free.

Let the ſtrength of our reaſon keep the ſquare of our heart,
And virtue adorn ev'ry man in his part.
The name of a Cowan we'll not ridicule,
But pity his ign'rance, not count him a fool.

Let's lead a good life while the power we have,
And when that our bodies are laid in the grave,
We hope with good ſcience to heaven to climb,
To give Peter the paſs-word, the token and ſign.

Saint Peter he opens, and ſo we paſs in,
To a place that's prepar'd for all thoſe free from ſin;
To that heavenly lodge, which is tyl'd moſt ſecure,
A place that's prepar'd for all thoſe who are pure.

LXXI.

[Tune—*The Steward's Song.*]

WE have no idle prating
Of either Whig or Tory;
But each agrees
To live at eaſe,
And ſing or tell a ſtory.

Fill to him
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll;
The divine
Tells us, wine
Cheers the body and the ſoul.

We will be men of pleaſure,
Deſpiſing pride and party;
Whilſt knaves and fools
Preſcribe us rules,
We are ſincere and hearty.
Fill to him, &c.

If any are ſo fooliſh
To whine for courtiers favour,
We'll bind him o'er
To drink no more
'Till he has a better flavour.
Fill to him, &c.

If an accepted Maſon
Should talk of high or low church,
We'll ſet him down
A ſhallow clown,
As underſtanding no church.
Fill to him, &c.

The world is all in darkneſs,
About us they conjecture;
But little think
A ſong and drink
Succeed the Maſon's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

Then, landlord, bring a hogſhead,
And in the corner place it;
'Till it rebound
With hollow ſound,
Each Maſon here will face it.
Fill to him, &c.

LXXII.

The Grand Maſter's Song.

WE ſing of Maſons' ancient fame!
Lo, eighty thouſand Craftſmen riſe
Under the maſters of great name,
More than three thouſand juſt and wiſe:
Employ'd by Solomon the Sire,
And gen'ral Maſter Maſon too,
As Hiram was in ſtately Tyre,
Like Salem built by Maſons true.

The royal art was then divine,
The Craftſmen counſell'd from above;
The temple was the grand deſign
The wond'ring world did all approve.
Ingenious men from every place
Came to ſurvey the glorious pile:
And, when return'd, began to trace
And imitate its lofty ſtile.

At length the Grecians came to know
Geometry, and learn'd the art.
Pythagoras was rais'd to ſhow,
And glorious Euclid to impart:
Great Archimedes too appear'd,
And Carthaginian maſters bright;
'Till Roman citizens uprear'd
The art with wiſdom and delight.

But when proud Aſia they had quell'd,
And Greece and Egypt overcome,
In architecture they excell'd,
And brought the learning all to Rome:
Where wiſe Vitruvius, warden prime
Of architects, the art improv'd
In great Auguſtus' peaceful time,
When arts and artiſts were belov'd.

They brought the knowledge from the eaſt,
And as they made the nations yield,

They ſpread it thro' the north and weſt,
And taught the world the art to build;
Witneſs their citadels and tow'rs,
To fortify their legions fine;
Their temples, palaces, and bow'rs,
That ſpoke the Maſons' grand deſign.

Thus mighty eaſtern kings, and ſome
Of Abram's race, and monarchs good
Of Egypt, Syria, Greece and Rome,
True architecture underſtood:
No wonder then if Maſons join
To celebrate thoſe Maſon kings,
With ſolemn note, and flowing wine,
Whilſt every brother jointly ſings.

Chorus. Who can unfold the royal art,
Or ſing its ſecrets in a ſong?
They're ſafely kept i' a Maſon's heart,
And to the ancient craft belong.

LXXIII.

[Tune—*What tho' they call me country laſs.*]

WHAT tho' they call us Maſons fools,
We prove, by g'ometry, our rules
Surpaſs the arts they teach in ſchools;
They charge us falſely then:
We make it plainly to appear,
By our behaviour every where,
That when you meet with Maſons, there
You meet with gentlemen.

'Tis true we once have charged been
With diſobedience to our queen *,
But after-monarchs plain have ſeen
The ſecrets ſhe had ſought:

* Queen Elizabeth hearing the Maſons had certain ſecrets that could not be revealed to her (for that ſhe could not be grand maſter) and being jealous of all ſecret aſſem-

We hatch no plot againſt the ſtate,
Nor 'gainſt great men in power prate,
But all that's noble, good, and great,
Is daily by us taught.

The noble ſtructures which we ſee
Rais'd by our fam'd ſociety
Surpriſe the world; then ſhall not we
Give praiſe to Maſonry?
Let thoſe who do deſpiſe the art,
Live in a cave or ſome deſart,
To herd with beaſts from men apart,
For their ſtupidity.

But view thoſe ſavage nations, where
Free-maſonry did ne'er appear,
What ſtrange unpoliſh'd brutes they are;
Then think on Maſonry:
It makes us courteous men alway,
Gen'rous, hoſpitable, and gay:
What other art the like can ſay?
Then a health to Maſons free.

blies, &c. ſhe ſent an armed force to break up their annual grand lodge at York, on St. John's day, the 27th of Dec. 1561. Sir Thomas Sackville (then grand maſter) inſtead of being diſmayed at ſuch an unexpected viſit, gallantly told the officers, that nothing could give him greater pleaſure than ſeeing them in the grand lodge, as it would give him an opportunity of convincing them, that Free-maſonry was the moſt uſeful ſyſtem that ever was founded on divine and moral laws, &c. The conſequence of his arguments was, that he made the chief men Free-maſons, who (on their return) made an honourable report to the queen, ſo that ſhe never attempted to diſlodge or diſturb them, but eſteemed them as a peculiar ſort of men, that cultivated peace and friendſhip, arts and ſciences, without meddling in the affairs of church or ſtate.

LXXIV.

[Tune—*Fair Flora, beautiful and gay.*]

WHEN Adam ſtarted from the ground,
And found himſelf a man,
With judgment ſolid, clear and ſound,
T' explore the wond'rous plan,
All Eden ſmil'd, each balmy grove
Perfum'd the ambient air,
And fruits and flowers conjunctly ſtrove
To deck the landſcape fair.

Beaſts of the land, fowls of the ſpray,
Came all with one accord,
To get new names, and homage pay
Unto their new made lord:
Fair Eve, the partner of his ſoul,
To nuptial bower he led;
Then feaſted on the richeſt ſpoil
That Eden's garden had.

In ſilent viſions of the night,
Angelic ſkill prepar'd,
To give the patriarch's mind delight,
A Maſon lodge uprear'd;
Where each congenial ſoul inſpir'd
With every ſocial charm,
Each heart with generous friendſhip fir'd,
Each others boſom warm.

Sweet muſic's charm did pleaſe his ear,
Their order pleas'd his eye;
Delighted with their ſocial cheer,
Indulg'd a heart-felt joy:
The grandeur of the hallow'd ſcene
Did glad his honeſt ſoul;
He cry'd, *My ſons, come charge again;*
Stewards, make another bowl.

To all my ſons of each degree,
The generous patriarch ſpoke;

Then took his glaſs, and drank like me,
And clapt, and ſo awoke.
Eve wak'd, but to diſturb him loth,
Much wiſh'd to know the cauſe;
He told his dream, which pleas'd them both;
Eve ſweetly ſmil'd applauſe.

LXXV.

[Tune—*Roaſt Beef of Old England.*]

WHEN a lodge, juſt and perfect, is form'd all aright,
The ſun-beams celeſtial (altho' it be night)
Refulgent and glorious appear to the ſight
Of hearty and faithful true Maſons,
True-Maſons in heart, word, and act.

Their eaſtern mild ruler then lays the firſt ſtone;
The Craftſmen, obedient, united as one,
Him copy, and cheerfully work 'till high noon,
As hearty and faithful true Maſons, &c.

Rough aſhler they hew, and form by the ſquare,
By the level lay ſolids, and by the plumb rear
Their uprights: Strength beautiful being the care
Of hearty and faithful true Maſons, &c.

Hence a building, by Wiſdom contriv'd, does ariſe,
Well fixt in the centre, ſublime to the ſkies,
Which ſtorms, thunder, war, and Time's envy defies,
Bleſt labour of faithful true Maſons, &c.

Strong net-work they carve (its emblem they know)
Where lillies milk-white, and rich fruit ſeem to grow;
Concord, Peace, and Plenty: How lovely they ſhow
To all hearty and faithful true Maſons! &c.

No Babel diſtraction is heard, no debate;
The cock's crow they need not, he dog's barking hate;
Decorum they keep, and avoid idle prate,
Being hearty and faithful true Maſons, &c.

Intent on their taſk, their labour's their pleaſure,
Nor ſeems it, however prolong'd, beyond meaſure;
But all appear tir'd moſt, when moſt at their leiſure;
Such truſty true workmen are Maſons, &c.

When diſmiſs'd, wages paid, and all ſatisfy'd,
As loth to depart, they yet ſocial abide,
Join hands, with join'd hearts, toaſting—Joy e'er betide
All hearty and faithful true Maſons, &c.

Then, brothers, well met, charge right, and let's ſing,
Like ourſelves, trebly thrice, to the Craft and the King!
And crowning three cheers make the happy lodge ring,
Proclaiming us happy true Maſons, &c.

LXXVI.

[Tune—*Ye Lads of true Spirit, &c.*]

WHEN a lodge of Free-maſons are cloath'd in their aprons,
In order to make a new brother,
With firm hearts and clean hands they repair to their ſtands,
And juſtly ſupport one another.

Truſty brother take care, of Eaves-droppers beware,
'Tis a juſt and a ſolemn occaſion;
Give the word and the blow, that workmen may know
You are going to make a Free-maſon.

The Maſter ſtands due, and his Officers too,
While Craftſmen are plying their ſtation;
The Deacons do ſtand right for the command
Of a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Now traverſe your ground, as in duty you're bound,
And revere the authentic oration,
That leads to the way, and proves the firſt ray
Of the light of an Accepted Maſon.

Here are words, here are ſigns, here are problems and lines,
And room too for deep ſpeculation;
Here virtue and truth are taught to the youth
When firſt he is bound to a Maſon.

Hieroglyphics ſhine bright, and light reverts light
On the rules and the tools of vocation;
We work and we ſing, the Craft and the King,
'Tis both duty and choice in a Maſon.

What's ſaid or is done is here truly laid down,
In this form of our high inſtallation;
Yet I challenge all men to know what I mean,
Unleſs he's an Accepted Maſon.

The ladies claim right to come into our light,
Since the apron they ſay is their bearing;
Can they ſubject their will, can they keep their tongues ſtill,
And let talking be chang'd into hearing?

This difficult taſk is the leaſt we can aſk,
To ſecure us on ſundry occaſions;
When with this they comply, our utmoſt we'll try
To raiſe lodges for lady Free-maſons.

'Till this can be done, muſt each brother be mum,
Tho' the fair one ſhould wheedle and teaze on;
Be juſt, true and kind, but ſtill bear in mind
At all times that you are a Free-maſon.

LXXVII.

[Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*]

WHEN earth's foundation firſt was laid
By the Almighty Artiſt's hand,
'Twas then our perfect laws were made,
Which ſoon prevail'd throughout the land.
Hail, myſterious! hail, glorious Maſonry!
That mak'ſt thy vot'ries good and free.

In vain mankind for ſhelter ſought,
From place to place in vain did roam,
Until by Heaven they were taught
To plan, to build, t' adorn a home.
Hail, myſterious! &c.

Illuſtrious hence we date our art,
And now its beauteous piles appear,

Which ſhall to endleſs time impart
How favour'd and how free we are.
Hail, myſterious! &c.

Nor yet leſs fam'd for ev'ry tie
Whereby the human thought is bound;
Love, Truth, and boundleſs Charity,
Join all our hearts and hands around.
Hail, myſterious! &c.

Our deeds, approv'd by Virtue's teſt,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world, admiring, ſhall requeſt
To learn, and all our paths purſue.
Hail, myſterious! &c.

LXXVIII.

[Tune—*Attic Fire.*]

WHEN firſt a Maſon I was made,
What terrors then did me invade,
Oh! how I was alarm'd!
But when the ſolemn ſcene was o'er,
My fears and terrors were no more;
I found myſelf unharm'd.

For ſince a brother I'm become,
A member of the ſocial room,
The ſcene is alter'd quite:
With pleaſure now my hours paſs;
With brethren free, and temp'rate glaſs,
I ſpend the cheerful night.

My grateful thanks I now return,
And will with emulation burn,
Such favours to deſerve;
From Maſons' ancient myſtic rites,
Which Truth with Friendſhip e'er unites,
From ſuch I'll never ſwerve.

Hail, Maſonry! thou glorious art!
Which to thy vot'ries doſt impart
Truth, Honour, Juſtice, Love:

Thy ſacred name rever'd ſhall ſtand
In foreign climes, and diſtant land,
Which Slander ſhall not move.

LXXIX.

[Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*]

WHEN Heaven deſign'd that man ſhould know
All that was good and great below,
This was the happy, choice decree,
The bleſſings of Free-maſonry. } *Repeat.*

Hence Peace and Friendſhip deign to ſmile,
Inſtructive rules the hours beguile;
In ſocial joy and harmony
Are ſpent the hours of Maſonry. } *Repeat.*

To Beauty's ſhrine thy homage pay,
Its power they know, and own its ſway;
And this their toaſt will always be,
Succeſs to Love and Maſonry. } *Repeat.*

Of modern learning, ancient lore,
Maſons poſſeſs an ample ſtore;
At faction ſpurn, but loyalty
Congenial is with Maſonry. } *Repeat.*

When taſte and gen'us both combine
To ſhape the ſtone or draw the line;
In fair proportion, juſt and free,
All own the power of Maſonry. } *Repeat.*

Whate'er in ſculptur'd ſkill we prize,
Or domes are rear'd, or ſtructures riſe;
Such wonders ne'er mankind could ſee,
But from the help of Maſonry. } *Repeat.*

An edifice we're proud to own,
Of wood not made, nor yet of ſtone;
Whoſe angles, ſquares, and ſymmetry,
Are emblems of Free-maſonry. } *Repeat.*

It's founded on a brother's love,
Relief and Truth its pillars prove;
Its corner ſtone is Charity;
The building's then Free-maſonry. } *Repeat.*

By nature rear'd, improv'd by art,
The manſion view, a Maſon's heart,
Which ne'er was equall'd, all agree,
When model'd by Free-maſonry. } *Repeat.*

LXXX.

[Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*]

WHEN Maſonry, by heav'n's decree,
Aroſe from father Adam's brain,
This was the charter of the fraternity,
And ſecrecy ſhall guard the ſame.
Hail Maſonry, for ever may'ſt thou be
To all but us a myſtery.

The brethren all, upright and juſt,
Shall ever act upon the ſquare;
Until the world diſſolves to duſt,
The needy ſhall their bounty ſhare.
Hail Maſonry, &c.

True moral men, ſincere and free,
Shall Wiſdom's dictates ſtill impart;
And mirth and joy, and ſocial unity,
Shall bleſs thoſe peaceful ſons of art.
Hail Maſonry, &c.

The Cowan and the crafty knave,
Shall never tread the ſacred ground;
The miſer, traitor, abject ſlave,
In Maſons' lodge ſhall ne'er be found.
Hail Maſonry, &c.

But if he's honeſt, juſt and true,
His life and actions clear and bright;
Report, prepare, inveſt him too,
For he's the man ſhall ſee the light.
Hail Maſonry, &c.

LXXXI.

On the revival of Maſonry in Cornwall.

[Tune—*Vicar of Bray.*]

WHEN Maſonry expiring lay,
By knaves and fools rejected,
Without one hope, one cheering ray,
By worthleſs fools neglected;
Fair Virtue fled,
Truth hung her head,
O'erwhelm'd in deep confuſion;
Sweet Friendſhip too
Her ſmiles withdrew
From this bleſt inſtitution.
Fair Virtue fled, &c.

Cornubia's ſons determin'd then
Free-maſonry to cheriſh;
They rais'd her into life again,
And bid fair Science flouriſh:
Now Virtue bright,
Truth, rob'd in white,
With Friendſhip hither haſtens;
All go in hand
To bleſs the band
Of upright Corniſh Maſons.
Now Virtue bright, &c.

Since Maſonry's reviv'd once more,
Purſue her wiſe directions;
Let circumſpection go before,
And Virtue ſquare your actions:
Unite your hands
In Friendſhip's bands,
Supporting one another;
With honeſt heart
Fair Truth impart
To every faithful brother.
Unite your hands, &c.

Let coxcombs grin, and critics ſneer,
While we are blythe and jolly;
Let ſops deſpiſe the badge we wear,
We laugh at all their folly:
Let empty fools
Deſpiſe our rules,
By Jove, we ne'er will heed 'em;
Say what they will,
We're Maſons ſtill,
And will ſupport our freedom.
Let empty fools, &c.

But may kind heaven's gracious hand
Still regulate each action;
May every lodge ſecurely ſtand
Againſt the ſtorms of faction:
May Love and Peace
Each day encreaſe
Throughout this happy nation;
May tney extend
'Til all ſhall end
In one great conflagration.
May Love, &c.

LXXXII.

[Tune—*Arno's Vale.*]

WHEN my divine Althæa's charms
No more ſhall kindle ſoft alarms,
And the keen light'ning of her eye
Paſſes unfelt, unheeded by;
When moral Beauty's heavenly form
Shall ceaſe the frozen ſoul to warm;
When manners thus corrupt we ſee,
Farewel the ſweets of Maſonry!

When Science ſhall withdraw her light,
And Error ſpread a Gothic night;
When Pity's ſacred ſource is dry,
No pearly drop to melt the eye;

When Truth ſhall hide her bluſhing head,
And famiſh'd Virtue beg her bread;
When manners thus corrupt we ſee,
Farewel the ſweets of Maſonry!

But while the fair tranſport our ſight,
And moral Beauty's charms delight;
While Science lifts her torch on high,
And Pity ſhows the melting eye:
While Truth maintains deſpotic power,
And Virtue charms without a dower;
While manners thus unſtain'd we ſee,
All hail the ſweets of Maſonry!

LXXXIII.

A Royal Arch Song.

WHEN orient Wiſdom beam'd ſerene,
And pillar'd Strength aroſe;
When Beauty ting'd the glowing ſcene,
And Faith her manſion choſe:
Exulting bands the fabric view'd,
Myſterious powers ador'd;
And high the triple union ſtood,
That gave the myſtic word.

Pale Envy wither'd at the ſight,
And, frowning o'er the pile,
Call'd Murder up from realms of night,
To blaſt the glorious toil:
With ruffian outrage join'd in woe,
They form the league abhorr'd;
And wounded Science felt the blow
That cruſh'd the myſtic word.

Concealment, from ſequeſter'd cave,
On ſable pinions flew;
And o'er the ſacrilegious grave
Her veil impervious threw;

Th' associate band in solemn state
The awful loss deplor'd;
And Wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate
That whelm'd the mystic word.

At length, thro' Time's expanded sphere,
Fair Science speeds her way;
And, warm'd by Truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindred ray:
A second fabric's towering height
Proclaims the sign restor'd;
From whose foundation—brought to light,
Is drawn the mystic word.

To depths obscure the favour'd Trine
A dreary course engage,
'Till thro' the arch the ray divine
Illumes the sacred page!
From the wide wonders of the blaze
Our ancient signs restor'd;
The Royal Arch alone displays
The long lost mystic word.

LXXXIV.

[Tune—*The Enter'd Apprentice's Song.*]

WHEN young, and inclin'd
To enlighten my mind,
I found I must alter my station;
So I went to a friend,
Who prov'd in the end
A Free and an Accepted Mason.

At a door he then knock'd,
Which quickly unlock'd,
When he bid me to put a good face on,
And not be afraid,
For I should be made
A Free and an Accepted Mason.

My wiſhes were crown'd,
And a maſter I found,
Who made a moſt ſolemn oration;
Then ſhow'd me the light,
And gave me the right
Sign, token, and word of a Maſon.
How great my amaze,
When I firſt ſaw the blaze!
And how ſtruck with the myſtic occaſion!
Aſtoniſh'd I found,
Tho' free, I was bound
To a Free and an Accepted Maſon.
When clothed in white,
I took great delight
In the work of this noble vocation:
And knowledge I gain'd,
When the lodge he explain'd
Of a Free and an Accepted Maſon.
I was bound, it appears
For ſeven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration:
With freedom I ſerve,
And ſtrain ev'ry nerve
To acquit myſelf like a good Maſon.
A bumper then fill
With a hearty good will,
To our Maſter pay due veneration;
Who taught us the art
We ne'er will impart,
Unleſs to an Accepted Maſon.

LXXXV.

[Tune—*From the Eaſt breaks the Morn.*]

WHEN the Deity's word
Thro' all chaos was heard,
And the univerſe roſe at the ſound;
Trembling Night ſkulk'd away,
Burſting Light hail'd the day,
And the ſpheres did in concert reſound.

Then the Grand Architect,
In omnipotence deck'd,
In order the maſs did compound;
Deem'd the Sun king of light,
Crown'd the Moon queen of night,
And the earth with an atmoſphere bound.
Mighty man then was form'd,
With five ſenſes adorn'd,
Which the noble five orders expound:
With the birth of the Sun
Architecture begun,
And 'till nature expires 'twill abound.
Bible, compaſs, and ſquare,
As our enſigns we wear,
The bright ſymbols of wiſdom profound;
And while theſe are our guide,
Ev'ry myſtery beſide
As a foil to our art will be found.

LXXXVI.

[Tune—*Balance a Straw.*]

WHEN the ſun from the eaſt firſt ſalutes mortal eyes,
And the ſky-lark melodiouſly bids us ariſe;
With our hearts full of joy we the ſummons obey,
Straight repair to our work, and to moiſten our clay:
On the treſſel our Maſter draws angles and lines,
There with freedom and fervency forms his deſigns;
Not a picture on earth is ſo lovely to view,
All his lines are ſo perfect, his angles ſo true.

In the weſt ſee the Wardens ſubmiſſively ſtand,
The Maſter to aid, and obey his command;
The intent of his ſignals we perfectly know,
And we ne'er take offence when he gives us a blow:
In the Lodge ſloth and dulneſs we always avoid,
Fellow-crafts and Apprentices all are employ'd;
Perfect aſhlers ſome finiſh, ſome make the rough plain,
All are pleas'd with their work, and are pleas'd with their gain.

When the Maſter I've ſerv'd ſeven years, perhaps more,
Some ſecrets he'll tell me I ne'er knew before;
In my boſom I'll keep them as long as I live,
And purſue the directions his wiſdom ſhall give:
I'll attend to his call both by night and by day,
It is his to command, and 'tis mine to obey;
Whenſoe'er we are met I'll attend to his nod,
And I'll work 'till high twelve, then I'll lay down my [hod.

LXXXVII.

[Tune—*Sweet are the charms of her I love.*]

WHILE arts and ſciences did lie
In embrio in the human mind,
'Twas then the rough inclement ſky
Made men employ their wits to find
A ſhelter from the piercing cold:
Hence caves and dens were dug of old.

But Maſonry, with generous ſkill,
Bade cities, caſtles, temples riſe;
With influence ſuperior ſtill,
Form'd Maſons in ſocieties,
Where friendſhip in perfection ſhines,
And harmony unceaſing reigns.

Thus chaos wrapt in darkneſs lay,
When it th' Omnific Fiat heard,
From womb of night ſprang new-born day,
And thus the world's grand lodge was rear'd:
With joy angelic harps were ſtrung,
From pole to pole creation ſung.

LXXXVIII.

Sung at the Provincial Grand Lodge, at Margate, in Kent, June 12, 1786.

[Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*]

WHILE trifles lead the world aſtray,
And vice ſeduces giddy youth,
Rejoice, my brethren, in this auſpicious day,
That guides a ſteady few to truth:

Raiſe, raiſe your voices, ye Kentiſh Maſons all,
'Tis Sawbridge rules, obey his call.

Shall Maſonry thro' Britain ſpread,
And flouriſh every where but here?
Forbid it, Virtue! while you our footſteps lead,
Kent foremoſt ſhall in worth appear:
Huzza! my brethren! to Sawbridge raiſe the ſong,
Our grateful ſtrains to him belong.

When Harold's crown the Norman gain'd,
In Kent a hardy race he found;
Whoſe ſons, to cheriſh their ancient fame unſtain'd,
Preſerve it on Maſonic ground:
True to your duty, your anceſtors, and land,
Let Sawbridge lead a worthy band.

Away with politics and news,
Away with controverſies all;
We're here united, above all party views,
And gladly hail the ſocial call:
Fill, fill your glaſſes, let Sawbridge be the toaſt,
Long may we his protection boaſt!

LXXXIX.

[Tune—*From the Eaſt breaks the Morn.*]

WHILST each poet ſings
Of great princes and kings,
To no ſuch does my ditty belong;
'Tis freedom I praiſe,
That demands all my lays,
And Maſonry honours my ſong.
'Tis freedom, &c.

Within compaſs to live,
Is a leſſon we give,
Which none can deny to be true;
All our actions to ſquare,
To the time we take care,
And Virtue we ever purſue.
All our actions, &c.

On a level we are,
All true brothers ſhare
The gifts which kind heaven beſtows;
In friendſhip we dwell;
None but Maſons can tell
What bliſs from ſuch harmony flows.
In friendſhip we, &c.

In our myſtical ſchool
We muſt all work by rule,
And our ſecrets we always conceal;
Then let's ſing and rejoice,
And unite every voice,
With fervency, freedom and zeal.
Then let's ſing, &c.

Then each fill a glaſs,
Let the circling toaſt paſs,
And merrily ſend it around;
Let us Maſonry hail,
May it ever prevail,
With ſucceſs may it ever be crown'd!
Let us Maſonry, &c.

XC.

[Tune—*Green Sleeves.*]

WHILST ſome ſing of love and its powerful flame,
Whilſt others the King or the Miniſtry blame,
We glory to chaunt the immortaliz'd fame
Of Maſonry.

Tho' titles and orders do greatly abound,
Examine each herald thro' Chriſtendom round,
Not the Fleece, Star, or Garter, ſo ancient is found
As Maſonry.

Tho' Malice has oft times miſconſtru'd our rules,
Spite of villainous lies or the ign'rance of fools,
Strict honour and juſtice are taught in the ſchools
Of Maſonry.

Should any but dare from theſe precepts to ſtray,
Or decline the bright path where the ſun lights the way
Our gavel ſhould hack the excreſcence away
From Maſonry.

Geometry, chief of all ſcience, we trace,
Where Doric, Corinthian, Compoſit, find place;
The Ionic and Tuſcan too each add a grace
To Maſonry.

The uſe of theſe orders not thoſe can divine
Who ne'er had the light, or the word, or the ſign,
And cannot moſt truly a letter define
In Maſonry.

We labour moſt cheerful in hill or in dale,
At Moriah's fam'd mount, or Jehoſaphat's vale,
And whene'er 'tis high-twelve with due order regale
In Maſonry.

No noiſe, no diſorder, no riot we know,
But ſtricteſt decorum and harmony ſhow,
Whilſt the Graces on each do their favours beſtow
In Maſonry.

Whilſt Phœbus with ſplendor ſhall govern the day,
Or pale Luna the night with her abſolute ſway,
So long could we live, we would walk in the way
In Maſonry.

Whilſt the ſea ebbs and flows, or the ſtars ſhed their light;
'Till all nature diſſolve like the viſions of night;
So long will true brothers in friendſhip unite
In Maſonry.

XCI.

[Tune—*Derry down.*]

WHOEVER wants wiſdom muſt with ſome delight
Read, ponder, and pore, noon, morning, and night;
Muſt turn over volumes of monſtrous ſize,
Enlighten his mind, tho' he puts out his eyes.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

If a general would know how to muſter his men,
By thouſands, by hundreds, by fifties, by ten,

Or level his siege on high castle or town,
He must borrow his precepts from men of renown.
Derry down, &c.

Would a wry-fac'd physician or lawyer excel,
In haranguing a court, or the sick making well;
He first must read Galen or Littleton thro',
E'er he gets his credentials or business to do.
Derry down, &c.

But these are all follies, Free-masons can prove
In the lodge they find Knowledge, fair Virtue and Love;
Without deaf'ning their ears, without blinding their eyes,
They find the compendious way to be wise.
Derry down, &c.

XCH.

WITH cordial hearts let's drink a health
To every faithful brother,
Whose candid heart's secure whilst men
Are faithful to each other;
Whose precious jewels are so rare;
Likewise their hearts so framed are,
And level'd with the truest square
That nature can discover.

As great a man as in this land,
Or any other nation,
Would take a brother by the hand,
And greet him in his station;
Neither king nor prince, tho' e'er so great,
Or any emperor of state,
But with great candour would relate
To every faithful brother.

The world shall still remain in pain,
And at our secrets wonder;
No Cowan e'er shall it obtain,
Tho' all their lives they ponder;
Still aiming at the chiefest rite
In which Free-masons take delight,
They never can obtain the light,
Tho' they spend their lives in wonder.

King Solomon, the great and wise,
He was a faithful brother;
Free-masonry would not despise,
No secrets he'd discover:
But he was always frank and free,
Professing such sincerity
To all of that fraternity,
He lov'd them 'bove all other.

Come let us build on the firm ground,
Still aiding of each other;
Lay a foundation that's most sound,
No arts-man can discover;
Nor ever shall revealed be,
But to bright men in Masonry:
Here is to them where'er they be,
I am their faithful brother.

Come let us join our hearts and hands
In this most glorious manner;
And to each other firmly stand
Under King George's banner;
That God may bless him still we pray,
And o'er his enemies bear the sway,
And for ever win the day,
And crown his days with honour.

XCIII.

[Tune—*Greedy Midas.*]

WITH harmony and flowing wine,
My brethren all come with me join
To celebrate this happy day,
And to our master homage pay.

Hail! happy, happy, sacred place,
Where friendship smiles in ev'ry face
And royal art doth fill the chair,
Adorned with his noble square.

Next sing, my muse, our warden's praise,
With chorus loud in tuneful lays;

Oh! may theſe columns ne'er decay
Until the world diſſolves away.

My brethren all come join with me
To ſing the praiſe of Maſonry;
The noble, faithful, and the brave,
Whoſe hearts ſhall live beyond the grave.

Let Envy hide her ſhameful face,
Before us ancient ſons of peace,
Whoſe golden precepts ſtill remain
Free from envy, pride, or ſtain.

XCIV.

[Tune—*Ye thrice happy few.*]

WITH plumb, level, and ſquare,
To work let's prepare,
And join in a ſweet harmony;
Let's fill up each glaſs,
And around let it paſs,
To all honeſt men that are free.

Chorus. Then a fig for all thoſe
Who are Free-maſons' foes,
Our ſecrets we ne'er will impart;
But in unity
We will always agree,
And chorus it, proſper our art, proſper our art,
And chorus it, proſper our art.

When we're properly clothed,
The maſter diſcloſes
The ſecrets that's lodg'd in his breaſt;
Thus we ſtand by the cauſe,
That deſerves great applauſe,
In which we are happy and bleſt.
Then a fig for all thoſe, &c.

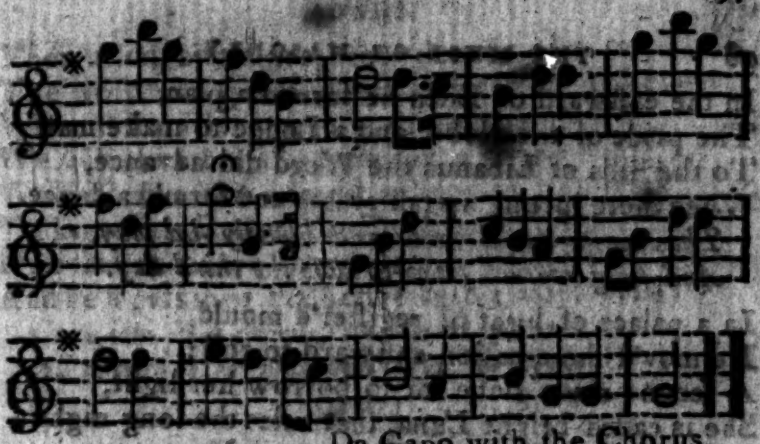
The Bible's our guide,
And by that we'll abide,
Which ſhows that our actions are pure;

The compaſs and ſquare
Are emblems moſt rare
Of juſtice, our cauſe to inſure:
Then a fig for all thoſe, &c.
The Cowan may ſtrive,
Nay, plot and contrive,
To find our our great myſtery;
The inquiſitive wife
May in vain ſpend her life,
For ſtill we'll be honeſt and free.
Then a fig for all thoſe, &c.
True brotherly love
We always approve,
Which makes us all mortals excel;
If a knave ſhould by chance
To this grandeur advance,
That villain we'll ſtraightway expel.
Then a fig for all thoſe, &c.
So our Lodge, that's ſo pure,
'To the end ſhall endure,
In virtue and true ſecrecy;
Then let's toaſt a good health,
With honour and wealth,
To attend the kind hands made us free.
Then a fig for all thoſe, &c.

XCV.

THE CREATION.

The words and muſic got from Brother S. Harriſon.



Da Capo with the Chorus.

WHEN the Earth was unform'd and ghoſtly wild
The depth of the deluge no man could find;
On the face of the waters the Spirit of might,
He mov'd the creation, but firſt form'd light:
The emblems celeſtial, the compaſs and ſquare,
He brought to th' creation to form all fair;
With a leg in the centre, while the other moves round,
Between Libra and Aris, and this was the bound.
The evening tun'd harp, and ſweetly did play,
And they ſung mutual ſongs to cloſe the firſt day.
The next was the firmament nam'd in the text,
With a circle dividing the utmoſt convex;
Dividing the waters both firm and ſure,
With all elemental, tranſparent, and pure:
There is nothing contagious which we can behold,
He form'd the chaos for fear of miſrule;
On the prolific waters he form'd a plan,
To the elements pure, and was uſeful to man.
The evening tun'd harp, and ſweetly did play,
And they ſung mutual ſongs to cloſe ſecond day.
Be gather'd you waters, let earth appear dry,
Riſe up you high mountains your tops to the ſky;
Then the earth was adorn'd and trim'd with ſweet flowers— [ſhowers:
When the Word gives command they all ſend up in

In the eaſtward of Eden he form'd a plan,
The pride of the globe, and a Lodge to make man;
To the hills of Libanus the Word did advance,
When there ſprung up tall cedars and form'd a dance.
The evening tun'd harp, and ſweetly did play,
And ſung mutual ſongs to cloſe the third day.

In a palace of light of regiſter'd mould,
He mov'd the creation eaſtward to roll;
A ſecond made globe for to borrow her light,
She is called bright Luna, that rules the long night;
With Saturn, Jupiter, Venus, and Mars,
And Mercury the quickeſt of five wand'ring ſtars;
There are ſeven bright planets rules over the land,
Shows Heav'n's high road, and are uſeful to man.
The evening tun'd harp, and ſweetly did play,
And ſung mutual ſongs to cloſe the fourth day.

He fill'd the clear water with fiſh by their ſpawn,
He made feather'd fowls to fly o'er the lawn;
The largeſt of fiſhes he made under Heaven,
The great hungry whale that was Jonah's priſon:
The feather'd plum'd ſongſters roſe up from their ſpray,
On green willow buſhes they ſung the fifth day;
Until that bright Phœbus had ſunk in the deep,
The charming green nightingale ſung them to ſleep.
The evening tun'd harp, and ſweetly did play,
And ſung mutual ſongs to cloſe the fifth day.

The temporal fragrant, the great mother Earth,
She brought forth her youngſters ſeven at a birth;
The cattle to paſture and graze on the field,
Came forth in couples their young for to yield;
The lion, the tyger, the panther, and ounce,
Sprang from her bowels all things to announce;
All nature is finiſh'd by ſea and by land,
But the chief of creation is the making of man.
The evening tun'd harp, and ſweetly did play.
And ſung mutual ſongs to cloſe the fifth day.

Then a lodge was prepared, deny it who can,
The word was ſpoke plural, come let us make man;
We will form his image in the earthly mould,
We will then breathe into him a living ſoul:
We will give him a ſecret as ſoon as he's man,
To know his Redeemer who form'd the plan;
If he ſeeks no more knowledge his wiſdom ſhall ſhine,
And he'll paſs thro' the Lodge with a word and a ſign.
Come join in a chorus, and let us go on,
All nature is form'd, and ſo is the man.

XCVI.

A KNIGHT TEMPLAR's SONG.

The words got from Brother S. Harriſon.

[Tune—*The Peacock.*]

YOU royal Brethren who would wiſh
To promulgate the art divine,
Repair to our Encampment ſtraight,
And there receive degrees ſublime;
We're the true-born ſons of Levi,
There's none can to us compare,
We wear the black and ſcarlet garter,
On our left breaſt a blazing ſtar.

When pious men in latter ages,
Who had the faith of Chriſt in view,
Aſſiſted by thoſe reverend ſages,
Whoſe profeſſions were to ſubdue
The blood-thirſty Turk and Heathen,
Who our bleſt regions did infeſt;
Th' inher'tance of the tribe of Levi
Of their ſtrong holds were diſpoſſeſs'd.

Straightway aroſe a martial band
Of warlike heroes juſt and true;
The ſword of Juſtice in their hand,
With colours crimſon, black, and blue:
Th' Templars Knights and Knights of Malta
Came forth, in gliti'ring armour clad,

Aſſiſted by good prince Godfrey,
For to protect the Holy Land.

With martial zeal then being fir'd,
A Knight Templer I wiſh'd to be,
For the ſubverſion of the Heathen
I join'd that bright community:
In Pilgrim's weeds I then was dreſt,
In homely garb myſelf array'd,
To join the army of the bleſt,
Immediately to God I pray'd,

That he would grant me his favour,
His promiſes both ſure and great:
When lo! theſe words occur'd to me,
Enter ye in at the ſtraight gate;
For broad's the way that leads to ruin,
And many are that run therein;
But enter at yon bright temple,
Which is the moſt ſecure from ſin.

With trembling ſteps I ſlow advanc'd,
And knocked there both loud and ſhrill;
When a Knight in glitt'ring armour
Aſked of me what was my will:
After ſome queſtions he propos'd,
And which I anſwer'd with ſome fear;
He ſaid if you be Turk or Heathen
You cannot really enter here.

If you do believe the Goſpel,
And ſupports the faith as I've done,
You ſhall have acceſs to our Temple,
And ſee the New Jeruſalem:
We're the true-born ſons of Levi,
There's none that can to us compare;
We revere the branch of David,
That bright and glorious Morning Star.

A flaming ſword he put in my hand,
And with it I do mean to fight,

'Gainſt the enemies of the Holy Land,
For to maintain a Chriſtian's right:
Thro' rugged ways he did me lead,
Twelve lights I ſaw after great toil;
In one of them I found a flaw,
And inſtantly put out his oil.

An old Sir Knight at length appear'd,
In glorious raiment he was dreſt;
Such heav'nly charges he did give,
Which lie ſecure within my breaſt:
The Croſs and Star place on your breaſt,
With Juſtice gird your loins around;
And ſtill remember the twelve ſtones
On Jordan's banks are always found.

Knights join hands in ſocial manner,
And from your Grand Maſter ſwerve none
Fight under our Redeemer's banner,
Conſider what he for us has done:
His ſacred blood freed us from danger,
Thus much for you it may ſuffice;
On th' land o'er-run now by a ſtranger
For us he dy'd a ſacrifice.

With juſtice and ſincerity,
Ordain'd by our great Lord's command;
With fortitude and bravery,
Connected thus we Templars ſtand:
Give God due praiſe both night and day,
Then as it was, as heretofore,
Then as it was, as 'twas of old,
And ſhall be ſo for evermore.

XCVII.

Another Knight Templar's Song.

[Tune—*God ſave the King.*]

GOD bleſs our royal band,
Who grace this happy land,
With valiant Knights;

May the united Three,
Of the bleſt Trinity,
Cement the unity
Of all great light.

Twelve once were highly lov'd,
But one a Judas prov'd,
Put out his fire:
May Simeon haunt all fools,
Who vary from our rules,
May the heads of ſuch tools
Reſt high on ſpires.

'Gainſt Turks and Jews we fight,
And in Religion's right
We'll breathe our laſt;
Poor pilgrims begging we
Will our Jerus'lem ſee,
All ſteps Sir Knights have ye
Gloriouſly paſs'd.

Enter'd, paſs'd, rais'd, and arch'd,
And then like princes march'd
Thro' rugged ways;
At length great lights we ſaw,
And poor old Simeon too,
Alſo the Word and Law,
Glory and praiſe.

God in his rainbow gave
Colours which now we have,
Black, red, and blue;
Theſe colours emblems are
Of royal love moſt rare,
We are in ſoul ſincere,
Juſt, good, and true.

Sir Knights, cliſp hand in hand,
None but Knight Templars ſtand
In circle round:
May we all live in love,
And every comfort prove,
May manna from above
Fall on this ground.

XCVIII.

[Tune—*Ye Mortals that love drinking.*]

YE ancient ſons of Tyre,
In chorus join with me,
And imitate your ſire,
Who was fam'd for Maſonry;
His ancient dictates follow,
And from them never part;
Let each ſing like Apollo,
And praiſe the royal art.

Like Salem's ſecond ſtory,
We raiſe the Craft again,
Which ſtill retains its glory;
The ſecret here remain
Amongſt true ancient Maſons,
Who always did diſdain
Theſe new invented faſhions,
Which we all know are vain.

Our Temple now rebuilding,
You ſee grand columns * riſe,
The Magi they reſembling,
They are both good and wiſe:
Each ſeems as firm as Atlas,
Who on his ſhoulders bore
The ſtarry frame of heaven—
What mortals can do more?

Come now, my loving Brethren,
In chorus join all round;
With flowing wine, full bumpers,
Let Maſons' healths be crown'd;
And let each envious Cowan
By our good actions ſee,
That we're made free and friendly
By art of Maſonry.

* *Grand Officers.*

XCIX.

[Tune—*To all the Ladies now at land.*]

YE Brethren of the ancient Craft,
Ye fav'rite ſons of Fame,
Let bumpers cheerfully be quaff'd
To each good Maſon's name:
Happy, long happy may he be,
Who loves and honours Maſonry.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Ye Iriſh fair, for beauty fam'd,
Your ſlaves we wiſh to be;
Let none for charms like your's be nam'd,
That loves not Maſonry:
This maxim has been prov'd full well,
That Maſons never kiſs and tell.
With a fa, la, &c.

Free-maſons, no offences give,
Let Fame your worth declare;
Within your compaſs wiſely live,
And act upon the ſquare:
May Peace and Friendſhip e'er abound,
And ev'ry Maſon's health go round.
With a fa, la, &c.

C.

[Tune—*Rural Felicity.*]

YE dull ſtupid mortals, give o'er your conjectures,
Since Free-maſons' ſecrets ye ne'er can obtain;
The Bible and Compaſſes are our directors,
And ſhall be as long as this world doth remain:
Here Friendſhip inviting,
Here Freedom delighting,
Our moments in innocent mirth we employ;
Come, ſee Maſons' felicity,
Working and ſinging with hearts full of joy.

No other ſociety that you can mention,
Which has been, is now, or hereafter ſhall be,
However commendable be its intention,
Can ever compare with divine Maſonry;
No envy, no quarrels,
Can here blaſt our laurels,
No paſſion our pleaſure can never annoy;
Come, ſee, &c.

To aid one another we always are ready,
Our rites and our ſecrets we carefully guard;
The Lodge to ſupport, we like pillars are ſteady,
No Babel confuſion our work can retard:
Ye mortals, come hither,
Aſſemble together,
And taſte of thoſe pleaſures which never can cloy;
Come, ſee, &c.

We are to the Maſter for ever obedient,
Whenever he calls to the Lodge we repair;
Experience has taught us that 'tis moſt expedient
To live within compaſs, and act on the ſquare;
Let mutual agreement
Be Free-maſons' cement,
Until the whole univerſe Time ſhall deſtroy;
Come, ſee, &c.

CI.

[Tune—*A Roſe-Tree in full bearing.*]

YE free-born ſons of Britain's iſle,
Attend while I the truth impart,
And ſhew that you are in exile,
'Till Science guides you to our art;
Uncultivated paths you tread,
Unlevell'd, barren, blindfold be,
'Till by a myſt'ry you are led
Into the light of Maſonry.

From chaos this round globe was form'd,
A pedeſtal for us to be,

A mighty column it adorn'd,
In juſt proportion rais'd were we;
When our Grand Architect above
An arch ſoon rais'd by his decree,
And plac'd the ſun the arch key-ſtone,
The whole was form'd by Maſonry.

It pleas'd our Sov'reign Maſter then
This glorious fabric to erect;
Upon the ſquare let us, as men,
Never the noble work neglect;
But ſtill in Friendſhip's bonds unite,
Unbounded as infinity;
'Tis a ſure corner-ſtone fix'd right,
And worthy of Free-maſonry.

In ancient times, before the flood,
And ſince, in friendſhip we've adher'd,
From pole to pole have firmly ſtood,
And by all nations been rever'd:
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move,
We from oblivion rais'd ſhall be;
Then, ſince we're met in peace and love,
Let's ſing—*All hail to Maſonry.*

CII.

[Tune—*O! Polly, you might, &c.*]

YE people who laugh at Maſons, draw near,
Attend to my ballad without any ſneer,
And if you'll have patience, you ſhall ſoon ſee
What a fine art is Maſonry.

There's none but an atheiſt can ever deny
But that this art came firſt from on high;
The Almighty Architect I'll prove to be
The firſt great Maſter of Maſonry.

He took up his compaſs with maſterly hand,
He ſtretch'd out his rule, and he meaſur'd the land;

He laid the foundation of earth and ſea,
By his known rules of Maſonry.

Our firſt father Adam, deny it who can,
A Maſon was made as ſoon as a man;
And a fig-leaf apron at firſt wore he,
In token of love to Maſonry.

The principal law our Lodge does approve,
Is, that we ſtill live in brotherly love;
Thus Cain was baniſh'd by heaven's decree,
For breaking the rules of Maſonry.

The Temple that wiſe King Solomon rais'd,
For beauty, for order, for elegance prais'd,
To what did it owe all its elegancy?
To the juſt form'd rules of Maſonry.

But ſhould I pretend, in this humble verſe,
The merits of Free-maſons' art to rehearſe,
Years yet to come too little would be
To ſing the praiſes of Maſonry.

Then hoping I have not detain'd you too long,
I here ſhall take leave to finiſh my ſong,
With a health to the Maſter, and thoſe who are free,
That live by the rules of Maſonry.

CIII.

[Tune—*Mulberry Tree.*]

YE ſons of fair Science, impatient to learn,
What's meant by a Maſon you here may diſcern;
He ſtrengthens the weak, he gives light to the blind,
And the naked he clothes—is a friend to mankind.

All ſhall yield to Maſonry;
Bend to thee,
Bleſt Maſonry;
Matchleſs was he
Who founded thee,
And thou, like him, immortal ſhall be.

He walks on the level of honour and truth,
And ſpurns the wild paſſions of folly and youth;
The compaſs and ſquare all his frailties reprove,
And his ultimate object is brotherly love.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The temple of knowledge he nobly doth raiſe,
Supported by Wiſdom, and Learning its baſe;
When rear'd and adorn'd, Strength and Beauty unite,
And he views the fair ſtructure with conſcious delight.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With Fortitude bleſs'd, he's a ſtranger to fears,
And, govern'd by Prudence, he cautiouſly ſteers;
'Till Temperance ſhews him the port of Content,
And Juſtice, unmaſk'd, gives the ſign of conſent.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Inſpir'd by his feelings, he bounty imparts,
For Charity ranges at large in our hearts;
And an indigent brother, reliev'd from his woes,
Feels a pleaſure inferior to him who beſtows.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Thus a Maſon I've drawn and expos'd to your view,
And Truth muſt acknowledge the figure is true;
Then members become, let's be brothers and friends,
There's a ſecret remaining will make you amends.
All ſhall yield, &c.

CIV.

[Tune—*Vicar and Moſes.*]

YE thrice happy few,
Whoſe hearts have been true,
In concord and unity found;
Let us ſing and rejoice,
And unite every voice,
To ſend the gay chorus around.
Chorus. Like pillars we ſtand,
An immoveable band,
Cemented by power from above;

Then freely let paſs
The generous glaſs
To Maſonry, Friendſhip, and Love.

The Grand Architect,
Whoſe word did erect
Eternity, meaſure, and ſpace,
Firſt laid the fair plan
Whereon he began
The cement of friendſhip and peace.

Whoſe firmneſs of hearts,
Fair treaſure of arts,
To the eye of the vulgar unknown;
Whoſe luſtre can beam
New ſplendor and fame
To the pulpit, the bar, and the throne.

The great David's ſon,
The wiſe Solomon,
As written in Scripture's bright page,
A Maſon became,
The fav'rite of Fame,
The wonder and pride of the age.

Indiſſoluble bands
Our hearts and our hands
In ſocial benevolence bind;
For, true to his cauſe,
By immutable laws,
A Maſon's a friend to mankind.

Let joy flow around,
And peace, olive bound,
Preſide at our myſtical rites;
Whoſe conduct maintains
Our auſpicious domains,
And freedom with order unites.

Nor let the dear maid
Our myſteries dread,

Or think them repugnant to love;
To beauty we bend,
Her empire defend,
An empire deriv'd from above.

Then let us unite,
Sincere and upright,
On the level of Virtue to ſtand;
No mortal can be
So happy as we
With a brother and friend in each hand.

CV.

A Royal Arch Song.

[Tune—*Conqueſt of Quebec.*]

OH! grant me, kind heaven,
The pow'rs to others giv'n,
Free-maſonry's praiſe to rehearſe;
And to ſing of the three
Who in bleſt Maſonry's
Recorded in ſublimeſt verſe.

For to ſing of the three,
Who at firſt did agree,
The Royal Arch ſecret to keep;
And the ſame to diſcloſe
Unto none but to thoſe
The grand Maſter ſhall lovingly greet.

Long time it lay conceal'd,
And all endeavours fail'd,
To bring forth the ſecret word;
In a Lodge moſt ſecure,
With three keys unto the door,
The grand Word was held on record.

'Till by Heaven's kind decree,
It was found out by three
Crafts who knew nothing of the ſame;

By pulling up a key,
And by a ſecret way,
To a fam'd pedeſtal they came.

At noon they did contend,
To know who they would ſend,
And lots they did equally draw;
When fixing upon one,
They gently let him down,
But firſt bound him faſt by the law.

With orders I won't name,
They bid him check the ſame,
If aught ſhould obſtruct his deſign;
Then for a while he ſought,
And up with him he brought,
While the ſun in luſtre did ſhine.

Then with hands and with eyes
Uplifted to the ſkies,
On their knees they offer'd up praiſe,
To JEHOVAH on high,
That his All-ſeeing Eye
Might direct all true Crafts in their ways.

Then ſtraightway they came
Unto Jeruſalem,
Where the Grand Maſter ſat on his throne;
And deliver'd the ſame
With due homage to him,
And by him to us 'tis made known.

Then with jewels poſſeſs'd
He did them ſtraight inveſt,
And plac'd them in a royal ſtate;
And preſenting them wands,
With ſome ſecret commands,
Theſe Crafts were made royal and great.

Let ev'ry Royal Arch Maſon,
Throughout each clime and nation,
Draw near and give ear to my ſong;

Toaſt a health unto thoſe
Who never did diſcloſe
Thoſe arts which to us do belong.

CVI.

A Knight Templar's Song.

ASSIST, uphold our myſtery,
Ye pow'rs to whom we owe our cauſe,
Thou great and glorious One in Three,
Pray ſtill protect us with thy laws,
Hail! Almighty, all ſaving, ſacred Name,
By whom we all from nothing came.

When firſt a pilgrim to thy land,
With fear and danger quite oppreſt;
Trembling I enter'd by command,
To ſeek a place of glorious reſt:
Dark and fainting, thro' many rugged ways,
At length I reach'd a place of eaſe.

Whilſt at thy myſtic ſhrine I ſtood,
Before thy Temple's awful gate,
Dread ſounds alarming chill'd my blood—
How noble! terrible! and great!
Hail! amazing, myſterious wond'ring words,
Which but a Templar's heart records.

When quick thy portal op'd to view,
Thy law and burning lamp within;
Straightway diſcerning I withdrew,
And quench'd the light dark dim'd by ſin,
Light extinguiſh'd with juſtly kindled ire,
From 'midſt the twelve one put out his fire.

Death and horror ſtruck mine eyes,
And mark what awful light appear'd;
Hah! ſee old Simeon ghoſtly riſe!
Who can his dreadful burthen bear?
Save, Almighty! ſet thy ſervant free
From ſuch a load of miſery.

With holy fear from out thy cup,
Form'd by God's almighty hand,
I drank, and trembling offer'd up
The ſacred pledge, by which we ſtand.
Knights remember, let this ever be
Engrav'd upon your memory.

Preſerve our fame, and never let us break
Thoſe ties which the wond'ring world admires;
With awe rememb'ring the high ſtake,
And whit'ning ſcalps on lofty ſpires.
Great Law-giver, let none thy name deny,
But praiſe it to eternity.

Ariſe, ye ſacred valiant band,
Aſſiſt and form this circle round;
With ſoul cemented, hand in hand,
Let none approach this holy ground:
None but Templars on this ſpot dare ſtand,
The ſoldiers of his dread command.

CANTATAS.

I.

RECITATIVE.

ONCE on the earth immortal Jove
Deſcended from the realms above
To ſeek the Virtues, and to find
Their eſtimation 'mongſt mankind:
The court, the cottage, he ſurvey'd;
No Graces found, th' immortal ſaid:

AIR.

Morality, return to Jove;
And bring with thee
Sweet Secrecy,
Morality, Brotherly Love;

And all the other Virtues too;
For here below
There's few that know
That happineſs conſiſts in you.

RECITATIVE.

Jove had ſung on if he'd not ſeen
Morality, bright Virtue's queen,
Attended by her ſocial train,
Come tripping o'er the verdant plain,
Jove flew to preſs them to his breaſt;
The Virtues thus the god requeſt:

AIR.

Immortal Jove! reſign thy throne,
And with us go
Where thou wilt know
One very far excels thy own;
Where real pleaſures always flow,
And we are bleſs'd,
By all careſs'd,
And happy in our ſtate below.

RECITATIVE.

The god conſents, and ſoon was found,
Within the lodge's ſacred ground,
A lodge of Maſons, juſt and free:
He heard their lectures, ſaw their glee.
The god ſurpris'd with joy poſſeſs'd,
In raptures thus the lodge addreſs'd:

AIR.

Happy mortals! thus poſſeſſing
Juſt employment,
True enjoyment;
Crown'd with every earthly bleſſing:
From hence the Virtues can't depart;
For here alone
I'll fix their throne,
In every Maſon's faithful heart.

II.

RECITATIVE.

SILENT the pipe had lain neglected long,
The Muſe uncourted, and the lyre unſtrung;
Poetic fire ſunk to a latent ſpark,
'Till rais'd by Rancliffe—for its theme the Ark,
(That Ark to whom we all exiſtence owe,)
And gracious promiſe of the varied Bow.

AIR.

When, in his Ark of Gopher-wood,
Noah rode buoyant on the flood,
O'erwhelm'd with ſad deſpair and woe,
A guilty race ſunk down below.
With bleſt Omnipotence its guide,
The maſtleſs Ark did ſafely ride,
And on the mount, from danger free,
Did reſt the whole Fraternity.

RECITATIVE.

The floods decreaſe, and now with joy are ſeen
The hills and vallies in their wonted green:
The altar ſmokes, the fervent prayer aſcends,
And Heav'n, well pleas'd, to man's requeſt attends:
The grand ethereal Bow is form'd above,
Sure token of beneficence and love.

AIR.

Look round the gay parterre,
Where fragrant ſcents ariſe,
And beauteous flow'rets there
Enchanting meet your eyes;
Delightful ſtreak or ſhade
In native colours glow;
Yet is no hue diſplay'd
That ſhines not in the Bow.

In leafy umbrage green
Sweet blows the violet;
And in the hyacine
With deeper blue is met:
How various are the ſhades
That in our gardens blow!
Yet not a tint's diſplay'd
That ſhines not in the Bow.

DUETS.

I.

[Tune—*In Infancy.*]

HAIL, Maſonry! thou ſacred art,
Of origin divine!
Kind partner of each ſocial heart,
And fav'rite of the Nine!
By thee we're taught our acts to ſquare,
To meaſure life's ſhort ſpan,
And each infirmity to bear
That's incident to man.
By thee we're taught, &c.

Tho' Envy's tongue ſhould blaſt thy fame,
And Ignorance may ſneer,
Yet ſtill thy ancient honour'd name
Is to each brother dear:
Then ſtrike the blow, to charge prepare;
In this we all agree,
"May Freedom be each Maſon's care,
"And every Maſon free."
Then ſtrike the blow, &c.

II.

[Tune—*In Infancy.*]

LET Maſonry from pole to pole
Her ſacred laws expand,

Far as the mighty waters roll
To waſh remoteſt land:
That Virtue has not left mankind,
Her ſocial maxims prove;
For ſtamp'd upon the Maſon's mind
Are unity and love.
Aſcending to her native ſky,
Let Maſonry increaſe;
A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
Integrity its baſe:
Peace adds to olive boughs, entwin'd,
An emblematic dove,
As ſtamp'd upon the Maſon's mind
Are unity and love.

III.

SOLO.

LET us croak together;
Sirs! I am not joking;
In this froſty weather
Singing is but croaking:
And the tune we mean to ſing
Is that muſty Latin thing,
Gaudeamus igitur.

DUETTO.

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum ſumus:
Poſt peractam juventutem
Et moleſtam ſenectutem
Nos habebit humus.

SOLO.

Maſonry's our ſubject;
Old, but yet not rotten;
Tho' abus'd, degraded;
Half its laws forgotten!
Guiltleſs joy, and mirth, and glee,
Harmony, and Charity,
Prop our inſtitution.

Tho' a ſet of jolly ſouls
All the world may call us,
Drowning reaſon in our bowls;
Let them, let them maul us:
They may laugh who win, I think,
Fill your glaſſes, then, and drink,
Mirth to every Maſon.

Merry let us Maſons be,
Glad on this occaſion;
Who ſhould ſing, if not the free
And accepted Maſon?
May our union never ceaſe;
While we live, let's live in peace,
Free, accepted Maſons!

IV.

[Tune—*When Phœbus the tops, &c.*]

WHILE princes and heroes promiſcuouſly fight,
And for the world's empire exert all their might,
We ſit in our lodges from danger ſecure;
No hardſhips we meet with, no pains we endure;
But each Brother cheerfully joins in a ſong:
Our rites we renew,
Our pleaſures purſue;
Thus we waſt time along.

To reſtleſs ambition we never give way;
Our friends and our ſecrets we never betray:
Henceforth, oh! ye heroes, your ravages ceaſe,
And the laurels ye wear to Free-maſons releaſe:
Tho' ye won them by warfare, we claim them by peace:
They are ours, ours, ours, ours;
Tho' ye won them by warfare, we claim them by peace.

For three Voices.

[Tune—*Hark, the bonny Chriſt Church bells.*]

HARK! the Hiram ſounds to cloſe,
And we from work are free;
We'll drink and ſing, and toaſt the king
And the Craft, with a hearty three times three.
Hark! the clock repeats high twelve,
It can't ſtrike more, we all well know;
Then ring, ring, ring, ring, ring the bell,
For another bowl before we go:
Coming, coming, coming, Sir, the waiter cries,
With a bowl to drown our care;
We're a hearty ſet on the level met,
And we'll part upon the ſquare.

GLEE.

LIGHTLY o'er the village green,
Blue-ey'd Fairies ſport unſeen,
Round and round, in circles gay;
Then at cock-crow flit away:
Thus, 'tis ſaid, tho' mortal eye
Ne'er their merry freaks could ſpy,
Elves for mortals liſp the pray'r—
Elves are guardians of the fair.
Thus, like Elves, in myſtic ring,
Merry Maſons drink and ſing.

Come, then, Brothers, lead along
Social rites and myſtic ſong!
Tho' nor Madam, Miſs, or Beſs,
Could our myſ'ries ever gueſs;
Nor could ever learn'd Divine
Sacred Maſonry define;

Round our order close we bind
Laws of love to all mankind!
Thus, like Elves, &c.
Health, then, to each honest man,
Friend to the Masonic plan!
Leaving Cynics grave to blunder,
Leaving Ladies fair to wonder,
Leaving Thomas still to lie,
Leaving Betty still to spy,
Round and round we push our glass—
Round and round each toasts his lass.
Thus, like Elves, &c.

AN ORATORIO.

As it was performed at the Philharmonic Room, in Dublin, for the benefit of sick and distressed Free-masons. The words by Mr. James Eyre Weeks, *and the music by Mr.* Richard Broadway, *organist of St. Patrick's.*

Dramatis Personæ.

SOLOMON, the Grand Master,
HIGH PRIEST,
HIRAM, the Workman,
URIEL, Angel of the Sun,
SHEBA, Queen of the South,
Chorus of Priests and Nobles.

ACT I.

SOLOMON—Recitative.

CONVEN'D we're met—chief oracle of heav'n,
To whom the sacred mysteries are giv'n;
We're met to bid a splendid fabric rise,
Worthy the mighty Ruler of the skies.

HIGH PRIEST.

And lo! where Uriel, angel of the Sun,
Arrives to ſee the mighty buſineſs done.

Air.

Behold he comes upon the wings of light,
And with his ſunny veſtment cheers the ſight.

URIEL—Recitative.

The Lord ſupreme, grand maſter of the ſkies!
Who bade Creation from a chaos riſe,
The rules of architecture firſt engrav'd
On Adam's heart.

Chorus of the Prieſt and Nobles.

To Heaven's high Architect all praiſe,
All gratitude be giv'n,
Who deign'd the human ſoul to raiſe
By ſecrets ſprung from Heav'n.

SOLOMON—Recitative.

Adam, well vers'd in arts,
Gave to his ſons the plumb and line;
By Maſonry ſage Tubal Cain
To the deep organ tun'd the ſtrain.

Air.

And while he ſwell'd the melting note,
On high the ſilver concords float.

HIGH PRIEST—Recitative, accompanied.

Upon the ſurface of the waves
(When God a mighty deluge pours)
Noah a choſen remnant ſaves,
And lays the Ark's ſtupendous floors.

URIEL—Air.

Hark! from on high the Maſon-word!
" David, my ſervant, ſhall not build
" A lodge for Heaven's All-ſov'reign Lord,
" Since blood and war have ſtain'd his ſhield;

" That for our deputy, his ſon,
" We have reſerv'd—Prince Solomon." *Da Capo.*

Chorus of Prieſts and Nobles.

Sound Great JEHOVAH's praiſe!
Who bade young Solomon the Temple raiſe.

SOLOMON—Recitative.

So grand a ſtructure ſhall we raiſe,
That men ſhall wonder! Angels gaze!
By art divine it ſhall be rear'd,
Nor ſhall the hammer's noiſe be heard.

Chorus.

Sound great JEHOVAH's praiſe!
Who bade king Solomon the Temple raiſe.

URIEL—Recitative.

To plan the mighty dome,
Hiram, the Maſter-maſon's, come.

URIEL—Air.

We know thee, by thy apron white,
An architect to be;
We know thee, by thy trowel bright,
Well ſkill'd in Maſonry:
We know thee, by thy jewel's blaze,
Thy manly walk and air;
Inſtructed, thou the lodge ſhalt raiſe—
Let all for work prepare.

HIRAM—Air.

Not like Babel's haughty building,
Shall our greater lodge be fram'd;
That, to hideous jargon yielding,
Juſtly was a Babel nam'd:
There, Confuſion all o'er-bearing,
Neither ſign nor word they knew;
We our work with order ſquaring,
Each proportion ſhall be true.

SOLOMON—Recitative.

edars, which ſince creation grew,
Fall of themſelves to grace the dome;
All Lebanon, as if ſhe knew
The great occaſion, lo! is come!

URIEL—Air.

Behold, my brethren of the ſky,
The work begins, worthy an angel's eye.

Chorus of Prieſts and Nobles.

Be preſent, all ye heavenly hoſt;
The work begins—the Lord defrays the coſt!

ACT II.

MESSENGER—Recitative.

BEHOLD, attended by a num'rous train,
Queen of the ſouth, fair Sheba, greets thy reign!
In admiration of thy wiſdom, ſhe
Comes to preſent the bended knee.

SOLOMON to HIRAM—Recitative.

Receive her with a fair ſalute,
Such as with majeſty may ſuit.

HIRAM—Air.

When all allegiance bids obey,
We with pleaſure own its ſway.

Enter SHEBA attended.

Obedient to ſuperior greatneſs, ſee,
Our ſceptre hails thy mightier majeſty.

SHEBA—Air.

Thus Phebe, queen of ſhade and night,
Owning the ſun's ſuperior rays,
With feebler glory, leſſer light,
Attends the triumph of his blaze.

Oh! all-excelling Prince, receive
The tribute due to ſuch a king!
Not the gift, but will, believe!
Take the heart, not what we bring. *Da Capo.*

SOLOMON—Recitative.

Let meaſures ſoftly ſweet
Illuſtrious Sheba's preſence greet.

SOLOMON—Air.

Tune the lute, and ſtring the lyre,
Equal to the fair we ſing;
Who can ſee and not admire
Sheba, conſort for a king!
Enlivening wit and beauty join,
Melting ſenſe, and graceful air;
Here united powers combine,
To make her brighteſt of the fair. *Da Capo.*

SOLOMON—Recitative.

Hiram, our brother and our friend,
Do thou the queen with me attend.

SCENE II. A View of the Temple.

HIGH PRIEST—Recitative.

Sacred to heaven, behold the dome appears;
Lo! what auguſt ſolemnity it wears!
Angels themſelves have deign'd to deck the frame,
And beauteous Sheba ſhall report its fame.

Air.

When the queen of the ſouth ſhall return
To the climes which acknowledge her ſway,
Where the ſun's warmer beams fiercely burn,
The princeſs, with tranſport ſhall ſay:
"Well worthy my journey, I've ſeen
"A monarch both graceful and wiſe,
"Deſerving the love of a queen;
"And a Temple well worthy the ſkies." *Da C.*

Chorus.

Open, ye gates, receive a queen who ſhares
With equal ſenſe your happineſs and cares.

HIRAM—Recitative.

Of riches much, but more of wiſdom, ſee,
Proportion'd workmanſhip and Maſonry.

HIRAM—Air.

Oh! charming Sheba! there behold
What maſſy ſtores of burniſh'd gold,
Yet richer is our art:
Not all the orient gems that ſhine,
Nor treaſures of rich Ophir's mine,
Excel the Maſon's heart.

True to the fair, he honours more,
Than glitt'ring gems or brighteſt ore,
The plighted pledge of love;
To ev'ry tie of honour bound,
In love and friendſhip conſtant found,
And favour'd from above.

SOLOMON and SHEBA—Duet.

Sheba { One gem beyond the reſt I ſee,
And charming Solomon is he.

Solomon { One gem beyond the reſt I ſee,
Faireſt of fair-ones, thou art ſhe.

Sheba Oh! thou ſurpaſſing all men wiſe!

Solomon And thine excelling womens' eyes!

HIRAM—Recitative.

Wiſdom and beauty both combine
Our art to raiſe, our hearts to join.

Chorus.

Give to Maſonry the prize,
Where the faireſt chuſe the wiſe:
Beauty ſtill ſhall wiſdom love;
Beauty and order reign above.

ANTHEMS.

I.

[Tune—*The Birks of Invermay.*]

BLEST Maſonry! thou art divine,
With light and truth inform the mind;
The virtues in thy temples ſhine,
To poliſh and adorn mankind:
Sprightly pleaſures, ſocial love,
In thy triumphant domes unite;
'Tis theſe thy gallant ſons improve,
And gild the day, and cheer the night.

Dark bigots may with anger gaze,
And fools pretend thy rites to blame,
But worth is ſtill deſerving praiſe,
And Pallas' ſelf will ſpeak thy fame:
Apollo bids the tuneful choir
Prepare their ſongs, and ſweetly ſing,
The muſic ſound from every lyre,
And all the hills with Pæans ring.

The true unrival'd joys of life,
Love and Friendſhip 'mongſt us reign;
We baniſh Diſcord far, and Strife
From Maſonry! thy bleſt domain:
As in fair Nature's works, the whole
Is mov'd with harmony and art;
So Order ſanctifies the ſoul,
And Truth and Candour warm the heart.

This night another dome we raiſe,
And conſecrate to Hiram's laws;
Let all unite, your voices raiſe,
Sing triumph to the glorious cauſe:
We ſcorn the blind's cenſorious pride,
Maſons united ever ſtand;
Nor guilt nor faction can divide
The faithful and illuſtrious band.

II.

BY Maſons' art the aſpiring dome
On ſtately columns ſhall ariſe;
All climates are their native home,
Their godlike actions reach the ſkies:
Heroes and kings revere their name,
While poets ſing their laſting fame.

Great, noble, generous, good, and brave,
Are titles they may juſtly claim;
Their deeds ſhall live beyond the grave,
And thoſe unborn their praiſe proclaim:
Time ſhall their glorious acts enrol,
While Love and Friendſhip charm the ſoul.

III.

"LET there be light!"—the Almighty ſpoke,
Refulgent ſtreams from chaos broke,
To illume the riſing earth!
Well pleas'd the Great Jehovah ſtood—
The Power Supreme pronounc'd it good,
And gave the planets birth!
In choral numbers Maſons join,
To bleſs and praiſe this light divine.

Parent of light! accept our praiſe!
Who ſhed'ſt on us thy brighteſt rays,
The light that fills his mind:
By choice ſelected, lo! we ſtand,
By Friendſhip join'd, a ſocial band!
That love—that aid mankind!
In choral numbers Maſons join, &c.

The widow's tear—the orphan's cry—is
All wants—our ready hands ſupply,
As far as power is given!
The naked clothe—the priſoner free—
Theſe are thy works, ſweet Charity!
Reveal'd to us from heaven!
In choral numbers Maſons join, &c.

IV.

OH! Maſonry, our hearts inſpire,
And warm us with thy ſacred fire;
Make us obedient to thy laws,
And zealous to ſupport thy cauſe;
For thou and Virtue are the ſame,
And only differ in the name.

Pluck narrow notions from the mind,
And plant the love of human kind;
Teach us to feel a Brother's woe,
And, feeling, comfort to beſtow;
Let none unheeded draw the ſigh,
No grief unnotic'd paſs us by.

Let ſwelling Pride a ſtranger be,
Our friend, compos'd Humility;
Our hands let ſteady Juſtice guide,
And Temp'rance at our boards preſide;
Let Secrecy our ſteps attend,
And injur'd Worth our tongues defend.

Drive Meanneſs from us, fly Deceit,
And Calumny, and rigid Hate:
Oh! may our higheſt pleaſure be
To add to man's felicity:
And may we, as thy votaries true,
Thy paths, oh! Maſonry, purſue.

V.

[Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*]

TO Heaven's high Architect all praiſe,
All praiſe, all gratitude be given;
Who deign'd the human ſoul to raiſe,
By myſtic ſecrets ſprung from Heaven.

Chorus.

Sound aloud the great Jehovah's praiſe;
To him the dome, the Temple raiſe.

I.

On Charity. From Prior.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law;
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes:
Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little Heaven.

Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows;
To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,

In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.
As thro' the artiſt's intervening glaſs
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs,
A little we diſcover, but allow
That more remains unſeen than art can ſhow:
So whilſt our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may we lift our reaſon up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet are we able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of beams, and promiſes of day.
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzl'd ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd;
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant Faith and holy Hope ſhall die;
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilſt thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive——
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of Heav'n confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

II.

THE MASON's LODGE.

LET others in exalted ſtrains relate
The baleful wars of ſome ambitious ſtate,
By regal pride or ſtate intrigues begun,
With loſs of each beſt ſubject carried on;
And which at laſt, with dreadful ſucceſs crown'd,
Involve in ruin ev'ry ſtate around;
Me ſhould the ſacred Nine deign to inſpire,
Amphion-like, to touch the warbling lyre,

Such themes unworthy of the muſe I'd judge;
My peaceful muſe ſhould ſing the Maſons' Lodge,
Where Friendſhip and Benevolence combine,
T' enlarge the ſoul, the manner to refine;
Where cheerfulneſs beams forth in ev'ry face,
Upheld by joys that ne'er ſhall feel decreaſe;
Whoſe happy and well regulated ſway
Without compulſion Maſons all obey.
Such happy themes with joy my muſe ſhould ſing;
Earth, ſea, and air, with loud acclaims ſhould ring.
Nor would I e'er vain-gloriouſly pretend
To what I ſung eternity to lend;
But rather hope for e'er to found my fame
On this my virtuous and well-choſen theme,
Whoſe ties ſhall laſt when nature ſhall decay,
Rocks be conſum'd, and mountains melt away;
States, empires, kingdoms, in confuſion hurl'd;
All! all! ſhall periſh with an ending world.

III.

Stanzas on Maſonry. Tranſlated from the French.

SHALL Envy's tongue, with ſlander foul,
My brothers, brand our race auguſt,
Inceſſant ſhall the fury howl,
Licking black venom from the duſt?
No, 'tis too much theſe ranc'rous taunts to bear:
Riſe, generous muſe! our ſpotleſs fame
To the wide world aloud proclaim,
And freely what a Maſon is declare.

In virtue clear we court the light,
Rever'd the more the more we're known
And fain the muſe would here incite
Each worthy man the name to own.
Let the Free-maſon, then, to all appear:
Behold the man each prince admires,
Behold the friend each man deſires,
For ever loyal, zealous, and ſincere.

Fair Liberty, with Order bland,
And radiant Pleaſure, lov'd ſo well,
With Temp'rance ſage, in ſeemly band,
Within our walls for ever dwell:
From vulgar eyes our pleaſures tho' we ſcreen,
Yet righteous laws our acts reſtrain;
Remorſe or anguiſh ne'er can pain
The Maſon's breaſt, nor cloud his mind ſerene.

The conſtant aim of all our plans
Is to reſtore Aſtrea's reign;
That awful Truth may guard our lands,
While hateful Guile ſhall prowl in vain:
Each lonely path with ſtructures we adorn,
And all the buildings which we raiſe
Are temples that the Virtues grace,
Or priſons cloſe for the foul Vices form.

While thus to man our praiſes ſing,
Let not the ſofter ſex repine,
Nor angry charge againſt us bring,
That we their favours dare decline:
If from their ſteps our ſanctuaries we guard,
When they the reaſon juſt ſhall know,
Reſentment they can never ſhow,
But rather with due praiſe our caution will reward.

Reſplendent ſex! in whom combine
Each brilliant charm, each tender grace,
With awe we bow before your ſhrine,
But ſtill we fear you while we praiſe;
For in our earlieſt leſſon it is ſaid,
If Adam had but once withſtood
From female charms what ſeem'd ſo good,
Nature each man, moſt ſure, a Maſon would have made.

I.

For an Exaltation of Royal Arch Maſons.

[Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*]

ALMIGHTY Sire! our heavenly King,
Before whoſe ſacred name we bend,
Accept the praiſes which we ſing,
And to our humble prayer attend!
All hail! great Architect divine!
This univerſal frame is thine.

Thou, who didſt Perſia's king command,
A proclamation to extend,
That Iſrael's ſons might quit the land,
Their holy temple to attend.

That ſacred place, where three in one
Compris'd thy comprehenſive name;
And where the bright meridian ſun
Was ſoon thy glory to proclaim.

Thy watchful eye, a length of time,
The wond'rous circle did attend:
The glory and the power be thine,
Which ſhall from age to age deſcend.

On thy omnipotence we reſt,
Secure of thy protection here;
And hope hereafter to be bleſt,
When we have left this world of care.

Grant us, great God! thy powerful aid
To guide us thro' this vale of tears;
For where thy goodneſs is diſplay'd,
Peace ſooths the mind, and Pleaſure cheers.

Inſpire us with thy grace divine,
Thy ſacred law our guide ſhall be;
To every good our hearts incline,
From every evil keep us free.
All hail! &c.

II.

[Tune—*My fond Shepherd.*]

ASSIST me, ye fair tuneful Nine,
Euphrosyne, grant me thine aid,
While the honours I sing of the Trine,
Preside o'er my numbers, blithe maid.
Cease, Clamour and Faction, oh! cease,
Fly hence all ye cynical train;
Disturb not the Lodge's sweet peace,
Where silence and secrecy reign.

Religion untainted here dwells,
Here the morals of Athens are taught;
Great Hiram's tradition here tells
How the world out of chaos was brought.
With fervency, freedom, and zeal,
Our Master's commands we obey;
No Cowan our secrets can steal,
No babbler our myst'ries betray.

Here Wisdom her standard displays,
Here nobly the sciences shine;
Here the temple's vast column we raise,
And finish a work that's divine:
Illum'd from the east with pure light,
Here arts do their blessings bestow;
And, all perfect, unfold to the sight
What none but a Mason can know.

If on earth any praise can be found,
Any virtue unnam'd in my song,
Any grace in the universe round
May these to a Mason belong!
May each Brother his passion subdue,
Proclaim Charity, Concord, and Love;
And be hail'd by the thrice happy few
Who preside in the Grand Lodge above!

III.

Recitative.

BLEST be the day that gave to me
The ſecrets of Free-maſonry;
In that alone my pleaſure's plac'd,
In that alone let me be grac'd:
No greater titles let me bear
Than thoſe partaining to the ſquare.

Air.

Tho' envious mortals vainly try
On us to caſt abſurdity,
We laugh at all their ſpleen;
The levell'd man, the upright heart,
Shall ſtill adorn our glorious art,
Nor mind their vile chagrin:
The ermin'd robe, the rev'rend crozier too,
Have prov'd us noble, honeſt, juſt, and true.

Chorus.

In vain then let prejudic'd mortals declare
Their hate of us, Maſons, we're truly ſincere;
If for that they deſpiſe us, their folly they prove,
For a Maſon's grand maxim is brotherly love:
But yet, after all, if they'd fain be thought wiſe,
Let them enter the Lodge, and we'll open their eyes.

IV.

Recitative.

BRING me, ye ſacred Choir! the deep-ton'd ſhell,
To which ſublime Iſaiah ſung ſo well:
To Maſonry exalt the ſtrain ſublime,
And waft her praiſes on the wings of Time.
Thy lore to ſing ſhall be the care of Fame—
And, hark! ſhe gives aſſent, and chaunts each honour'd name.

Air.

Sound the full harmonious ſong,
To Maſonry divine the ſtrain prolong:
And firſt the grateful tribute bring
To the great, the ſapient King;
Who, inſpir'd by power divine,
Made Wiſdom, Strength, and Beauty all combine
To frame, confirm, and deck the vaſt deſign!

And now we mourn, alas! too late,
The ſad, the melancholy fate
Of him whom Virtue could not ſave!
Cloth'd in virgin innocence,
Attend, ye Craftſmen, and diſpenſe
Your choiceſt flowers around the Tyrian's grave.

Recitative Secondo.

Hail! ſocial Science! eldeſt born of Heaven,
To ſooth the brow of ſad misfortune given;
To raiſe the ſoul, and gen'rous warmth impart;
To fix the nobleſt purpoſe in the heart;
To thee we owe, in this degen'rate age,
Thoſe myſtic links which heart to heart engage.

Air.

Band of Friendſhip! beſt cement
Of ſocial minds, in Brothers' love!
Far hence be Envy, Diſcontent,
And every ill which mortals prove.

No dark ſuſpicion harbours here,
But all is open, all ſincere;
No baſe informer liſtens to betray,
But all is ſunſhine, all is day. } *Repeat.*

But now to thee, fair Pity's child,
Sweet Charity, of aſpect mild,
The tributary lay is due;
Vain are the joys of hoarded wealth
To thine; thou giv'ſt the roſy bloom of health
To ſad Affliction's pallid hue!

These blessings, Masonry, are thine; } *Repeat.*
Hail! sacred Science—Mystery divine! }

Grand Chorus.

Thou holy mystery! first almighty cause!
By thee the Great Creator fram'd his laws,
When chaos heard th' almighty fiat rung,
And sacred order from confusion sprung!

The waters now collected flow'd,
And as they murmur'd own'd the God.
The mighty planets now he plac'd,
Which, still revolving, speak his praise;
This earth he fram'd, with seasons grac'd,
With heat inform'd, each useful plant to raise.

The sun he fix'd, the eternal soul,
To animate the mighty whole;
Harmonious, regular they move,
Just emblem of fraternal love.
The laws of Masonry are nature's laws:
Hail! sacred mystery—first Almighty cause!

V.

[Tune—*Goddess of Ease.*]

GENIUS of Masonry descend,
In mystic numbers while I sing;
Enlarge our souls, the Craft defend,
And hither all thy influence bring:
With social thoughts our bosoms fill,
And give thy turn to ev'ry will.

While yet Batavia's wealthy pow'rs
Neglect thy beauties to explore:
And winding Seine, adorn'd with tow'rs,
Laments thee wand'ring from his shore:
Here spread thy wings, and glad these isles,
Where arts reside, and Freedom smiles.

Behold the Lodge rise into view,
The work of industry and art;

'Tis grand, and regular, and true,
For ſo is each good Maſon's heart.
Friendſhip cements it from the ground,
And Secrecy ſhall fence it round.

A ſtately dome o'erlooks our eaſt,
Like orient Phœbus in the morn;
And two tall pillars in the weſt
At once ſupport us and adorn:
Upholden thus the ſtructure ſtands,
Untouch'd by ſacrilegious hands.

For concord form'd, our ſouls agree,
Nor fate this union ſhall deſtroy;
Our toils and ſports alike are free,
And all is harmony and joy:
So Salem's temple roſe by rule,
Without the noiſe of noxious tool.

As when Amphion tun'd his ſong,
E'en rugged rocks the muſic knew;
Smooth'd into form they glide along,
And to a Thebes the deſart grew:
So at the ſound of Hiram's voice
We riſe, we join, and we rejoice.

Then may our voice to Virtue move,
To Virtue own'd in all her parts;
Come, Candour, Innocence, and Love,
Come, and poſſeſs our faithful hearts:
Mercy, who feeds the hungry poor,
And Silence, guardian of the door.

And thou, Aſtrea, (tho' from earth
When men on men began to prey,
Thou fled'ſt to claim celeſtial birth,)
Down from Olympus wing thy way;
And, mindful of thy ancient ſeat,
Be preſent ſtill where Maſons meet.

Immortal Science, be thou near,
(We own thy empire o'er the mind;)

Dreſs'd in thy radiant robes appear,
With all thy beauteous train behind;
Invention young and blooming there,
Here geometry with rule and ſquare.
In Egypt's fabric * learning dwelt,
And Roman breaſts could Virtue hide;
But Vulcan's rage the building felt,
And Brutus, laſt of Romans, dy'd:
Since when, diſpers'd, the ſiſters rove,
Or fill paternal thrones above.

But, loſt to half the human race,
With us the Virtues ſhall revive;
And, driv'n no more from place to place,
Here Science ſhall be kept alive:
And manly Taſte, the child of Senſe,
Shall baniſh Vice and Dulneſs hence.

United thus, and for theſe ends,
Let Scorn deride, and Envy rail;
From age to age the Craft deſcends,
And what we build ſhall never fail:
Nor ſhall the world our works ſurvey,
But ev'ry Brother keeps the key!

VI.

HAIL to the Craft! at whoſe ſerene command
The gentle Arts in glad obedience ſtand:
Hail, ſacred Maſonry! of ſource divine,
Unerring ſov'reign of th' unerring line:
Whoſe plumb of truth, with never-failing ſway,
Makes the join'd parts of ſymmetry obey;
Whoſe magic ſtroke bids fell confuſion ceaſe,
And to the finiſh'd Orders gives a place;
Who rears vaſt ſtructures from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth
To works of Art her merit's not confin'd,
She regulates the morals, ſquares the mind;

* *The Ptolomæan Library.*

Corrects with care the ſallies of the ſoul,
And points the tide of paſſions where to roll;
On Virtue's tablet marks her moral rule,
And forms her Lodge an univerſal ſchool;
Where Nature's myſtic laws unfolded ſtand,
And Senſe and Science, join'd, go hand in hand.
O may her ſocial rules inſtructive ſpread,
Till Truth erect her long-neglected head!
Till thro' deceitful night ſhe darts her ray,
And beam full glorious in the blaze of day!
Till men by virtuous maxims learn to move,
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And Adam's race are bound in Brothers' love.

VII.

For ſolemn Ceremonies.

[Tune—*God ſave the King.*]

HAIL! univerſal Lord!
By heaven and earth ador'd;
All hail! great God!
Before thy name we bend,
To us thy grace extend,
And to our prayer attend:
All hail! great God!

VIII.

On certain Grand Lights in Maſonry.

HAIL! beauteous lights, ſupremely fair!
Whoſe ſmiles can calm the horrors of deſpair;
Bid in each breaſt unuſual tranſport flow,
And wipe the tears that ſtain the cheek of woe.
How bleſt the man who quits each meaner ſcene,
Like thee exalted, ſmiling and ſerene!
Whoſe riſing ſoul purſues a nobler flight;
Whoſe boſom melts with more refin'd delight;
Whoſe mind, elate with tranſports all ſublime,
Can ſoar at once beyond the views of time;

Till loos'd from earth, as angels unconfin'd,
It flies aërial on the darting wind;
Free as the keen-ey'd eagle, bears away,
And mounts the regions of eternal day.

IX.

On Charity.

HAIL! brighteſt attribute of God above,
Hail! pureſt eſſence of celeſtial love;
Hail! ſacred fountain of each bliſs below,
Whoſe ſtreams in ſympathy unbounded flow.
'Tis thine, fair Charity! with lenient pow'r,
To ſooth diſtreſs, and cheer the gloomy hour;
To reconcile the dire embitter'd foe,
And bid the heart of gall with Friendſhip glow;
To ſmooth the rugged paths of thorny life,
And ſtill the voice of diſſonance and ſtrife:
Abaſh'd, the Vices at thy preſence fly,
Nor ſtand the awful menace of that eye;
Hate, Envy, and Revenge, in anguiſh bleed,
And all the Virtues in their room ſucceed:
Attemper'd to the bloom of virgin grace,
See modeſt innocence adorn that face;
To failings mild, to merit ever true,
See candour each ungen'rous thought ſubdue!
See patience ſmiling in ſevereſt grief,
See tender pity ſtretching forth relief!
See meek forgiveneſs bleſs the hoſtile mind,
See Faith and Hope in ev'ry ſtate reſign'd!
Happy! to whom indulgent heav'n may give
In ſuch ſociety as this to live.

X.

Ode on raiſing a Hall ſacred to Maſonry.

NO more of trifling themes or vain
My muſe enwrapt ſhall ſing,
Urania claims a nobler ſtrain,
A more expanded wing:

To Maſonry exalt the joyful ſong,
Soft as the infant morn—yet as the ſubject—ſtrong.
Behold the ſacred ſtructure, rife
On firm foundation laid,
Where Solomon, the great and wiſe,
His bounty firſt diſplay'd:
The Tyrian king materials brought
To aid the grand deſign,
And Hiram Abiff's happy thought
Completed it divine:
In Wiſdom, Strength, and Beauty ſee
The three grand orders happily agree.

From hence, what bleſſings may ariſe
By ev'ry brother's friendly aid!
The faireſt offspring of the ſkies,
Kind Charity! all-charming maid!
Shall ſtretch her hand the poor to bleſs,
And raiſe them up from deep diſtreſs;
Baniſh each ſorrow from the breaſt,
And, like the good Samaritan, balm impart.

Hail! Maſonry! to thee we raiſe
The ſong of triumph and of praiſe;
For ſurely unto thee belong
The higheſt note, the nobleſt ſong;
Whoſe arts with happineſs delight,
And all like brethren unite.
To noble Petre raiſe the ſtrain,
He bids the Temple riſe again;
Him future Grands ſhall joyful own,
Who laid the firſt foundation ſtone:
Let us hands together join,
Maſonry's an art divine;
Harmony ſupports the whole,
Expands the heart, exalts the ſoul.

Thrice hail again, thou noble art!
That canſt ſuch myſtic joys impart;
The ſun which ſhines ſupreme on high,
The ſtars that gliſten in the ſky,

The moon that yields her ſilver light,
And vivifies the lonely night,
Muſt by the courſe of Nature fade away,
And all the earth alike in time decay;
But, while they laſt, ſhall Maſonry endure,
Built on ſuch pillars, ſolid and ſecure;
And at the laſt, ſublime ſhall riſe,
And ſeek its origin beyond the ſkies.

XI.

Performed at every Meeting of the Grand Chapter of Harodim.

OPENING.

ORDER is heaven's firſt law; thro' boundleſs ſpace
Unnumber'd orbs move round their deſtin'd race;
On earth, as ſtrict arrangements ſtill appear,
Suiting the varying ſeaſons of the year:
Beneficence divine preſents to view
Its plenteous gifts to man, in order true;
But chief a mind, theſe bleſſings to improve,
By arts, by ſcience, by fraternal love.

DIVISION.

When men exalt their views to Heaven's high will,
With ſteady aim their duty to fulfil,
The mind expands, its ſtrength appears,
Growing with their growing years;
Mounting the apex of Maſonic ſkill.
Be this the earneſt purpoſe of our lives,
Succeſs muſt crown the man who nobly ſtrives!

CONCLUSION.

Loud let us raiſe our ſwelling ſtrains,
And Harodim proclaim,
Of excellence the name;
Good will to all, love to each other,
The due of every ſkilful Brother,
Who worthily our ancient lore maintains.

Indulgence in pleaſure
By prudence we meaſure;
And, cheerfully parting, exchange an adieu;
Till we meet with freſh vigour our taſks to renew.

XII.

STRIKE to melodious notes the golden lyre!
Spread wide to all around the ardent flame,
Till each rapt boſom catch the ſacred fire,
And join the glorious theme!
'Tis Maſonry,
The Art ſublimely free, [name!
Where majeſty has bow'd, and own'd a brother's
Thro' ample domes wide let the chorus roll,
Reſponſive to the ardour of the ſoul.
Hail! inſpiring Maſonry!
To thy ſhrine do myriads bend;
Yet more glorious ſhalt thou be,
Till o'er the world thy pow'r extend.
Still to the ſons of Earth thy light diſpenſe,
And all ſhall own thy ſacred influence.

Tho' genius fires, yet faint his rays appear,
Till thy myſterious lore the ſoul refine;
'Tis thou to nobleſt heights his thoughts muſt rear,
And make them doubly ſhine.
O, Maſonry!
Thou art ſublimely free! [vine.
'Tis thou exalt'ſt the man, and mak'ſt him half di-
Ye Maſons, favour'd men, your voices raiſe!
You ſpeak your glory while you ſing its praiſe,
Hail! inſpiring Maſonry, &c.

Bleſt be the man, and bleſt he is, who bears
With virtuous pride a Maſon's ſacred name;
And may each Brother, who the bleſſing ſhares,
Enrich the liſt of Fame.
Bleſt Maſonry!
Thou art ſublimely free! [claim.
Heav'n bids thy happy ſons, and they thy worth pro-

With loud aſſent, their cheerful voices raiſe,
Their great, immortal Maſonry to praiſe.
Hail! inſpiring Maſonry, &c.

The tow'r ſky-pointing, and the dome ſublime,
Rais'd by the myſtic rules and forming power,
Shall long withſtand the iron tooth of time,
Yet ſtill their fall is ſure:
But Maſonry,
The art ſublimely free, [dure.
Founded by God himſelf, thro' time ſhall firm en-
Still ſhall its ſons their grateful voices raiſe,
And joyful ſound their Great Grand Maſter's praiſe.
At thy ſhrine, O, Maſonry!
Shall admiring nations bend;
In future times thy ſons ſhall ſee
Thy fame from pole to pole extend.
To worlds unknown thy heav'n-born light diſpenſe,
And ſyſtems own thy ſacred influence.

XIII.

An irregular Ode on the Moral Principles of Maſonry. Deſigned for the Conſecration of a Lodge, On the King's Birth Day.

SOUND! ſound aloud! your inſtruments of joy!
Let cheerful ſtrains abound!
From pole to pole reſound!
And may no hoſtile cares our ſocial mirth annoy.
Raiſe, raiſe the voice of harmony, all raiſe,
To hail this feſtive day,
Your vocal ſtrength diſplay, [praiſe.
And charm the liſt'ning world with jocund ſongs o

May this new conſecration thro' ages ſhine ſecure,
A monument of ſocial love, till time ſhall be no more.
Ye powers perſuaſive now inſpire
My tongue with bold reſiſtleſs fire!
Let ſacred zeal combine:
May magic ſweetneſs crown my lays,
To ſing aloud Maſonic praiſe,
And urge a theme divine!

May ſwelling numbers flow without control,
And all be muſic, extaſy of ſoul.

Confeſs'd unequal to the trembling taſk,
To touch the lyre ſo oft ſuperior ſtrung,
Your candour, patience, Juſtice bids me aſk,
And for a lab'ring heart excuſe a fault'ring tongue.
Behold a ſocial train in Friendſhip's bands
Aſſembled, cheerful, eager to diſplay
Their panting joy, to raiſe their willing hands,
And hail triumphant this auſpicious day!
A day which Britons e'er muſt hold divine;
To ſound its glories Fame expands her wings;
This day, ſelected for your fair deſign,
Has lent our favour'd iſle the beſt of kings.

May Heaven, propitious, your endeavours crown,
Which, like the preſent, Virtue's baſis claim!
May perfect Goodneſs here erect her throne,
And coward Vice be only known by name!
May moral Virtue meet no ſavage foes
Within theſe walls, made ſacred to your cauſe!
Scorn each reviler who would truth oppoſe,
And learn, the good are ſtill Maſonic laws.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Hail! firſt grand principle of Maſonry, for ever hail!
Thou gracious attribute deſcending from above;
O'er each corroding paſſion of the ſoul prevail,
And ſhow the ſocial charms of brotherly love.

May thy bright virtues e'er reſplendent ſhine
Thro' ages yet unborn—worlds unexplor'd;
Till even Rancour falls before thy ſhrine,
And Malice, bluſhing, owns thee for her lord.

This happy union of each gen'rous mind
Would nobly give to peace eternal birth;
Implicit confidence would bleſs mankind,
And perfect happineſs be found on earth.

From this celeſtial ſource behold a train
Of blooming Virtues, emulous to gain

A genial warmth from each expanded breaſt:
Among the pleaſing numbers crowding round,
(Whoſe looks with well-meant ſervices are crown'd)
Relief and Truth ſuperior ſtand confeſt.

RELIEF.

Relief, of Charity the ſoul,
Whoſe lib'ral hands from pole to pole extend,
Scorns mean reſtraint, diſdains control,
And gives alike to enemy and friend.
Empty diſtinctions here contemned fall,
For true Relief is bounteous to all.

TRUTH.

Nor is with paler glory Truth array'd,
In bright ſimplicity ſhe ſhines, chaſteſt;
She conquers Fraud, diſpels its gloomy ſhade,
And brings conviction to the doubtful breaſt.
Should e'er Duplicity our ears aſſail,
And, fluent, forge an artful ſpecious tale,
It may our eaſy faith awhile deceive;
But when this radiant goddeſs ſilence breaks,
Deciſion follows, 'tis fair Truth who ſpeaks,
And baniſh'd Falſehood can no longer live.

FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.

When firſt kind Heav'n to th' aſtoniſh'd view
Of mortal ſight its realms of joy diſplay'd,
Mankind enraptur'd with the proſpect grew,
And to attain this bliſs devoutly pray'd.
Agreeing all, this ſacred truth allow'd
(And we its force with zealous warmth increaſe)
That Faith, Hope, Charity, poſſeſs'd, beſtow
The faireſt claim to everlaſting peace.

FAITH.

By Faith what miracles in diſtant times were done!
The leper cleans'd—to ſight reſtor'd the

By that the widow ſav'd her darling ſon—
And Death his fruitleſs dart to Faith reſign'd.

HOPE.

O faireſt, ſweeteſt, harbinger of joy!
Whoſe aid ſupreme with gratitude we own;
Cheer'd with thy ſmiles, we human ills defy,
And drive Deſpair in ſhackles from thy throne.

AIR I.

Tho' throbbing griefs the ſoul oppreſs,
And fill the heart with deep diſtreſs,
Whilſt each fond joy's withheld;
Yet when fair Hope her viſage ſhows,
The mind inſpir'd with rapture glows,
And ev'ry pang's expell'd!

When conſcious ſin the dying wretch reproves,
Whilſt from his quiv'ring lip the doubtful pray'r is ſent;
He aſks for Hope—ſhe comes, his fear removes,
His mind enlightens, and he dies content!

CHARITY.

Fair Charity next, Maſonic patroneſs!
Merits that praiſe which only hearts can give;
No words can her unrivall'd worth expreſs;
Her glowing virtues in the ſoul muſt live.

The wretched widow, plung'd in ſtreaming woes,
Bereft of huſband, competence, and friends,
Finds no allay, no balmy quiet knows,
Till Heav'n-born Charity ev'ry comfort ſends.

The helpleſs orphan, wand'ring quite forlorn,
Sends forth his little ſoul in piteous moan;
In liſping murmurs rues he e'er was born,
And thinks, in infant-griefs, he ſtands alone!

Thus plaintive wailing, he relief deſpairs,
No tender parent to aſſuage his pain;
No friend but Charity—She diſpels his cares—
Father and mother both in her remain.

AIR II.

An Allegory on Charity.

[Tune—*How happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs?*]

As Poverty late in a fit of deſpair,
Was beating her boſom, and tearing her hair,
Smiling Hope came to aſk, what her countenance told,
That ſhe there lay expiring with hunger and cold.

Come, riſe! ſaid the ſweet roſy herald of joy,
And the torments you ſuffer I'll quickly deſtroy;
Take me by the hand, all your griefs I'll diſpel,
And I'll lead you for ſuccour to Charity's cell.

On Poverty hobbled, Hope ſoften'd her pain,
But long did they ſearch for the goddeſs in vain;
Towns, cities, and countries, they travers'd around,
For Charity's lately grown hard to be found.

At length at the door of a lodge they arriv'd,
Where their ſpirits exhauſted the Tyler reviv'd;
Who, when aſk'd (as 'twas late) if the dame was gone home?
Said, No—Charity always was laſt in the room.

The door being open'd, in Poverty came,
Was cheriſh'd, reliev'd, and careſs'd by the dame;
Each votary, likewiſe, the object to ſave,
Obey'd his own feelings, and cheerfully gave.

Then ſhame on the man who the ſcience derides,
Where this ſoft-beaming virtue for ever preſides;
In this ſcriptural maxim let's ever accord—
What we give to the poor, we but lend to the Lord.

THE FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES.

JUSTICE.

Inferior virtues riſe from theſe,
Affording pleaſure, comfort, peace,
And leſs'ning all our cares;

Here Juſtice ſee, at Mercy's word,
Conceals her ſcales, and drops her ſword,
Appeas'd by her, the guilty victim ſpares.

FORTITUDE.

Here Fortitude, of Hope the child,
With conſcious reſignation fill'd,
Diſplays her dauntleſs brow;
Sees, fearleſs, human ills ſurround,
She views them all with peace profound,
And ſmiles at threaten'd woe!

TEMPERANCE.

Now ruddy Temp'rance ſhows her blooming face,
Replete with health, with eaſe, and fair content;
Whilſt pamper'd Luxury mourns her ſickly caſe,
And finds too late a glutton's life miſpent.

PRUDENCE.

With cautious ſtep and ſerious grace,
A form behold with hidden face,
Veil'd o'er with modeſt fears;
Till Confidence, unus'd to doubt,
Reſolves to find the goddeſs out,
Withdraws the veil, and Prudence, ſee, appears!

Without thy gifts mankind would ſavage turn,
Would human nature wantonly diſgrace;
Would at all bounds of due reſtriction ſpurn,
And all the nobleſt works of Heav'n deface.

Theſe moral Virtues are by us ordain'd
Th' unerring pilots to the heavenly ſhore;
By theſe directed, endleſs joys obtain'd,
And, having their kind aid, we want no more.

Of all the mental bleſſings giv'n to man,
Theſe are the choice of each Maſonic breaſt;
By us enroll'd, they form the moral plan
Of this fair ſcience—are ſupreme confeſs'd.

Duet and *Chorus, Finale.*

Then let us all in friendſhip live,
Endearing and endear'd;
Let Vice her puniſhment receive,
And Virtue be rever'd.

Chorus.

May love, peace, and harmony, ever abound,
And the good man and Maſon united be found.

Now let the panting heart rejoice!
The glowing mind expand!
Let Echo raiſe her double voice,
And ſwell the choral band,

May love, peace, and harmony, every abound,
And the good man and Maſon united be found.

XIV.

URANIA, hail! to thee we ſing,
And all with pleaſure own the lay;
Come! from thy ſacred fountain ſpring,
To clad the free-born ſons of day:
O ſtill attend our meetings here,
With peace ſerene, and joy ſincere.

True joys unruffled, calm repoſe,
In Friendſhip's ſacred band behold,
The happy recompence of thoſe
Who laws and liberty uphold;
Who ſcorn all baſe, unmanly views,
From Vice refrain, and Virtue chooſe.

May each Free-maſon good and true
In Britain's iſle be ever found;
And in remoteſt regions too,
May love and harmony abound;
And all confeſs true Wiſdom's power,
Till Time and Maſons are no more.

XV.

Performed at the Dedication of Free-masons Hall.

STROPHE.—*Air.*

WHAT ſolemn ſounds on holy Sinai rung,
When heavenly lyres, by angel fingers ſtrung,
Accorded to th' immortal lay,
That hymn'd creations natal day!

Recitative, accompanied.

'Twas then the ſhouting ſons of morn
Bleſs'd the great Omnific word;
Abaſh'd, hoarſe jarring atoms heard,
Forgot their pealing ſtrife,
And ſoftly crouded into life,
When order, law, and harmony were born.

Chorus.

The mighty Maſter's pencil warm,
Trac'd out the ſhadowy form,
And bid each fair proportion grace
Smiling Nature's modeſt face.

Air.

Heaven's rareſt gifts were ſeen to join
To deck a finiſh'd form divine,
And fill the ſovereign artiſt's plan;
Th' Almighty's image ſtampt the glowing frame,
And ſeal'd him with the nobleſt name,
Archetype of beauty—Man.

ANTISTROPHE—*Semi-chorus and Chorus.*

Ye ſpirits pure, that rous'd the tuneful throng,
And loos'd to rapture each triumphant tongue,
Again with quick inſtinctive fire
Each harmonious lip inſpire:
Again bid every vocal throat
Diſſolve in tender votive ſtrain.

Air.

Now while yonder white-rob'd train *
Before the myſtic ſhrine
In lowly adoration join,
Now ſweep the living lyre, and ſwell the melting [note.

Recitative.

Yet, ere the holy rites begin,
The conſcious ſhrine within
Bids your magic ſong impart,

Air.

How within the waſted heart,
Shook by paſſion's ruthleſs power,
Virtue trimm'd her faded flower
To opening buds of faireſt fruit;
How from majeſtic Nature's glowing face
She caught each animating grace,
And planted there th' immortal root.

EPODE.—*Recitative, accompanied.*

Daughter of gods, fair Virtue, if to thee,
And thy bright ſiſter, univerſal Love,
Soul of all good, e'er flow'd the ſoothing harmony
Of pious gratulation, from above,
To us, thy duteous votaries, impart
Preſence divine.

Air.

——The ſons of antique art,
In high myſterious jubilee,
With Pæan loud, and ſolemn rite,
Thy holy ſtep invite,
And court thy liſtening ear,
To drink the cadence clear
That ſwells the choral ſympathy.

* *The Brethren in their white aprons.*

Chorus.

To thee, by foot profane untrod,
Their votive hands have rear'd the high abode.

Recitative.

Here ſhall your impulſe kind
Inſpire the tranced mind:

Air.

And lips of Truth ſhall ſweetly tell
What heavenly deeds befit
The ſoul by Wiſdom's leſſon ſmit;
What praiſe he claims who nobly ſpurns
Gay vanities of life, and tinſel joys,
For which unpurged fancy burns.

Chorus.

What pain he ſhuns, who dares be wiſe;
What glory wins, who dares excel!

XVI.

Recitative.

WHEN firſt the golden morn aloft,
With maiden breezes whiſper'd ſoft,
Sprung from the eaſt with roſy wing,
To kiſs the heav'nly firſt-born ſpring;
Jehovah then, from hallow'd earth,
Gave Maſonry immortal birth;
'Twas then the new creation rung,
And thus the hoſt of Heaven ſung:

Air.

Hail, hail, O hail, thou ſource of love,
Great artiſt of this goodly frame!
The earth and ſea, the ſky above,
Thou form'ſt to thy immortal frame!

Semi-chorus.

To thee, our ſire,
The cherub choir

The air move with ſeraphic ſound;
Ye breezes ſweet
The cadence meet,
And waft it o'er the hallow'd ground.

Air.

Ten thouſand orbial beauties bright,
Which long confus'd in chaos lay,
Thou brought'ſt them forth to give delight,
And make the face of Heaven gay.

Semi-chorus.

To thee, our ſire, &c.

Recitative.

'Twas thus the Heavens in concert rung,
While Nature kind from chaos ſprung,
Brought forth her tender infant green,
And flowery ſweets, to deck the ſcene:
To finiſh then the Artiſt's plan,
Of pureſt mould he form'd the man;
Then gave him an immortal ſoul,
And bid him live, and rule the whole;
While angels, from their golden ſhrine,
Sung with angelic ſtrains divine:

Air.

Happy, happy mortals, riſe,
Taſte with us immortal joys;
Blooming on yon ſacred tree,
Planted by the Deity;
The hallow'd fruit is Maſonry.

Far beyond the pregnant ſky,
There the hopes of Maſons lie;
Maſons' happy choice above,
Maſons every bleſſing prove,
Friendſhip, harmony, and love.

Recitative.

As perfect love and power divine
Firſt gave our ſcience birth,
So Friendſhip ſhall our hearts entwine,
And harmonize the earth:
Behold the virgin hither flies,
To crown us with her bliſsful joys.

Air.

Blooming as fair Eden's bower,
Friendſhip, goddeſs heavenly bright,
Dropping in a balmy ſhower,
Breathing concord and delight;
Each Maſon feels the ſacred fire
Glow with ardour in his heart;
The flame inſpires him with deſire
To relieve each other's ſmart.

Full Chorus.

From Heaven ſince ſuch bleſſings flow,
Let every Maſon while below,
Our noble ſcience here improve;
'Twill raiſe his ſoul to realms above,
And make his Lodge—a Lodge of love.

XVII.

WAKE the lute and quiv'ring ſtrings,
Myſtic truths Urania brings;
Friendly viſitant, to thee
We owe the depths of Maſonry;
Faireſt of the virgin choir,
Warbling to the golden lyre,
Welcome; here thy art prevail!
Hail! divine Urania, hail!

Here, in Friendſhip's ſacred bower,
The downy-wing'd and ſmiling hour
Mirth invites, and ſocial ſong,
Nameleſs myſteries among:

Crown the bowl, and fill the glaſs,
To every virtue, every grace;
To the Brotherhood reſound
Health, and let it thrice go round.

We reſtore the times of old,
The blooming glorious age of gold;
As the new creation free,
Bleſt with gay Euphroſyne;
We with god-like Science talk,
And with fair Aſtræa walk;
Innocence adorns the day,
Brighter than the ſmiles of May.

Pour the roſy wine again,
Wake a briſker, louder ſtrain;
Rapid zephyrs, as ye fly,
Waft our voices to the ſky;
While we celebrate the Nine,
And the wonders of the Trine;
While the angels ſing above,
As we below, of peace and love.

XVIII.

For the Dedication of Free-maſons Hall.

STROPHE.—*Recitative and Chorus.*

WHAT ſacred ſounds on Zion's top we heard,
When riſing light t'illume new worlds appear'd!
Seraphic bands all join'd the lay,
And hail'd Creation's natal day.

Recitative, accompanied.

'Twas then old Chaos ſtood amaz'd
Before the Almighty's face,
Heav'n and earth aſſum'd their place,
The All-pervading hand
Divided ſea and land,
Then beauty, grace, and order firſt were rais'd!

Chorus.

The mighty Architect design'd
An emblem of his ſpotleſs mind:
Perfection glow'd throughout the whole,
And harmony was Nature's ſoul.

Air.

Unfiniſh'd ſtill the great intent,
Once more th' Almighty word was ſent;
To fill the wond'rous plan
The new-form'd duſt in majeſty aroſe,
And with his Maker's image glows,
Prince of creation—Man.

ANTISTROPHE.—*Recitation and Chorus.*

Celeſtial ſpirits loudly ſounding,
Holy harps thro' Heav'n reſounding,
Sweep the ſtrings with touch divine;
Maſons will the concert join!
While the notes in higheſt ſtrain
Wake all Nature to a ſong!

Air.

Praiſe to Maſons doth belong.
Maſons, ſons of art reveal'd;
Tenets pure, tho' deep conceal'd,
Craft and maſter extol,
While truth and life remain.

Recitative.

Concord's each peculiar ſon
Sure will baneful paſſion ſhun;
Unity's the ſtrongeſt power.

Air.

Unity can bleſſings ſhower
O'er a choſen band and free;
Such as is fam'd Maſonry.
Benevolence each heart expands.

Philanthropy extends the willing arm,
To feed, to ſhelter, and to warm,
Each who in need of pity ſtands.

EPODE.—*Recitative, accompanied.*

Virtue, all hail! before thy ſhrine we bow;
Exalt our minds with emulation's fire;
To tread the paths of heroes let us now
Attempt, and after laſting fame aſpire:
To our endeavours aid divine impart,
And grace the works myſterious of our art.

Air.

Science, ſi gaudieſt plume of reaſon,
Now to thee, in this their dwelling,
Maſons, all mankind excelling,
Yield the palm of grateful praiſe,
And a joyful chorus raiſe,
Which ſhall laſt thro' ev'ry ſeaſon.

Chorus.

Long may the ſocial bond remain,
While arts and virtue grace its reign.

Recitative.

Its influence ſhall hold
Till death doth all unfold.

Air.

Tread gently o'er this ſacred ground,
Here the dome aſpiring,
Breaſts Maſonic nobly firing,
Leads to honour, merit, glory;
From deep foundations proudeſt ſtructures riſe,
Thence lofty monuments do ſtrike the ſkies,
Such as bear renown in ſtory.

Firſt Chorus.

May bliſs eternal, pleaſures fair,
Crown the compaſs and the ſquare!

Grand Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy he,
Who taſtes the joys of Maſonry.

XIX.

WITH grateful hearts your voices raiſe,
To ſound the great Creator's praiſe,
Who by his word diſpell'd the night,
And form'd the radiant beams of light;
Who fram'd the heav'ns, the earth, the ſkies,
And bid the wond'rous fabric riſe;
Who view'd his work, and found it juſt,
And then created man from duſt.

Happy in Eden was he laid,
Nor did he go aſtray,
Till, by the ſerpent, Eve, betray'd,
Firſt fell and led the way.

But fallen from that happy plain,
Subject to various wants and pain,
Labour and art muſt now provide
What Eden freely once ſupply'd:
Some learn'd to till th' unwilling ground;
Some bid the well-ſtrung harp to ſound;
Each different arts purſu'd and taught,
Till to perfection each was brought.

Maſons purſue the truth divine,
We cannot go aſtray,
Since three great lights conjointly ſhine
To point us out the way.

Zion appears, rejoice, rejoice,
Exult, and hear, obey the voice
Of mercy and enlightening grace,
Recalling us to Eden's place;
With Faith believe, and Hope purſue,
And mercy ſtill for mercy ſhow;
Proclaim aloud, with grateful theme,
The great Redeemer's bleſſed name.

The eaſtern ſtar now ſhows us light,
Let us not go aſtray;
Let Faith, Hope, Charity unite
To cheer the gladſome way.

SONNET.

HAIL, myſtic Science! ſeraph maid!
Imperial beam of light!
In robes of ſacred Truth array'd,
Morality's delight:
O give me Wiſdom to deſign,
And Strength to execute;
In native Beauty e'er be mine
Benevolence, thy fruit.
Unſullied pearl! of precious worth,
Moſt grateful to my ſoul,
The ſocial Virtues owe their birth
To thy unmatch'd control.
Celeſtial Spark, inſpir'd by thee,
We pierce yon ſtarry Arch on wings of Piety.

PROLOGUES.

I.

AS lately, Brethren, from the Lodge I came,
Warm'd with our royal Order's pureſt flame,
Abſorb'd in thought—before my raviſh'd eyes
I ſaw the Genius Maſonry ariſe:
A curious hieroglyphic robe he wore,
And in his hand the ſacred volume bore:
On one ſide was divine Aſtræa plac'd,
And ſoft-ey'd Charity the other grac'd;
Humanity, the gen'ral friend, was there,
And Pity, dropping the pathetic tear;
There too was Order;—there with roſy mein,
Blithe Temp'rance ſhone, and white rob'd Truth was ſeen.
There, with a key ſuſpended at his breaſt,
Silence appear'd—his lips his fingers preſt:
With theſe, ſoft warbling an inſtructive ſong,
Sweet Muſic, gaily ſmiling, tripp'd along.
Wild Laughter, clam'rous Noiſe, and Mirth ill bred,
The brood of Folly, at his preſence fled.
The Genius ſpoke—"My ſon, obſerve my train,
"Which of my order diff'rent parts explain:
"Look up—behold the bright Aſtræa there,
"She will direct thee how to uſe the ſquare;
"Pity will bid thee grieve with thoſe who grieve,
"Whilſt Charity will prompt thee to relieve;
"Will prompt thee ev'ry comfort to beſtow,
"And draw the arrow from the breaſt of woe;
"Humanity will lead to Honour's goal,
"Give the large thought, and form the gen'rous ſoul;
"Will bid thee thy fraternal love expand
"To Virtue of all faiths, and ev'ry land.
"Order will kindly teach her laws of peace,
"Which Diſcord ſtop, and ſocial joys increaſe;
"Temp'rance inſtruct thee all exceſs t' avoid,
"By which fair fame is loſt, and health deſtroy'd;

" Truth warn thee ne'er to uſe perfidious art,
" And bid thy tongue be rooted in thy heart;
" Silence direct thee never to diſcloſe
" Whate'er thy Brethren in thy breaſt repoſe:
" For thee ſhall Muſic ſtrike th' harmonious lyre,
" And whilſt ſhe charms thy ear, morality inſpire.
" Theſe all obſerve—and let thy conduct ſhow
" What real bleſſings I on man beſtow."
He ſaid, and diſappear'd—and oh! may we,
Who wear this honour'd badge, accepted, free,
To ev'ry grace and virtue temples raiſe,
And by our uſeful works our order praiſe.

II.

AS a wild rake, that courts a virgin fair,
And tries in vain her virtue to enſnare,
(Tho' what he calls his Heav'n he may obtain
By putting on the matrimonial chain,)
At length, enrag'd to find ſhe ſtill is chaſte,
Her modeſt fame maliciouſly would blaſt;
So ſome at our fraternity do rail,
Becauſe our ſecrets we ſo well conceal,
And curſe the centry with the flaming ſword,
That keeps Eaves-droppers from the myſtic word.
Tho', rightly introduc'd, all true men may
Obtain the ſecret in a lawful way:
They'd have us counter to our honour run,
And do what they muſt blame us for when done;
Then when they find their teazing will not do,
In anger they the height of folly ſhow,
By railing at the thing they do not know.
Not ſo the aſſembly of the Scottiſh kirk,
Their wiſdoms went a wiſer way to work:
When they were told, that Maſons practis'd charms,
Invok'd the De'il, and rais'd tempeſtuous ſtorms,
Two of their body prudently they ſent,
To learn what could by Maſonry be meant:
Admitted to the Lodge, and treated well,
At their return the aſſembly hop'd they'd tell.

" We ſay na mair than this, (they both reply'd)
" Do what we've done, and ye'll be ſatisfy'd."

III.

AS ſome crack'd chymiſt of projecting brain,
Much for diſcovery, but more for gain,
With toil inceſſant labours, puffs, and blows,
In ſearch of ſomething Nature won't diſcloſe;
At length, his crucibles and meaſures broke,
His fancy'd gains evaporate in ſmoke;
So ſome, preſumptuous, ſtill attempt to trace
The guarded ſymbol of our ancient race;
Enwrapp'd in venerable gloom it lies,
And mocks all ſight but of a Maſon's eyes;
Like the fam'd ſtream enriching Egypt's ſhore,
All feel its uſe—but few its ſource explore.
All ages ſtill muſt owe, and every land,
Their pride and ſafety to the Maſon's hand.
Whether for gorgeous domes renown'd alar,
Or ramparts ſtrong to ſtem the rage of war;
All we behold in earth or circling air,
Proclaims the power of compaſſes and ſquare.
The heav'n-taught ſcience, queen of arts! appears,
Eludes the ruſt of time, and waſte of years.
Thro' form and matter are her laws diſplay'd,
Her rules the ſame by which the world was made.
Whatever virtues grace the ſocial name,
Thoſe we profeſs, on thoſe we found our fame;
Wiſely the Lodge looks down on tinſel ſtate,
Where only to be good is to be great.
Such ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
No ſhallow ſchemes, no ſtratagems nor arts,
Can break the cement that unites their hearts.
Then let pale Envy rage, ſpurn every name
Of fools miſtaking infamy for fame;
Such have all countries and all ages borne,
And ſuch all countries and all ages ſcorn.
Cowans ſhall here no more admittance gain
Than Ephraimites at Jordan's paſſage ſlain.

IV.

Delivered before the Union Lodge, Exeter.

Speakers. { *A Father,*
A Mother,
A Daughter about ten years old.

The Curtain draws up, and discovers the Mother sitting at a Table Knotting, upon which lies a Play-bill; the Daughter enters, and takes it up.

Daughter.

BY desire of the Union Lodge!—What's this?
This Union Lodge, Mamma?—*Mother.* Free-masons, Miss.

Da. Free-masons, my good Madam! Lack-a-day!
What sort of things (I long to know) are they?

Mo. All women from their order they exclude.

Da. Do they, Mamma?—indeed that's very rude.
Fond as I am of plays, I'll ne'er be seen
At any play bespoke by such vile men.

Mo. Call them not vile—I Masons much approve;
And there is one whom you with fondness love;
Your father—but, behold he now appears,
And from the Lodge the Mason's badge he wears.

The Father enters, cloathed as a Mason, the Daughter runs toward him.

Da. Papa, are you a Mason?—Do tell me,
Now do, good Papa, what's Masonry?

Fa. I will, my dear.—Our order is design'd
To expand the human heart, and bless mankind.
Wisdom herself contriv'd the mystic frame;
Strength to support, t'adorn it Beauty came.
We're taught, with ever grateful hearts, t'adore
The God of all, the universal Pow'r;
To be good subjects; ne'er in plots to join,
Or aught against the nation's peace design.
We're taught to calm destructive anger's storm,
And bring rude matter into proper form:

Always to work by the unerring ſquare,
With zeal to ſerve our Brethren: be ſincere,
And by our tongues let our whole hearts appear.
Lowly of mind, and meek, we're bid to be,
And ever cloath'd with true humility.
All children of one gracious Father are,
To whom no ranks of rich and poor appear;
"He ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
"A monarch periſh, and a beggar fall."
We're taught our conduct by the plumb to try,
To make it upright to the niceſt eye.
The compaſs is preſented to our eyes,
And, "Circumſcribe your actions," loudly cries.
We're ſtrictly order'd never to paſs by
Whene'er we ſee a fellow-creature lie
Wounded by ſorrow,—but with hearts to go,
Which with the milk of kindneſs overflow,
And make a careful ſearch each wound to find,
To pour in oil and wine, and gently bind:
On our own beaſts to place him—to convey
Where all may ſtrive to wipe his tears away.

Mo. Go on, ye good Samaritans, to bleſs,
And may your generous hearts feel no diſtreſs!

Fa. Whoe'er believes in the Almighty cauſe,
And ſtrict obedience pays to moral laws,
Of whatſoever faith or clime he be,
He ſhall receive a Brother's love from me.
"For modes of faith let graceleſs zealots fight,
"We know he can't be wrong whoſe life is right."
What tho' we here ſuch diff'rent roads purſue,
All upright Maſons, all good men and true,
Shall meet together in the Lodge above,
Where their good names ſhall certain paſs-words prove.

Mo. No, God reſpects not perſons, but will bleſs
Thoſe of all climes who follow righteouſneſs.

Fa. Whene'er philoſophy, by rigid law,
And brow ſevere, to Virtue ſtrives to draw,
Men are diſguſted,—we take diff'rent ways,
And make fair Virtue and her leſſons pleaſe.

We at our work are rationally gay,
And Muſic call to tune the moral lay.
Intemp'rance never at our Lodge appears,
Nor noiſy riot e'er aſſails our ears;
But pleaſure always, with her boſom friends,
With Cheerfulneſs and Temp'rance, there attends.
Our ſecrets (of importance to mankind)
The upright man, who ſeeks, may always find.
Mo. But women, ever ſeeking, ſeek in vain;
Be kind enough this myſt'ry to explain.
Fa. Tho' women from our order we exclude,
Let not that beauteous ſex at once conclude
We love them not—or think they would reveal
What we as ſecrets with them to conceal.
We fondly love, and think we might impart
(Sure of their faith) our ſecrets to their heart.
But we're afraid, if once the lovely fair
Were at our happy Lodges to appear,
That Love and Jealouſy would both be there.
Then rivals turn'd, our ſocial bonds deſtroy'd,
Farewel the pleaſures now ſo much enjoy'd.
We're taught to build 'gainſt Vice the ſtrongeſt fence,
And round us raiſe the wall of Innocence:
Happy! thrice happy! could we Maſons ſee
Such perfect workmen as they're taught to be;
Could we behold them every where appear
Worthy the honourable badge they wear.
Thus I've explain'd, my child, our Royal Art.
Da. I'm much oblig'd, I thank you from my heart.
All you have ſaid I have not underſtood,
But Maſonry, I'm ſure, is very good;
And if to marry 'tis my lot in life,
If you approve, I'll be a Maſon's wife.

V.

DIVESTED of all lightneſs, Fancy's pow'r,
The mere amuſement of an idle hour,
I now appear, with no alluring wile
To raiſe the long-loud laugh, or gen'ral ſmile.

Cloth'd in this dreſs, therein accoſting you,
Fictitious ſcenes and ſatire muſt adieu.
My preſent pride's to boaſt this noble grace,
And own my union to an ancient race.
This grace is noble, Virtue makes it ſo,
And ſtamps the man who wears it, high or low,
As he his actions to the world doth ſhow.
Our Order's age to Time himſelf's unknown,
And ſtill ſhall flouriſh when his ſcythe's laid down.
When th' æra came for Nature to ariſe,
Pleas'd with the work, ſhe halted thro' the ſkies;
Beauty, and Strength, and Wiſdom then aroſe,
Attendant to fulfil her various laws;
Quick th' immortals haſten'd to deſcry
Her great deſigns, and ſaw with wond'ring eye
Diſcord and darkneſs fly before her face,
And ſweeteſt Beauty fill the boundleſs ſpace.
They ſaw the planets dance their wond'rous round,
By Attraction's ſecret force in order bound.
They ſaw the earth in glory riſe to view,
Surpriz'd they ſtood, each diff'rent ſcene was new.
The crowning wonder next aroſe, and charm'd
Their minds with greater force, for man was form'd;
In whom the various graces all were join'd,
And Beauty, Strength, and Wiſdom were combin'd.
Their admiration then gave birth to praiſe,
They ſung the Architect in glorious lays.
Their lyres they tun'd with ſweeteſt harmony,
And hail'd the matchleſs name of Maſonry.
Such is the genial pow'r whoſe laws we own,
Whoſe wiſdom animates each duteous ſon,
Tho' witlings laugh, fools ſneer, and bigots frown.
When ſad corruption tainted human kind,
And prejudice ſhed darkneſs o'er the mind,
Men fled her preſence, dazzled at her light,
And choſe to wander in the wilds of night;
Griev'd at the ſcene, reluctant ſhe retir'd,
And in a ſev'n-fold veil her face attir'd.

No more in public are her truths reveal'd,
From all, but a choſen few, ſhe keeps conceal'd.
No mixed gaze, no clam'rous noiſe ſhe loves,
Wiſdom in ſoberneſs her mind approves.
But ſtill (ſo 'tis decreed) ſhe muſt retain
Some among men her ſcience to maintain.
For them the nobleſt fabrics ſhe rears,
To crown their virtues, and to eaſe their cares.
Within thoſe walls no trivial merit's known,
No wild ambition. Envy's jealous frown,
Jaundic'd Suſpicion, Satire's vengeful ſneer,
Dare not intrude; immortal Truth is there.
Friendſhip and Love, with all their charming train,
In Maſonry's bright temples ever reign—
No characters are on her altars ſlain.
What tho' the weak may point, with fooliſh ſneer,
At thoſe who're Maſons but by what they wear,
And ſagely aſk if Maſonry's ſo good,
Why are the lives of theſe ſo very rude?
Yet candid minds (and ſuch do here abound)
Will own the good, tho' bad ones may be found.
Search orders thro', e'en ſacred are not free
From thoſe who are not what they ought to be,
Still ſo exact are Maſonry's bright rules,
They none offend, but vicious men, or fools.
Brethren, to you, by whom theſe truths are known,
I now beg leave to turn. For favours ſhown
My thanks are due; accept them from a heart
That feels the Brother's tie in every part.
Long may your Lodge remain the honour'd ſeat
Of each Maſonic Virtue, good and great!
May ev'ry member as a Maſon ſhine,
And round his heart its ev'ry grace entwine!
While here below, may Heav'n upon him ſhow'r
Its choiceſt gifts, and, in a diſtant hour,
Gently from the Lodge below his ſoul remove
To the Grand Lodge of Maſonry above!

VI.

IF to delight and humanize the mind,
The ſavage world in ſocial ties to bind;
To make the moral virtues all appear
Improv'd and uſeful, ſoften'd from ſevere:
If theſe demand the tribute of your praiſe,
The teacher's honour, or the poet's lays;
How do we view them all compriſed in thee,
Thrice honour'd and myſterious Maſonry!
By thee erected, ſpacious domes ariſe,
And ſpires aſcending glitter in the ſkies;
The wond'rous whole by heav'nly art is crown'd,
And order in diverſity is found;
Thro' ſuch a length of ages, ſtill how fair,
How bright, how blooming do thy looks appear!
And ſtill ſhall bloom. Time, as it glides away,
Fears for its own before thine ſhall decay:
The uſe of accents from thy aid is thrown,
Thou form'ſt a ſilent language of thy own;
Diſdain'ſt that records ſhould contain thy art,
And only liv'ſt within the faithful heart.
Behold where kings, and a long ſhining train
Of garter'd heroes wait upon thy reign,
And boaſt no honour but a Maſon's name.
Still in the dark let the unknowing ſtray,
No matter what they judge, or what they ſay;
Still may thy myſtic ſecrets be conceal'd,
And only to a Brother be reveal'd.

VII.

IN earlieſt times, as man with man combin'd,
And Science taught them, and the arts refin'd,
The tragic muſe aroſe, and o'er the ſtage
Wept with feign'd grief, or rav'd with mimic rage;
Nor theſe alone her talents to convey
Th' inſtructive moral in a pleaſing lay;
To paint fair Virtue in her loveliеſt guiſe,
Or hold the frightful mirror up to Vice.

'Twas her's beſide, by ſtrokes of magic art,
To raiſe the feelings, and expand the heart;
To touch thoſe ſecret ſprings within that move
The tender ſympathy of ſocial love;
To melt us to compaſſion's ſofteſt mood,
And rouze the ſlumb'ring ſoul to active good.
Whilſt Nature thus by art, her hand-maid, dreſt,
Refines and modulates the human breaſt;
Here, to aſſiſt the Muſes' great deſign,
With ſmiles the ſons of Maſonry may join.
Benignant art! whoſe heav'n-born precepts tend
In larger paths to that ſame glorious end.
Bleſt art! in whoſe harmonious ſweet control
Soul vibrates perfect uniſon with ſoul;
Which prompts the precious drop in Pity's eye,
And lifts the graceful hand of Charity;
Enkindles Love and Friendſhip's ſacred flame,
And gives a foe diſtreſt a Brother's name.
Ye who this night (to mild affections prone)
Relieve our feelings, and indulge your own!
Still be your taſk to feel, and to relieve!
Still may you ſhare that comfort which you give!
And whilſt the ſcenes our Shakeſpeare's pencil drew,
Stand thus approv'd and ſanctify'd by you;
Whilſt here his moving tale ſhall reach your heart,
May your good deeds abroad this truth impart;
The tear which feign'd diſtreſs has taught to flow,
Will ſhed its lenient balm o'er real woe.

VIII.

LADILS, perhaps, you've heard of Gyges' ring,
Of which hiſtorians write, and poets ſing:
Form'd by a Lydian ſage with potent ſpell,
This ring its wearer made inviſible.
After his death it often chang'd its maſter,
At length fate deſtin'd it to Zoroaſter.
By his ſucceſſors carefully poſſeſt,
Long did the Magi flouriſh in the eaſt;

'Till Ammon's ſon with Thais thither came,
Who fir'd Perſepolis to pleaſe the dame.
Beneath its ruins long the treaſure lay,
'Till by an Arab robber brought to day:
Unconſcious of the prize he trudg'd along,
And ſold it to a Bramin for a ſong.
Thence in Bengal thro' various hands it paſt,
And to a kinſman of my own at laſt;
He dying gave it me; its virtues rare
Unfolded, and ſoon left a joyful heir:
To paſs where'er I pleas'd, unſeen and free,
O what a feaſt for curioſity!
No more ſhall Maſonry, I cry'd, conceal
Its myſteries—all its ſecrets I'll unveil.
No more the fair ſhall languiſh—I'll explain
What they all wiſh to know, and with in vain.
I ſaid, and clapp'd my ring upon my finger—
Away I went in haſte—I did not linger;
At a fat Brother's back, cloſe as his ſhade
I follow'd, and with him my entry made.
The Brethren all were met, a ſocial board;
I ſaw unterrify'd the guardian ſword.
I ſaw—I ſaw—and now your ears prepare,
What I then ſaw I'll publicly declare.
Clear'd was my mental eye—I ſaw each grace
And each protecting genius of the place:
Friendſhip on wing ethereal flying round,
Stretch'd out her arm, and bleſt the hallow'd ground.
Humanity well-pleas'd there took her ſtand,
Holding her daughter Pity in her hand:
There Charity, which ſoothes the widow's ſigh,
And wipes the dew-drop from the orphan's eye;
There ſtood Benevolence, whoſe large embrace,
Uncircumſcrib'd, took in the human race;
She ſaw each narrow tie, each private end,
Indignant, Virtue's univerſal friend;
Scorning each frantic zealot, bigot fool,
She ſtampt on every breaſt her golden rule.

And tho' the doors are barr'd 'gainſt you, ye fair,
Your darling repreſentative was there,
Sweet Modeſty. Amid the moral lay,
To you her tribute did remembrance pay.
I ſaw each honeſt heart with tranſport flow,
I ſaw each honeſt cheek with rapture glow.
Theſe little abſences I found would prove
But added fuel to the torch of love.
Smit with delight, at once reveal'd I ſtood,
And begg'd admiſſion of the Brotherhood:
They kindly heard, and pardon'd my offence;
I barter'd curioſity for ſenſe.
My magic ring deſtroy'd, reduc'd to duſt,
Taught what was right, and generous, and juſt.
For Maſonry, tho' hid from prying eyes,
In the broad world admits of no diſguiſe.

IX.

OF all the orders founded by the great,
The wiſe and good, of old or modern date,
None like the Craft of Maſonry can claim
The glorious ſummit of immortal fame.
Upon her principles creation ſtands,
Form'd by the firſt Almighty Maſon's hands,
Who by the rules of geometry diſplay'd
His power and wiſdom thro' the worlds he made.
The ſoul of man with knowledge he impreſs'd,
And taught him Maſonry to make him bleſs'd;
But ſoon fond man forſook the pointed road,
And loſt his knowledge when he left his God.
Long time he wander'd, ſore with woe oppreſt,
And dire remorſe ſtung home his conſcious breaſt,
At length he pray'd, and heav'n receiv'd his pray'r,
Pleas'd to behold with pity, and to ſpare;
And taught a way the ſcience to regain,
Thro' arduous ſtudy and laborious pain.
But 'twas forbid the ſecret to declare,
That all might equally the labour ſhare:

And hence it is, the beſt alone can claim
The nobleſt character, a Maſon's name;
And that the art, from other eyes conceal'd,
Remains a ſecret, as if ne'er reveal'd.
Let Cowans, therefore, and the upſtart fry
Of Gormagons, our well-earn'd praiſe deny.
Our ſecrets let them as they will deride,
For thus the fabled fox the grapes decry'd;
While we, ſuperior to their malice live,
And freely their conjectures wild forgive.

X.

THO' Slander follows whereſoe'er I go,
To villify the art ſhe does not know,
Undaunted (guilt alone has cauſe to fear)
Cloath'd with this honour'd badge, I now appear,
Owning myſelf a Maſon—at the name
No guilty redneſs dyes my cheek with ſhame:
Let Slander follow—I her darts defy,
And laugh at ſneering Folly's oft-told lie.
But what our order teaches I will ſhow—
The leſſons you muſt love when once you know.
It always bids us humbly to adore
Th' Almighty Architect, by whoſe great pow'r
The univerſe was built—to his decree,
Which Wiſdom ever guides, reſign'd to be.
It makes us zealous in our country's cauſe,
True to its prince, and faithful to its laws—
For ever bids us, with the ſtricteſt care,
To act with all the world upon the ſquare—
Never to publiſh a frail neighbour's ſhame,
Or filch away a Brother's honeſt name—
To be ſincere—his ſecrets ne'er reveal,
And him to ſerve with fervency and zeal.
With true philanthropy it warms our breaſt,
With uſeful zeal to ſuccour the diſtreſt—
Bids us ſhow mercy when we have the pow'r,
And to the houſeleſs ſtranger ope the door—

The naked with warm veſtments to infold,
And guard the ſhiv'ring wand'rers from the cold—
To feed the hungry, bid them eat and live,
And to the thirſty lip the cup to give—
To viſit wretches tortur'd by diſeaſe,
Make ſmooth their bed, and pour the balm of eaſe.
The widow's tale, the orphan's cry to hear,
And from their eyes wipe off affliction's tear;
"To know each office, each endearing tie,
"Of ſoft-ey'd, Heav'n-deſcended Charity."
Upright it bids us walk, to put a rein
On ſenſual appetites, and pride reſtrain.
It roots out narrow notions from the mind,
And plants a gen'rous love for all mankind;
Regards not modes of faith, but cries—"Unite
With all who work by the nice rule of right;
All have one father, all good men and true,
In diff'rent roads the ſame great end purſue."
When to the Lodge we go, that happy place,
There faithful Friendſhip ſmiles in every face.
What tho' our joys are hid from public view,
They on reflection pleaſe, and muſt be true.
The Lodge the ſocial Virtues fondly love,
There Wiſdom's rules we trace, and ſo improve;
There we (in moral architecture ſkill'd)
Dungeons for Vice—for Virtue temples build;
Whilſt ſcepter'd reaſon from her ſteady throne,
Well pleas'd ſurveys us all, and makes us one.
There concord and decorum bear the ſway,
And moral muſic tunes th' inſtructive lay:
There on a pleaſing level all appear,
And merit only is diſtinguiſh'd there.
Fraternal Love and Friendſhip there increaſe,
And decent Freedom reigns, and laſting Peace.
Secrets we have—but thoſe we gladly ſhow
To proper perſons, who apply to know.
Be not offended, lovely, beauteous fair,
That you from Maſon's rites excluded are;

'Tis not becauſe we think you would diſcloſe
Whate'er within your breaſts we might repoſe;
But we're afraid (and ſure our fears are true)
Were you admitted, Love would enter too;
That jealouſy might then our hearts inflame,
And to a rival's turn a Brother's name;
Break all our bonds, annihilate our joy,
And ſoon our ancient order quite deſtroy.
Be not offended—we your ſex adore,
And pay true homage to your ſov'reign pow'r.
Thus I the leſſons which we're taught have ſhown,
Which ſurely muſt be lov'd as ſoon as known;
If e'er with theſe our actions diſagree,
Cenſure the men—but blame not Maſonry;
We do not blame, when Chriſtians go aſtray,
The light that came from Heav'n to ſhow their way.

XI.

THE mighty conq'rors who aſpire to fame,
And who by wide-ſpread ruin raiſe a name,
Who glory in the battles which they gain,
And ride, exulting, o'er th' enſanguin'd plain;
Such men as theſe my heart can ne'er approve;
Terror they cauſe, but cannot win my love;
Theſe, by eternal Juſtice, were deſign'd
For righteous ends, the ſcourges of mankind.
My heart delights in theſe—the truly wiſe,
Who—men to make moſt happy—civilize;
The band illuſtrious—the benignant few,
Who teach the boiſt'rous paſſions to ſubdue;
Inſtruct mankind in ev'ry gen'rous art,
And, by example, humanize the heart;
Who, like the ſun, their bleſſings widely ſpread,
Who comfort give to grief—to hunger, bread;
Whoſe minds, contracted by no narrow plan,
Own as a brother ev'ry virtuous man
Who ſcience and morality improve,
And to all climes diffuſe fraternal love;

These only heroes in my eyes appear,
And such I more than honour—I revere.
To form such heroes Masonry was giv'n;
Most gracious gift of ever-bounteous Heav'n!
And oh! what pleasure now expands my mind,
To see around the friends of human-kind;
My Brethren—sons of Mercy—who bestow,
With lib'ral hand, the balm for mortals' woe;
Who, unconfin'd, Benevolence impart,
Dilate the narrow soul, and mend the heart.
Go on, ye wise philanthropists, pursue
The certain path which leads to honour true;
Still live as ye are taught, that men may see
What human nature can and ought to be;
Then Masonry—the source of truth and peace,
Will spread its influence far, and far increase;
Unfading glory deck the Mason's name,
Whilst, built on Virtue, stands his spotless fame.

XII.

THRO' many an age, amid the shock of arms,
Religion's jars, and party's fell alarms;
Mid Folly's lies, and Slander's forged stains,
Still unsubverted, Masonry remains;
Begot by Wisdom, and upheld by Truth,
Still feels the vigour of unfading youth.
The mystic building stands mid Envy's flood,
And Evil finds itself o'ercome by Good.
Still lock'd in secrecy the hallow'd tie;
Its generous virtues meet the public eye;
And actions now are candidly confest,
To show the hidden motives of the breast.
Hypocrisy awhile may cheat the sight,
But Time will bring the shaky pest to light.
Ages have stampt a value on our art,
But 'tis our deeds that must convince the heart.
The Mason views yon glitt'ring orbs on high,
Fix'd in the vast o'er-arching canopy,
And from the Architect benignant draws
His humbler actions, less extensive laws;

Benevolence is hence his darling theme,
His waking monitor, his midnight dream.
He views the various races of mankind,
And views them always with a Brother's mind.
No modes of faith reſtrain his friendly zeal,
The world is but one larger common weal.
Yet not alone the fruitleſs will to bleſs,
The Maſon's heart is open to diſtreſs;
His eye ſheds Pity's dew—his hand is near
To wipe away affliction's ſtarting tear;
The widow ſmiles—Compaſſion waves her wing;
The priſoner leaps for joy—the orphans ſing.

O, Brethren! ſtill purſue the taſk divine;
For us hath rectitude mark'd out the line.
Behold Humility the level bear,
And Juſtice, ſteady-handed, fix the ſquare.
Within our Lodge hath Friendſhip plac'd her throne,
There Unity hath knit her ſacred zone;
There Reaſon with ſimplicity of ſoul,
There modeſt Mirth and Temperance guard the bowl;
There moral Muſic lifts her tuneful lore,
And Secrecy ſits ſmiling at the door;
Conſcious, tho' not to prying mortals giv'n,
That all our actions are approv'd by Heav'n;
Conſcious, that all who aim at Virtue's goal,
Bear our eſſential myſt'ries in their ſoul.

To you, ye fair, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Tho' ancient cuſtom hath forbid that place;
We know your worth, your excellence we prize,
We own your charms, the magic of your eyes:
The wretch who loves not you, upon our plan,
Forfeits the name of Maſon, and of man.

XIII.

THE glorious temple rais'd by David's ſon,
Where Hiram's ſkill with matchleſs ſplendor ſhone,
In many a verſe hath ſpoke the Maſon's fame,
And equal'd with the King's the Maſter's name.
The ample baſe, where Sculpture twines the wreath,
And fondly bids departed Virtue breathe,

The beauteous column that ne'er tires the eye,
The lofty ſpire that ſeems to pierce the ſky,
All theſe, and more, the Maſon's ſkill diſplays;
Preſt by the hand of Time, they melt away:
More fix'd the fame his moral aims impart;
On the foundation of an upright heart
He rears a ſtructure Chance can ne'er annoy,
Malice deface, nor Ignorance deſtroy.

None but the favour'd band, who boaſt the will
A Brother's generous purpoſe to fulfil,
May, with due rites and formal reverence tread
The ſacred paths by myſtic Science made:
Hence vain Conceit hath often aim'd to throw
Contempt on maxims it could never know;
But, tho' Religion does her face enſhrine
In awful clouds, we own her voice divine;
Maſons with anxious zeal their myſt'ries guard,
Yet of the Maſons' worth who hath not heard?
Their public acts, by Truth to Fame conſign'd,
Speak them the liberal friends of humankind:
And might the Muſe their gracious deeds recite,
She'd not forget the kindneſs ſhown to-night.

In Gallia's fields, when Engliſh Harry fought,
His drooping ſoldiers in their tents he ſought;
The man to-day that draws for me his ſword,
Shall be my Brother!—was the hero's word:
The name of Brother touch'd each ſoldier's breaſt,
He graſp'd his arms, and ſhook with pride his creſt,
Th' event is known—the boaſters forc'd to yield,
Fled, while the band of Brothers ſcour'd the field.
If thus the name of Brother, like a charm,
Could frozen valour into action warm,
What ſolid virtues 'mongſt this band muſt grow,
Who own a Brother's name, and all his duties know!

XIV.

WHEN the Grand Maſter, the great Lord of all,
Call'd up from chaos this terreſtrial ball,
He gave the Word, and ſwift o'er eldeſt night
Beam'd the firſt dawning of celeſtial light:

Confuſion heard his voice, and murm'ring fled,
Whilſt Order rul'd, and triumph'd in its ſtead;
Diſcordant atoms rang'd from pole to pole,
Forgot to jar, and Peace poſſeſs'd the whole:
The fierceſt foes in mutual concord ſtrove,
And all (at once) was harmony and love.
By this example taught, Free-maſons join,
And full in ſight purſue the heavenly ſign.
With Love's firm bands connected, hand in hand,
On Friendſhip's ſolid baſe ſecure we ſtand,
While Confidence and Truth, by turns impreſt,
Beam heavenly influence on each conſcious breaſt.
No party feuds, no fierce inteſtine jars,
No ſenſeleſs tumults, no pernicious wars,
Diſturb our calm repoſe, where Peace alone,
In decent order, fills the friendly throne.
Can Wiſdom's ſelf a nobler method find
To charm the ſoul, and harmonize mankind,
Than we adopt, who labour ſtill to prove
Unblemiſh'd Truth, firm Faith, and mutual Love?
And ye (unconſcious of the heavenly ray)
Who ſmile, perhaps, at what theſe numbers ſay,
Confine the raſh reproach, and, warn'd, forbear
To ſpurn our laws becauſe ſome Brother's err.
In Nature's faireſt products faults ariſe;
But ſhall we thence all harmony deſpiſe?
Or think Creation's beauteous ſcheme undone,
Becauſe ſome ſpecks appear upon the ſun?

XV.

WHEN Heaven's eternal Architect began
To frame that noble ſuperſtructure Man,
His plan he laid with wiſdom all divine,
And power Almighty fill'd the great deſign:
An outward form he gave, throughout complete,
Where ſtrength and ſoftneſs, pow'r and beauty meet;
Where native majeſty maintain'd her throne,
The fair, tho' faint, reſemblance of his own:
A front erect the Godhead to adore,
To view his work, and tremble at his pow'r;

And in this frame a godlike ſoul he plac'd,
With reaſon, knowledge, and diſcernment grac'd.
Alike his goodneſs did to all diſpenſe
A due proportion of directing ſenſe.
One only gift there ſtill remain'd behind,
But for the few, the choſen few deſign'd;
'Twas ſacred Maſonry, that crown'd the whole,
And to a nobler height exalts the ſoul.

Of this great art the ſecrets to obtain,
Mankind for ages paſt have ſtrove in vain:
In vain ſhall ſtrive—till lawfully acquir'd,
The noble truths we teach their breaſts have fir'd—
Yet to th' unlearn'd thus far let it be known,
Our darling ſecret's Honeſty alone:
Howe'er thro' depths or myſteries explor'd,
Still Virtue is our grand, our maſter-word:
In that great ſecret centers all our art,
For each good man's a Maſon at his heart.

XVI.

WHILE others ſing of wars and martial feats,
Of bloody battles, and of fam'd retreats,
A nobler ſubject ſhall my fancy raiſe,
And Maſonry ſhall claim my earneſt praiſe.
Hail, Maſonry! thou royal art divine,
Blameleſs may I approach thy ſacred ſhrine;
Thy radiant beauties let me there admire,
And warm my heart with thy celeſtial fire.
Ye wilful blind, ſeek not your own diſgrace,
Be ſure you come not near the hallowed place,
For fear too late your raſhneſs you deplore,
And terrors feel by you unthought before.
With joy my faithful Brethren here I ſee,
Joining their hearts in love and unity;
No party jars, no politic debate,
Which often wrath excites, and feuds create;
No impious talk, no fleerings, jeſts nor brawls,
Are ever heard within our peaceful walls;
Here in harmonious concert friendly join,
The prince, the ſoldier, tradeſman, and divine,

And to each other mutual help afford.
The honeſt farmer, and the noble lord,
Freedom and mirth attend the cheerful bowl,
Refreſh the ſpirits, and enlarge the ſoul;
The cordial we with moderation uſe,
For Temperance admits of no abuſe;
Prudence we praiſe, and Fortitude commend,
To Juſtice always and her friends a friend:
The ſcoffing tribe, the ſhame of Adam's race,
Deride thoſe myſteries which they cannot trace,
Profane ſolemnities they never ſaw,
And lying libels are to them a law;
The Maſon's volume they in vain explore,
And turn myſterious pages o'er and o'er;
Hoping the great arcanum to attain,
But vain their toil, and fruitleſs all their pain;
They may as well for heat to Greenland go,
Or on the torrid regions ſeek for ſnow;
The royal Craft the ſcoffing tribe deſpiſe,
And veil their ſecrets from unlawful eyes.

XVII.

YOU'VE ſeen me oft in gold and ermine dreſt,
And wearing ſhort-liv'd honours on my breaſt;
But now, the honourable badge I wear
Gives an indelible high character,
And thus by our Grand Maſter am I ſent,
To tell you what by Maſonry is meant.
If all the ſocial virtues of the mind;
If an extenſive love to all mankind;
If hoſpitable welcome to a gueſt,
And ſpeedy charity to the diſtreſs'd;
If due regard to liberty and laws,
Zeal for our king and for our country's cauſe;
If theſe are principles deſerving fame,
Let Maſons then enjoy the praiſe they claim:
Nay more, tho' war deſtroys what Maſons build,
E'er to a peace inglorious we would yield,
Our ſquares and trowels into ſwords we'll turn,
And make our foes the wars they menace mourn;

For their contempt we'll no vain boaſter ſpare,
Unleſs by chance we meet a Maſon there.

EPILOGUES.

I.

Spoken in the Character of Colin Macleod, in the Faſhionable Lover.

COLIN Macleod you ſee again appears [wears;
And theſe white gloves and this white apron
He's a Free-maſon—you, Brethren, ken it well,
But how you ken it, that I ſhanna tell.
Frown not, my pretty laſſes—tho' from you
Our ſecret is conceal'd, we ſtill are true;
None will more conſtant lovers prove, believe me,
And we're no Maſons, if we e'er deceive ye.
In Edinburgh I lately was, and there
Of Maſons muckle gude I chanc'd to hear:
They told me they were helpful to the poor,
Lov'd all mankind, and op'd their friendly door
To men of mean as well as noble blood,
If they had honeſt hearts—were true and gude.
Aw my poor father left was honeſty,
And by my ſol it is not ſpent by me;
I offer'd—was receiv'd—and quickly found
What they had told me was not empty ſound.
Then I to Lodges, overjoy'd, repair'd,
And I will now diſcloſe what there I heard:
They told me in my dealings to be juſt,
To keep my word, be faithful to my truſt;
To love the man whoſe heart no falſhood knew,
Whether a Turk, a Chriſtian, or a Jew;
They told me that the gracious God above
Did gude men of all faiths and climates love,
They ſaid—ne'er let affliction paſs thee by,
And not aſk what it ails—they bid me try
To eaſe the troubled mind, to wipe the tearful eye.

Ah! when I ſee diſtreſs, my heart receives
Ecod ſike grief, and ſike a pull it gives,
I canna for my ſol, without great pain,
I canna get it bock t' its place again;
And to my lap it jumps for joy, when I
Can find the means to ſtop a Brother's ſigh:
I want to help all thoſe who feel diſtreſs;
Cold hearts all hanna who cold climes poſſeſs.
Since Heav'n has done ſo much for me, I were
A graceleſs loon, a little not to ſpare:
A little, my dear Brethren in diſtreſs.
Muckle I'll ſpare to make your ſuff'rings leſs;
I canna happy be, and you not ſo;
I take a ſhare in ev'ry human woe.
Oh! Maſonry, 'twas you my heart inclin'd,
Thus with effectual love, to love mankind;
You taught me mercy, and enlarg'd my mind.
May all your leſſons thro' the world extend,
Then man will be of man the certain friend;
No diff'rent faith or party diſunite,
And doing gude be ev'ry man's delight.

II.

Struggling as if to come on the Stage.

EXCUSE me, Sir—I'll not be held—Go to—
I fancy I can ſpeak as well as you.
I'm not prepar'd, you ſay—perhaps you're bit—
Alas! you little know of woman's wit.
Prologue, and ſongs, and all! 'tis rather hard,
I ſhould not in the deal put in my card.
Encroach on Maſon ground! no Lodge is here—
I'll ſpeak the Epilogue, that's flat and fair.
[Coming forward.
Brethren, (for by your ſmiles I well can ſee
You bear our ſex no great antipathy,)
Forgive this little buſtle and intruſion,
For whence did order ſpring, but from confuſion?
And ſure you'll deem a lady not abſurd,
To claim her right in having the laſt word.

Beſides, to be more plain, and tell you true,
We have our myſteries as well as you.
In ſhort (tho' I'm not apt to be laconic)
Our aprons, tho' not ſheep's-ſkin, are Maſonic.
Behold this tower ſuſpended in the air;
[*Pointing to her head-dreſs.*
What maſter Maſon, with his line and ſquare,
E'er form'd a juſter plan? 'tis built t' a hair.
This demi-baſtion! is it not compleat?
[*Turning half round, and pointing to the hinder hair.*
See you not here the beautiful and great?
Am I not qualify'd to give a lecture,
Who boaſt ſuch noble piles of architecture?
You fix your ſcale, or ſpread your compaſs wide—
Eccentric faſhion is the nobler guide.
Your figures! pſhaw! e'en Euclid's ſelf, perhaps,
'Twould poze to draw the figure of our caps.
And as for ſquares and hexagons, ye wiſe,
We beat you quite, for inſtance—Chriſtmas pies.
Talk you of inſtruments? Our ſimple feet
Shall dance, and form a labyrinth of Crete,
In circles moſt exact you deal—mere rote!
What circle's equal to our petticoat?
You ſage philoſophers may laugh or ſtare,
But if we pleaſe, we'll make the circle ſquare.
Think you, you e'er will ſee in Bedford-place
An oval finer than the female face?
But not to matter and its laws confin'd,
Our nicer art attempts the human mind.
We turn the ſoil, fix firm foundations there,
And fanes to Love and ſacred Hymen rear.
As the ground varies, whether vale or hill,
We Maſons vary our materials ſtill.
Some rule gay airs, yet innocently free,
Join'd with a daſh of harmleſs coquetry:
Some coy reſerve, ſome wit's enlivening fire,
Others, Amphion-like, the melting lyre.
The prude indeed could never build at all,
For Scandal's ſandy pillars quickly fall.

Two radiant eyes have often rais'd a pile,
As the ſun quickens inſects in the Nile:
Yet Time we own will ſhake our firmeſt mound,
Unleſs by Virtue's laſting cement bound;
Unleſs good temper veils each latent flaw,
And Decency her poliſh will beſtow.
Thus, Brethren, ſtand our claim to Maſonry,
Let a free ſiſter then accepted be.
Know then that all true adepts have their ſign;
Diſcover yours, I'll frankly tell you mine.

III.

WHERE are theſe hydras? Let me vent my ſpleen;
—Are theſe Free-maſons? Bleſs me! theſe are men!
And young and briſk too—I expected monſters,
Brutes more prodigious than Italian ſongſters.
Lud! how report will lie! how vain's the pother!
Are theſe like ſparks who only love each other!
Let eaſy faiths on ſuch groſs tales rely,
'Tis falſe by rules of phyſiognomy;
I'll ne'er believe it, poz, unleſs I try.
In proper time and place, there's little doubt,
But one might find their wond'rous ſecrets out,
I ſhrewdly gueſs, egad, for all their ſhyneſs,
They'd render ſigns and tokens too of kindneſs;
If any truth in what I here obſerve is,
They'll quit ten brothers for one ſiſter's ſervice.
But hold, wild fancy, whither haſt thou ſtray'd?
Where man's concern'd, alas! how frail's a maid!
I came to ſtorm, to ſcold, to rail, to rate—
And ſee, the accuſer's turn'd the advocate.
Say to what merits might I not pretend,
Who, tho' no ſiſter, do yet prove your friend;
Would beauty thus but in your cauſe appear,
'Twere ſomething, Sirs, to be accepted there.
[*Pointing to the boxes.*
Ladies, be gracious to the myſtic arts,
And kindly take the gen'rous Maſons' parts;
Let no loquacious fop your joys partake,
He ſues for telling, not for kiſſing leek:

Firm to their truſt, the faithful Craft conceal;
They cry no roaſt-meat, fare they ne'er ſo well:
No tell tale ſneer ſhall raiſe the conſcious bluſh,
The loyal Brother's word is always—*Huſh.*
What tho' they quote old Solomon's decree,
And vainly boaſt that thro' the world they're free,
With eaſe you'll humble the preſumptuous braves,
One kind regard makes all theſe freemen ſlaves.

IV.

Spoken by a Maſon's Wife.

WITH what malicious joy, e'er I knew better,
Have I been wont the Maſons to be-ſpatter!
How greedily have I believ'd each lie
Contriv'd againſt that fam'd ſociety!
With many more, complain'd—'twas very hard,
Women ſhould from their ſecrets be debar'd;
When kings and ſtateſmen to our ſex reveal
Important ſecrets which they ſhould conceal,
That beauteous ladies, by their ſparks ador'd,
Never could wheedle out the Maſon's word:
I thought, unable to explain the matter,
Each Maſon ſure muſt be a woman-hater:
With ſudden fear and diſmal horror ſtruck,
I heard my ſpouſe was to ſubſcribe the book.
By all our loves I begg'd he would forbear;
Upon my knees I wept, and tore my hair;
But when I found him fix'd, how I behav'd,
I thought him loſt, and like a fury rav'd.
When he came back, I found a change, 'tis true,
But ſuch a change as did his youth renew:
With roſy cheeks and ſmiling grace he came,
And ſparkling eyes that ſpoke a bridegroom's flame.
Ye marry'd ladies, 'tis a happy life,
Believe me, that of a Free-maſon's wife;
Tho' they conceal the ſecrets of their friends,
In love and truth they make us full amends.

V.

WELL, here I'm come to let you know my thoughts;
Nay, ben't alarm'd, I'll not attack your faults;
I'm in good humour, and am come to prattle;
Han't I a head well turn'd, d'ye think, to rattle?
But to clear up the point, and to be free,
What think you is my subject?—Masonry:
Tho' I'm afraid, as lawyers cases clear,
My learn'd debate will leave you as you were.
What think you, ladies, e'nt it very hard,
That we should from this secret be debarr'd?
How comes it that the softer hours of love,
To wheedle out this secret fruitless prove?
For we can wheedle when we hope to move.
What can it mean, why all this mighty pother,
These mystic signs, and solemn calling Brother?
That we are qualify'd in signs is known;
We can keep secrets too, but they're our own.
When my good man first went to be a Mason,
Tho' I resolv'd to put the smoother face on;
Yet, to speak truly, I began to fear
He must some dreadful operation bear;
But he return'd, and on his face appear'd
A pleasing smile that ev'ry scruple clear'd.
Such added complaisance, so much good nature,
So much, so strangely alter'd for the better,
That, to increase the mutual dear delight,
Would he were made a Mason ev'ry night!

THE MASONIC ESSAYIST.

A Vindication of Maſonry from a Charge of having given riſe to the French Revolution.

In the Gentleman's Magazine *for June* 1794, *was inſerted a moſt inſidious attack on the excellent inſtitution of Free-maſonry, to the operations of which the anonymous writer* very candidly *attributed the French Revolution. It was contained in the following letter:*

Mr. Urban, Wincheſter, May 18.

AS every thing that relates to the French Revolution, eſpecially whatever tends to inveſtigate the cauſes of it, is extremely curious and intereſting at the preſent period, I embrace the opportunity which your widely-circulated Magazine affords, of making known amongſt my countrymen an opinion on this ſubject, which, whether well or ill founded, is very prevalent on the Continent, hoping that ſome of your intelligent correſpondents will be enabled to throw greater light upon it. The opinion in queſtion is, that the myſteries of Free-maſonry have, in a great meaſure, contributed to thoſe changes in ſentiment and morality, no leſs than in government, amongſt a neighbouring people, which the ſurrounding nations view with ſuch ſurprize. I cannot better make known theſe ideas than by giving a ſhort account of a work, in which they are contained, now lying before me, written in the French language, and much eſteemed by the honeſt part of the French nation, though little known amongſt our countrymen. The author of this was a M. Le Franc, the late ſuperior of the ſeminary of Budiſts at Caen, who was butchered at Paris on the famous 2d of September. He is ſaid, by his friends, one of whoſe letters on this ſubject I have ſeen, to have derived his knowledge of

Free-maſonry from a voluminous collection of papers which a maſter of that order, in his laſt ſickneſs, put into his hands. It is farther ſtated, that the author, having thoroughly examined theſe papers, conceived it to be his duty to lay the ſubſtance of them before the archbiſhop of Paris ſome years previous to the commencement of the Revolution; at the ſame time undertaking to demonſtrate, that the ſyſtem contained in them menaced approaching ruin both to church and ſtate. The work I have mentioned is entitled, The Veil withdrawn; or, the Secret of the French Revolution explained by the help of Free-maſonry. *The ſecond edition, which I make uſe of, was printed at Paris in* 1792.

In the aforeſaid work the author ridicules the ſeveral pretenſion to a high antiquity, and to an honourable origin, to which many Free-maſons lay claim. It ſeems, that ſome of theſe ſay they were founded by thoſe fraternities of Maſons who rebuilt ſeveral cities in Paleſtine during the Cruſades, and who were the fabricators of our beautiful Gothic churches: others aſcribe their inſtitution to our king Athelſtan, the grandſon of the great Alfred; who, having ſent over to the Continent for the moſt able builders that could be engaged, gave them a charter, and a code of laws peculiar to themſelves; whilſt many more claim a deſcent from the builders of Solomon's famous temple. To all theſe M. Le Franc replies, that it is clear, from their own confeſſion, as well as from every other circumſtance, that their building is of a mere emblematical nature; their profeſſion being to erect temples for the protection of virtue, and priſons for the reception of vice. It appears, that of late years, many members of this ſociety, and amongſt the reſt the celebrated Count Caglioſtro, maintained that the ſtricteſt connexion is to be found between the myſteries of Free-maſonry and thoſe practiſed in the worſhip of Iſis, and that therefore, the former were to be traced up to a very remote period of antiquity, and to the country of Egypt. For whatever learning there is in this account, Le Franc ſays, that Caglioſtro is indebted to the publication on this

ſubject of Monſieur Guillement, a learned Maſon. He is as far, however, from admitting this as the other genealogies of the ſociety in queſtion. On the contrary, he ſays it cannot be traced higher than the famous irreligious meeting of Treviſan, Ochin, Gentilis, Lelius, Darius Socinus, and others, at Vicenza, in 1546: but it is to Fauſtus Socinus, he aſſerts, that the proper foundation of Free-maſonry, as a hidden and emblematical ſyſtem of Equality and Deiſm, properly belongs. This artful and indefatigable ſectary, having ſeen Servetus burnt by Calvin at Geneva, for maintaining only a part of his ſyſtem, and finding that the Proteſtant and Catholic ſtates were equally hoſtile to its reception, is ſaid to have concealed it under emblems and myſterious ceremonies, together with certain dreadful oaths of ſecrecy, in order that, whilſt it was publicly preached amongſt the people in thoſe provinces in which it was tolerated, it might ſilently ſteal, eſpecially by means of the learned and the opulent, into other countries, in which an open profeſſion of it would then have conducted to the ſtake. The propagation of this ſyſtem is ſtated to have been veiled under the enigmatical term of building a temple, "the length of which," in the terms of Free-maſonry, "was to extend from the Eaſt to the Weſt, and the breadth of it from the North to the South." Hence the profeſſors of it are furniſhed with the ſeveral inſtruments of building; the trowel, the mallet, the ſquare, the level, the plummet, &c. This accounts for the name of Maſons, *which they have adopted. As to the epithet of* Free, *which they prefix to the ſame, our author ſays it is derived from* frey, *which in Poland, whence this Socinian confraternity paſſed about the middle of the laſt century into England, denotes a* brother.

With reſpect to the influence which this writer ſuppoſes Free-maſonry to have had on the French Revolution, he remarks that the monſter Egalité, who was the main ſpring of the latter, was alſo the Grand Maſter, in France, of the former; that Condorcet, Rochefoucault, and other chief officers of the Maſonic order, were the

chief architects of the new constitution; that the new division of France into departments, districts, cantons, and circumferences (arrondissements) is confessedly the self-same, in all its parts, with that of Masonry throughout Europe; that the National Assembly, when they went in a body to the cathedral of Paris to celebrate the Revolution, soon after it had taken place, were pleased to accept of the highest honour of Masonry, that of passing under the arch of steel (formed by a double row of Brethren who held the points of their swords so as to touch each other.) In short, he says, that the municipal scarf, which is the distinctive mark of the lowest order of French magistrates, is the self same with that of Apprentice Masons; that the president of the Assembly's hat resembles that of a venerable Master in Masonry; and that the obligation of laying aside all marks of distinction, such as stars, garters, ribands, crosses, &c. before a Brother is permitted to enter into a Lodge, was not only a prelude, but also was intended as a preparation for that destruction of all ranks in society which has taken place in the country we have been speaking of. I must not forget the marked protection which, our author says, the new Legislature has afforded Free-masonry, at the same time that it has destroyed all other corporations and societies.

I must now briefly detail some of this writer's remarks on the effects which he supposes Free-masonry has produced on moral sentiment and religion throughout France. He contends, that the horrible and sanguinary oaths which are taken in the several degrees of Masonry, and which he lays before his readers, the daggers, cross-bones, death's heads, imaginary combats with the murderers of Hiram, and other horrid ceremonies they make use of, have a natural tendency to steel the hearts; and have, in fact, paved the way for those revolting barbarities which have indeed been transacted by the enthusiastic multitude, but not until they had been coolly planned by their philosophic leaders. He, moreover, enters upon an exposition of the rabbinical tales concerning the death and

burial of Adoniram, and of the meaning of the Master's watch word Macbenac, together with an analysis of the catechism repeated by the Masonic Knights of the Sun at their initiation; all which, he undertakes to show, are calculated to undermine genuine Christianity, and to establish a Socinian and Deistical system of religion, and a code of morality very different from that of the Gospel.

It is necessary that I should here remark, in favour of many Masons of this country of approved morality and sentiment, and conspicuous for their loyalty at the present season, that our author maintains that, whilst the lower orders of this society, viz. the apprentices, companions, and ordinary masters, are amused with their emblematical insignia and ceremonies, only the perfect, or Scotch masters, and the grand architects, whose introduction into France he dates so low as the year 1784, through the means of Ernest Fred. Walter Hoffman, chamberlain to the King of Denmark, are in the real secret of Freemasonry. On this head he points out the oaths which are taken in the different degrees, not only to conceal their respective secrets from the profanum vulgus, but also from their own brethren who are in a lower class than themselves.

Having given this imperfect analysis of the above-mentioned author's celebrated work, the substance of which is also adopted by other writers of character, I wish to ascertain, if it be possible, (after making very great allowances for our author's enthusiasm for his system, in ascribing to one cause an event which is evidently the result of many,) 1. Whether there is any thing in the original constitution of Free-masonry which is calculated, or has a tendency, to produce those changes in civil and religious affairs which have lately taken place in France? 2. Admitting that this first question is determined in the negative, may not a considerable number of the Lodges in France have organized themselves of late years upon principles of Irreligion and Republicanism? 3. Was Free-masonry instituted by Socinus and his immediate disciples, and introduced into England about the

time of the great Rebellion, and thence carried into France at the time of the Revolution?

Yours, &c. *J. M.*

THAT excellent moraliſt, Dr. Johnſon, has ſomewhere in his Rambler made an obſervation to this effect, "That no man ſhould ſuffer his heart to be inflamed with malice but by injuries, nor buſy himſelf in conteſting the pretenſions of others, but when ſome right of his own is involved in the queſtion."

"*The myſteries of Free-maſonry* (ſays the foregoing Letter-writer) *have in a great meaſure contributed to thoſe changes in ſentiment and morality, no leſs than in government, amongſt a neighbouring people, which the ſurrounding nations view with ſuch ſurprize.*"

The *morality* inculcated in the diſciples of our Inſtitution I never remember to have heard diſputed before: and thoſe to whom the Myſteries of our Firſt Degree are familiar, well know, that the lectures peculiar to that Degree conſtitute one of the moſt perfect and moſt beautiful ſyſtems of morality that ever was inſpired by God or conceived by man.

That the Inſtitution of Maſonry is of all others the moſt ill calculated to effect any change of *political* opinion, much leſs to promote a revolution in any government under which it may be permitted to operate, is an indiſputable truth; for, one of the moſt poſitive injunctions impoſed on a candidate for our order, and the admonition moſt frequently reprated in our general aſſemblies, is, cheerfully to conform ourſelves to the government under which we live, and to pay implicit obedience to thoſe laws which afford us protection; this admonition accompanies our progreſs through all countries of the univerſe, as well as at home; but it is ſtrengthened with this further impreſſion, that in whatever quarter of the world we may travel, we ſhould never forget the allegiance due to our native ſovereign, nor ſuffer to ſubſide that warm and natural attachment which we

owe to the ſoil whereon we firſt drew breath. Theſe, it is well known, are among our moſt poſitive and binding regulations; yet it ſeems as if our anceſtors, fearful of not ſufficiently guarding the Fraternity againſt the poſſibility of being ſuſpected of diſloyalty, had judged it neceſſary, in their general laws, poſitively to prohibit the utterance of a ſingle ſentence in our meetings on any *political* ſubject whatever.

I ſhall here remark, once for all, that if L. M. had been actuated by a pure zeal for the cauſe he pretends to eſpouſe, that of the ſecurity and ſtability of government, he would not have contented himſelf with the vague information which a foreign pamphlet could afford him, (a pamphlet too on a ſubject on which, I am bold enough to ſay, never man wrote with truth or integrity, or even without a ſet purpoſe to miſlead or to defame;) but would have applied, on the credit of his character for probity and honour, for a regular admiſſion to our myſteries, and then, after a fair and full uſe of his ſenſes, have exerciſed his judgment in a candid deduction from the whole: ſuch a conduct would have been laudable; ſuch is the only conduct that would have ſuggeſted itſelf to a man deſirous of diſcovering truth; and any other conduct gives room to ſuſpect him of a diabolical intention to defame an Order of Men who in every age and nation have preſerved an unſullied name, and been honoured with the moſt diſtinguiſhed patronage.

It is the moſt abſurd thing in nature (and the reaſon will be obvious to every Maſon) to believe, that any part of the real arcana of Maſonry ever was, or ever could be, committed to writing. Needy men have, we know, levied contributions pretty ſucceſſfully on the public credulity, by publiſhing whimſical pamphlets profeſſing to lay open the ſecrets of Maſonry; and I am prepared to hear many perſons in ridicule ſay, that the reaſon why no ſecrets have been publiſhed, or can be written, is, that none ex-

iſt among us. I am ſatisfied that they ſhould ſay ſo; inaſmuch as I prefer hearing men laugh to hearing them lie.

The aſſertion (which is J. M's) *that this French book is in much eſteem among the* honeſt *part of that nation*, betrays the cloven foot: to ſay the leaſt, it proves that a ſtrong prejudice exiſts in his mind, under the influence of which it is impoſſible for J. M. to argue with candour.

Either M. Le Franc, the alledged author of the French book, muſt have been a Free and Accepted Maſon or not. If he were one, and had entered into ſolemn obligations of ſecrecy, does the violation of thoſe obligations give him a title to that implicit credit which J. M. ſeems willing to allow him? or, is the man who fearleſsly violates an oath moſt awfully adminiſtered and accepted in the face of God and man, likely to have many ſcruples of conſcience when he is about to publiſh a pamphlet *ad captandum vulgus?* If M. Le Franc never was initiated, it follows of courſe that his work muſt be a fabrication without ſenſe or meaning. As to the ſtale pretext of his having derived his knowledge of Maſonry from a collection of papers put into his hands by a Maſter-maſon on a death-bed, the long hackneyed fiction is too palpable to deſerve a moment's conſideration.

I am ſorry to perceive, that the abominable impoſtures of Caglioſtro ſhould have brought ſcandal on an Inſtitution with which they have no more connection than have the moſt oppoſite things in nature; and am very willing to believe, that *his* myſteries may have been derived from the *famous irreligious meeting at Vicenza in* 1546. But on the ſubject of M. Le Franc's next charge, that Free-maſonry is *a hidden and emblematical ſyſtem of Equality and Deiſm*, I muſt requeſt permiſſion to remark a little more at length.

The *Equality* eſtabliſhed among Maſons is a temporary and voluntary condeſcenſion of ſuperiors to inferiors during the meeting of a Lodge (no longer)

for the laudable purpoſe of promoting one of the grand principles of the Order, Brotherly Love. When they depart from the Lodge, however, each man reſumes his proper rank and ſtation, and honour is paid to whom it is due. Nor even while the Lodge is open does this condeſcenſion of ſuperiors ſubject them to that kind of familiarity which breeds contempt; if ſuch were the caſe, diſguſt would operate to detach them from our fellowſhip; inſtead of which, a cordial union in works calculated to promote the happineſs of ſociety, by the exerciſe of the moſt benevolent principles, is the influence under which they meet; and for this generous purpoſe we happily find, that rank, while it gives power, never deprives of inclination.

Whoever firſt conceived the idea on which the Maſonic fabric has been reared, muſt have been endued with a wiſdom almoſt ſuper-human. Brotherly Love and Relief are its grand objects; and how could theſe be effectually purſued, if the jarring tenets, and inеſſential and ceremonial peculiarities, of different religious ſects and perſuaſions, were ſuffered to ſtand as a bar between men inclined to adopt and co-operate in an *univerſal ſyſtem* *? Let us, the better to illuſtrate this point, take a familiar example.

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* *That the principles of Maſonry are calculated for univerſal reception, without offending any particular ſpecies of religion, will be plain from the teſtimony of the following letter, received by the Grand L. February 2, 1780, (being a faithful tranſlation from the Perſian original,) written by his Highneſs Omdit ul Omrah Bahaudar, ſon of the Nabob of Arcot (of courſe a Mahometan.)*

To the Right Worſhipful his Grace the Duke of Manchеſter, G. M. of the illuſtrious and benevolent Society of Free and Accepted Maſons, under the Conſtitution of England, and the G. Lodge thereof.

Let us ſuppoſe a Turk, a Jew, and a Chriſtian, ſhipwrecked, and thrown almoſt ſtileleſs on a foreign

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Much honoured Sir, and Brethren,

AN early knowledge and participation of the benefits ariſing to our houſe from its intimate union of councils and intereſts with the Britiſh nation, and a deep veneration for the laws, conſtitution, and manners of the latter, have for many years of my life led me to ſeize every opportunity of drawing the ties ſubſiſting between us ſtill cloſer and cloſer.

By the accounts which have reached me of the principles and practices of your fraternity, nothing can be more pleaſing to the ſovereign Ruler of the Univerſe, whom we all, though in different ways, adore, *or more honourable to his creatures*; for they ſtand upon the broad baſis of indiſcriminate and univerſal benevolence. *Under this conviction I had long wiſhed to be admitted of your fraternity; and now that I am initiated*, I conſider the title of an Engliſh Maſon as one of the moſt honourable that I poſſeſs; *for it is at once a cement to the friendſhip between your nation and me, and confirms me* the friend of mankind.

I have received from the advocate-general of Bengal, Sir John Day, the very acceptable mark of attention and eſteem with which you have favoured me: it has been preſented with every circumſtance of deference and reſpect, that the ſituation of things here, and the temper of the times, would admit of; and I do aſſure your Grace, and the Brethren at large, that he has done ample juſtice to the commiſſion you have confided to him, and has executed it in ſuch a manner as to do honour to himſelf and me. I ſhall avail myſelf of a proper opportunity to convince your Grace, and the reſt of the Brethren, that Omdit ul Omrah is not an unfeeling Brother, or heedleſs of the precepts he has imbibed; and that while he teſtifies his love and eſteem for his Brethren, by ſtrengthening the bands of humanity, he means

shore; perhaps, too, an inhospitable one. Far from being relieved by the inhabitants (who may be either Pagans, or, if Christians, Christians of a different church from the miserable sufferers) they will be probably stripped of any valuables that may have been attached to their persons, or at least be left unassisted or disregarded. If they beseech succour to preserve life, it is a great chance but religious prejudices step in to prevent or abridge that succour, and in despair the *Men* may die.

We now, for the sake of argument, will suppose that each of the three is a *Mason*; the first thought that occurs to him in his distress is, to enquire if any Lodge of Masons, or any individual members of that Order, are settled in the country; (and what country can be mentioned, where civilization, or even where commercial intercourse has penetrated, and Free masonry is not known?) to this Lodge then, or to those individuals, each addresses himself as a Brother, and having, by significant signs and tokens known only to the initiated, proved the truth of his assertions, the ineffable influence of our principles will not fail to be happily experienced. See them, then, placed with Brethren in a Lodge met for the express purpose of enforcing by principles and practice the benign doctrine of universal good will. The Lodge we may suppose consisting of men of the most opposite

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to minister to the wants of the distressed. May the common Father of all, the one omnipotent and merciful God, take you into his holy keeping, and give you health, peace, and length of years, prays your

Highly honoured and affectionate Brother,

OMDET UL OMRAH BAHAUDAR.

The first testimony he gave of his regard to the Institution, was by initiating his brother Omar al Omrah, who seems equally attached with himself to promote the welfare of the Society.

religious perſuaſions that can poſſibly be grouped together. Now it is plain, that if religious, or even political ſubjects were ſuffered to be diſcuſſed in ſuch an aſſembly, diſcord, not harmony, muſt prevail; inveterate hatred, not brotherly love. Wiſely, therefore, was it calculated to conciliate true friendſhip among perſons of all religions, by adopting the broad and natural principle of viewing all men as Brethren, created by one Almighty Parent, and placed in this ſublunary world for the mutual aid and protection of each other. The ſolemnity of our rites, however, which, embracing the whole ſyſtem of morality, cannot fail to include the firſt principles of religion, from which morality is beſt derived, neceſſarily calls our attention to the great Architect of the univerſe, the Creator of us all. In contemplation of *His* wiſdom, *His* goodneſs, and *His* power, the Turk (under one name) the Jew and Chriſtian (under another) can join in adoration, all agreeing in the grand eſſential and univerſal principle of religion, the recognition and worſhip of a Deity, in whole hands are the iſſues of life and death, though differing in ſome more minute tenets peculiar to each; and is it neceſſary that this admirable ſyſtem of union for the beſt of purpoſes ſhould be deſtroyed by the introduction in a Chriſtian Lodge of the doctrine of redemption, which muſt offend the Turk; or of the holy name of the Meſſiah, which offends the prejudices of the Jew; or in a Turkiſh Lodge of the name of Mahomet, which muſt offend both Jew and Chriſtian, and thereby defeat the univerſality of an excellent inſtitution? No; we *are* Brethren; the Godhead has taught us ſo to call each other; the innate principle perſuades us we are ſo. Shall then this temporary and happy accommodation of ſentiment to good purpoſes ſtamp us Deiſts? Very far from it: when the Lodge is cloſed, each departs untainted by the other; the Jew to his ſynagogue, the Turk to his moſque, the Chriſtian to his church, as fully impreſſed as ever with the divine

origin and rectitude of his own faith, from the principles of which he has never for one moment swerved in thought or deed. Away, then, with such injurious ſuſpicions!—No more would the firſt dignitaries of the church ſanction by their preſence and patronage a ſyſtem of *Deiſm*, or any inſtitution deſtructive of Religion, than the Heir Apparent, and other Princes of the Blood Royal, would aſſume the direction and ſupport of a Fraternity whoſe principles were hoſtile to the Government over which, in the courſe of nature, they may be called, as ſovereigns, to preſide.

J. M. remarks, with apparent exultation, *that the monſter Egalité was G. M. of Maſons in France.* If this be true, it is, indeed, to be lamented, that ſo bad a man ſhould have had the power of diſſimulation ſo to have concealed his principles, as to have impoſed on good men, who certainly meant only to avail themſelves of his dignity and his importance in the State, to give the greater ſanction to their laudable purſuits. But, ſay he were

"vile and falſe,
"As where's that palace whereinto foul things
"Sometimes intrude not?"

the miſconduct of one member (however diſtinguiſhed) in a ſociety, can ſurely be no impeachment of its general tendency.

What follows in the Eſſay, about the *ſcarfs* of Apprentice Maſons, and the *hat of a venerable* Maſter, muſt allude (if it meant any thing) to modes and cuſtoms peculiar to that country, as they are aſſuredly not known in our aſſemblies.

With reſpect alſo to the obligation which J. M. mentions, of "laying aſide all marks of diſtinction, ſuch as ſtars, garters, ribands, croſſes, &c." before a Brother is permitted to enter a Lodge, (whence he ſagely deduces the ſource of the French levelling ſyſtem,) we know nothing of them.

He then goes on to say, *I must not forget the marked protection which the new Legislature* [of France] *has afforded Free-masonry.* This certainly is but a very weak argument *against* our Order; a candid man, or one not pre-determined to envenom the dart he meant to throw at an object, would rather have supposed, that as the Members of our Fraternity are in every part of the world so numerous, the greater numbers of the persons who had usurped a power of governing in France, being themselves Masons, and well acquainted with the salutary influence of a plan which excluded all political discussion, and only tended to succour distress, and enforce the moral duties, might very naturally be led to countenance so numerous a body of the community, who by their indispensable tenets were prevented (as a body) from meddling with the springs of government. But J. M. was, it is very manifest, pre-determined to view every object through an inverted medium.

His detail of *horrible ceremonies, imaginary combats, Rabbinical tales,* &c. &c. I cannot speak to, as I have no knowledge of any thing to which they can allude; to contend with him on this subject, is a sciomancy for which I have no inclination; nor is it necessary, as his introduction, just afterward, of the *Knights of the Sun,* sufficiently proves that he is stumbling among the tracks of imposture, among fanciful establishments, which have no analogy to, and which derive neither support nor countenance from, genuine Masonry. The forced and affected compliment that J. M. then pays to *many Masons of this country of approved morality and sentiment,* but ill comports with the jaundiced aspect of the foregoing part of the essay; and we give little credit to, and derive small satisfaction from, the luke-warm praises of a man, who has just before been loading with obloquy an Institution to which we are, from principle, most worthily, warmly, and inviolably attached.

J. M. closes his remarks with three queries. The

firſt has been ſpoken to in the preſent eſſay; as to the ſecond, it is difficult for us to ſay what irregularities ſome Lodges (of Lodges) in France may have been guilty of. As to the third, wherein he is pleaſed to give us Socinus for the founder of our Order, and England as the place of its origin, and to compliment the Brethren of this nation as the exporters of its ſuppoſed irreligious and republican principles into France, I ſhall leave the taſk of reply to ſome other writer. For my part, I am heartily tired of the ſubject, aſhamed of having entered ſo much at length upon it, and by no means convinced, that either the book in queſtion is not ſuppoſitious, or that J. M. is not himſelf the author of it.

Curſory Thoughts on the Maſonic Inſtitution, Addreſſed to the Author of the Illuſtrations, &c.

TO your valuable inſtructions in the Science of Maſonry, I ſhould do great injuſtice, if I did not frequently make them the ſubject of ſerious reflection, theſe manifeſt tendency being to improve the underſtanding, and amend the heart.

Contemplating the intereſting picture diſcloſed to the view of the inveſtigating *Maſon*, I frequently regret that I am reſtrained from developing to ſome of my moſt valued friends among the uninitiated ſo much of its beauty, of diſplaying ſuch of its moſt ſtriking features, as would ſerve to counteract the effects of thoſe erroneous ideas of our Inſtitution, which we find too prevalent among mankind.

The *Maſonic ſyſtem*, to my eye, exhibits a ſtupendous and beautiful fabric, founded on univerſal Piety, unfolding its gates to receive, without prejudice or diſcrimination, the worthy profeſſors of every deſcription of genuine Religion; concentrating, as it were, in one body, the juſt tenets, unincumbered by the diſputable peculiarities of all ſects and perſuaſions, and

ſtoring up the moſt approved ſchemes of Ethics adopted by the different nations of the world, where Civilization has impreſſed her footſteps.

This Syſtem originated in the earlieſt ages, and among the wiſeſt of men, and on it the effect of time (contrary to the uſual courſe) has been to meliorate, not to impair; to conduct it to perfection by improvement *ad infinitum*, not to accelerate its progreſs to decay; it is a Syſtem, I muſt ſay, (whether morally or religiouſly conſidered) more excellent than any, becauſe partaking of the chief excellencies of all others; more practicable, more productive of effect on its profeſſors, becauſe, free from the auſterity, yet compriſing the beſt precepts of religion, it removes the thorns in the road to happineſs, and ſubſtitutes a flowery path to the ſame goal.

It is to be lamented, that to the ſuggeſtions of ſome weak minds among our Fraternity, the prejudices of the world againſt our invaluable inſtitution are in a great meaſure imputable. Unable to comprehend the beautiful allegories of ancient Wiſdom, they ignorantly aſſert, that the rites of *Maſonry* are futile and its doctrines inefficient. To this aſſertion, indeed, they give, by their own conduct, a ſemblance of truth, as we fail to diſcern that *they* are made wiſer or better men by their admiſſion to our Myſteries. Nature alone can implant the ſeeds of wiſdom, but *Maſonry* will teach and enable us to cultivate the ſoil, and to foſter and ſtrengthen the plant in its growth.

Of underſtandings incompetent to the conception of an idea ſo ſublime as that of a ſociety of men, uniting for the noble purpoſe of imbibing and diſſeminating the principles of wiſdom and of virtue (for, in the *Royal Art*, wiſdom and virtue go hand in hand) in a mode ſo facile and ſo faſcinating as to ſerve the ſacred cauſe by an imperceptible operation; binding themſelves to civil and ſocial fidelity, to ſupport the

government of the State under which they live, and to revere the laws wiſely eſtabliſhed for good government among themſelves; ſubjugating their paſſions, healing animoſities, cultivating fraternal affection, promoting and facilitating the acquiſition of Science and Philoſophy; and by the influence of precept and of example, enforcing the practice of every moral and religious virtue. Incapable, I ſay, of comprehending ſuch an immenſe plan of perfection, the groſſer faculties of ſome men lead them to conceive of *Maſonry* as of a ſuperior degree of club-conviviality only. Aſſuming this fallacious principle, they, perhaps, prevail with ſome inconſiderate Brother to propoſe their initiation to our Myſteries; and what has that Brother not to anſwer for, who, to far forgetting our ancient charges, ſubſtitutes, it may be, the fruits of a club-room acquaintance with a man for a ſolid qualification for *Maſonry*; and thus degrades the dignity of that character which it has been the pride and pleaſure of the greateſt and beſt of men to aſſume and to ſupport?

The candidate thus unworthily introduced, with a ſoul torpid to every mental enjoyment, experiences a diſguſting *tædium* during the buſineſs of a Lodge, and flies from this vacuity of mind with rapture to the ſubſequent entertainment; thus evincing too plainly, that not *the feaſt of reaſon* ſo much as *the flow of ſoul* was his inducement to initiation.

From ſuch an attendance on the duties of Maſonry, what impreſſion can be made, but that of ſtupid wonder at the myſterious (and, to him, incomprehenſible) purſuits, whence, gratifying as they appeared to ſenſible minds, he could derive no pleaſure? This impreſſion he bears abroad with him into the world; and, being conſulted, perhaps, by ſome well-diſpoſed perſon, who may be deſirous of a guide to his judgment, as to the propriety of entering or abſtaining from our Society, he blunders out his ridiculous conceptions of

the Inſtitution, and debaſes (through ignorance of its virtue) "a pearl without price."

To diſpel the cloud of ignorance ſo inauſpicious to the noble purpoſes of our Order, and to facilitate that knowledge of its myſteries, the unreſtrained communication of which alone can convey pleaſure to the mind of the profeſſor, or confer its true dignity on the profeſſion, ſeem to have been the end and aim of the *Harodim* Syſtem of *Maſonry*; which, after encountering and ſurmounting innumerable obſtacles interpoſed by ignorance and prejudice, is now riſing rapidly into its proper ſphere, under the auſpices of ſome of the moſt dignified characters in the Art, who, while, by their talents and virtues, they reflect a luſtre on the Inſtitution, are content to believe, and condeſcend publicly to acknowledge, that the purſuits which they thus patronize are no inconſiderable ornament to themſelves as Free-maſons.

Remonſtrance to an over-zealous Maſon.

NOT that I had any reaſon to ſuppoſe you would be diſinclined to receive from me, in converſation, any ſuggeſtions which I might (from a heart filled with ſentiments of real friendſhip) have been induced to offer, in the hope that they would redound to your benefit; not for this reaſon has it been that I have adopted the epiſtolary form in the preſent application; but becauſe words uttered are fleeting, and make generally a ſlighter (though perhaps a more immediate) impreſſion on the mind, than when committed to paper; and theſe latter too have this advantage, that they can be recurred to at a future time, when the effect of oral communication has perhaps long ceaſed.

I need not, I believe, aſk if you have confidence in my brotherly zeal to ſerve you, though I ought certainly to beg excuſe for my preſumption in offering to adviſe you; but ſincerity ſhall for once ſupply the

place of ceremony, while I take leave to call your attention a little aside from that very laudable purſuit, Maſonry, to that very neceſſary one, of your own immediate profeſſion.

It is almoſt unneceſſary for me to recal to your memory, that our general regulations contain this ſalutary precept, that though a regular attendance on the duties of the Lodge of which you may be a member is recommended, yet the ſame ſentence contains the admonition, that you are never to ſuffer the buſineſs of Maſonry to interfere with the more neceſſary vocations or duties of life, *which are on no account to be neglected.*

I now draw near to the point at which I aim. That you have zeal for the promotion of the influence of Maſonry (and therein of the beſt code of piety and morality, truly conſidered, that ever was inſpired by heaven, or conceived by man) I am well convinced; that from the attention you have paid to the inveſtigation of various points of the Inſtitution, you are well qualified to aſſiſt materially in the illuſtration of its excellent tenets, I alſo know—but you have other objects of more eſſential neceſſity, your family have claims which, though your innate goodneſs of heart acknowledges, and your profeſſional talents are competent to ſatisfy, I ſhould fear might, by a too ſedulous purſuit of Maſonic diſtinction and fame, be hereafter leſs conſidered.

I will not conceal that I have frequent and uneaſy reflections on what *may* be the conſequence of your increaſing (or indeed of your not diſcontinuing ſome of) your engagements of the nature alluded to. The calls upon your purſe muſt be frequent, yet thoſe you may ſupply, *but the time drawn from buſineſs never can be redeemed.* *Your* time, however, and the *money* actually diſburſed by *yourſelf* in theſe meetings, are among the leaſt of the ill conſequences that reſult. The

proverb, though musty, is not the less true, that *when the cat is away, the mice may play*, and it is in the neglect among your dependents, who will naturally take advantage of the absence of him whose interest it is (and whose anxious care it ought to be) to keep them employed, that you must look to discover the most baneful effects of the conduct from which I am endeavouring to dissuade you.

As you are a zealous, active, and intelligent member of our ancient and respectable Fraternity, I would also have you a prudent one. There is a degree beyond which zeal becomes madness, and I am strongly inclined to depict it.

Thus then: when a man becomes a Mason, he sees, if he be a sensual man, the pleasures of the table to indulge his appetite, and the splendour of decoration to gratify his sight. If, on the other hand, he be a thinking man, he enters an ample field of contemplation; he receives the lesson of morality and of virtue, and is taught, by an easy and pleasant process, to diffuse its blessings among mankind. If he be a good man, he will illustrate the precept by his own conduct in life. But mark! to do this, it is not necessary that he should enrol his name among the members of I know not how many Lodges and Chapters, to shine a Z. in one, a R. W. M. a P. M. a S. W. a J. W. a T. and Heaven knows what, in others. Distinction, to be sure, is flattering, but distinctions of this nature can only have charms for weak minds.

Is your knowledge increased, or your power of doing good to your fellow creatures enlarged, in a just ratio with the number of offices you fill, or the number of societies to which you belong? Are not the sage tenets and maxims transmitted to us from our ancestors by oral tradition all comprehended in one regular series of doctrines, made memorable by the ancient simplicity of their style, universally prevalent,

and adapted alike to the minds of all nations and sects? What is there new, that is not innovative? What fanciful, that is not corrupt?

If then one general system comprehend all that is valuable, all that is genuine, and *that* system be to be attained, in its primitive purity and perfection, in *one* Lodge, whence results the need of attending others? I will whisper in your ear, that your attending more than one, under these circumstances, is an impeachment either of your understanding or of your virtue; it savours too much of sensuality on one hand, and of vanity on the other. The world, I mean that part of it who know you not so well as I do, would be apt to attribute such motives to such a conduct. Turn for a moment your mind's eye on a man, who, without suffering any emergencies of business to impede him, obeys the call of perhaps eight or ten different Lodges or Chapters. If he be a member of so many, he has a twofold inducement to attend regularly. In the first place, as a yearly or quarterly subscriber, he considers that he must pay his share of the expences of the meeting, whether he attend or not; and he thinks if he must pay, he may as well partake. Again, he considers regularity of attendance on the duties of the society (particularly if he be in office) as praise worthy, indeed as indispensable to his farther promotion. We see him, then, devoting to one or other of them, four or five evenings, sometimes whole afternoons, in a week: for, though the regular meetings may not amount to so many on the average of the year, yet when committees, councils, lodges of emergency, of instruction, visits, &c. &c. are taken into the calculation, the account, I believe, will not be found very much exaggerated.

To return to the point before under consideration: when a set of clerks or of workmen see their employer periodically (perhaps daily) quit his post of observa-

tion, they adopt his example, and profit by the opportunity afforded them, to relax from their labour, and most likely to indulge in the pleasures of the bottle or of the tankard; in the measuring of such relaxation, prudence seldom has much concern. After this indulgence, it becomes necessary to redeem in some measure their lost time, and in the hurry consequent on this attempt, the work, of whatever nature it be, generally suffers by being slightly or negligently performed. Now it cannot be supposed that the master can (at least in many professions he cannot) inspect all the work that is sent out of his office or workshop, and when the original employer finds bad materials used, or an ill use made of good materials, or that his work is detained longer in hand than he can reasonably account for, on whom does the blame fall? Who is ultimately the sufferer by the neglect? Not the servant, who actually has done the wrong, but the master, by whose absence or negligence he has been enabled so to do it. Are these things not so? Is any part of this picture extravagantly heightened? Have I not stated probable facts, and deduced from those facts the natural consequences? If any thing I have written appears harsh, its truth, and the sincerity of friendship by which it is dictated, must be my apology. I saw a serious case before me, and I have only treated it with fidelity; stern fidelity indeed; but I have my hope that it may be salutary. I have not animadverted upon the baneful operation of late hours and occasional intemperance on the vital principle, considering *that* as too obvious to need remark. I shall only observe, that in convivial meetings, a pleasant man, a good-humoured *bon vivant*, a man, in short, of wit or humour, or other companionable talents, is of all others the most exposed to danger. The churl, or the dolt, wanting the capacity or inclination to partake in the festivity, is permitted, and, not unfrequently, incited, to with-

draw at an early hour from the table, while the other perſon alluded to, feeling and being able to communicate pleaſure, is acted upon by a double force, that is, by his own inclination, ſtrengthened by the entreaties of thoſe about him. Hence late hours, irregularities that impair the health of the body, and much more the faculties of the mind, create or increaſe family diſſentions, and reflect a diſhonour on the Inſtitution, from which its intrinſic excellence cannot at all times redeem it in the public opinion.

A ſhort Hint to the Fraternity at large.

Brethren,

IF there be aught in Virtue beyond the name, the ſubject to which I am about to requeſt your attention is extremely momentous.

I have ſaid, *in Virtue*, becauſe, as our Inſtitution embraces all modes of faith, and as I conſider, that of the numerous branches of religion Virtue is the radix, I have aſſumed *that* as the moſt comprehenſive word whereby we can expreſs all that is good in the whole ſyſtem of Nature or Providence, if between theſe terms there be any diſtinction.

My ideas will, perhaps, bear the ſtamp of ſingularity; yet am I content if, whether ſingularly juſt or erroneous, they be worthy of diſcuſſion.

In Maſonry, as in Religion, it muſt be granted, (and I do not ſee why the conceſſion ſhould diſgrace the *pure* principles of the one, any more than it diminiſhes our veneration of the other) the profeſſors do not give to the perfection of the ſyſtem all the ſupport that were to be wiſhed; and if it be poſſible for tongue or pen to perſuade my Brethren to reflect on the importance of the ſubject, I ſhall feel bold enough to invite the aid of thoſe who, poſſeſſed of ſuperior talents, can effect by their abilities what I am about to propoſe from my zeal.

This propoſition then, which by ſome, I am aware, will be deemed Utopian, is, *to draw together, by the pure principles of our Order, a ſelect number of Brethren from the Fraternity at large, who, properly impreſſed by the tenets of the profeſſion, ſhall have courage to carry them into practice, and make them the* unerring guide *of their conduct through life.* The moral and theological Virtues, I believe, comprehend the whole view, and include the utmoſt aim of the Inſtitution.

Forearmed againſt the fear of ridicule, I declare my firm belief, that from the Lodges of Free-maſons in London and its environs, a very numerous and reſpectable ſelection might be made to give effect to ſo deſirable a purpoſe.

To be guided by Temperance in our commerce with the world; to have Fortitude to reſiſt temptation, and to check improper deſires; to let Prudence be the ruler of our actions, and to render to every man his due without diſtinction; in ſhort, to ſubdue our paſſions, to have Faith and Hope in God, and Charity towards man, I conſider as the objects of what is termed ſpeculative Maſonry. (The operative branch of the ſyſtem I leave to the diſcuſſion of thoſe who, from their peculiar bias of mind, or connection with the arts, have made it more immediately their ſtudy.) If theſe, then, really form the ground-plan of our fabric, and they were ſtrictly enforced by the practice of the Craft, the Maſonic muſt ſurely be an ineſtimable Inſtitution.

To the *Illuſtrations* of a much-reſpected Brother I am indebted for the foretaſte by which I was induced to ſolicit the bonds of union. In the pages of that work, I read with avidity the rudiments, and purſued in idea the perfection, of Religion and Morality. But theory without practice, though it may attract admiration, will never gain reſpect. To be honoured, in ſhort, to be uſeful, a ſyſtem muſt have the qualities of ſtability, of practicability, and of effect. Now it is, perhaps, the ſtrongeſt and moſt invincible objec-

tion with thoſe who attempt to argue againſt Free-maſonry, that to an Inſtitution ſo ſpecious, and from which ſo much excellence might be expected to reſult, the members do not give by their general conduct the neceſſary ſupport. Fortunate indeed would it be, if the miniſters of the goſpel, or the advocates of any ſyſtem, divine or human, could controvert this as a *general* propoſition: but I am ſufficiently happy in being able to affirm, that inſtances are very numerous indeed, wherein Maſonry has operated with the happieſt influence.

Our Society, my Brethren, can only acquire its proper rank in the ſcale of human Inſtitutions, by a general and faithful obſervance of its own precepts; and if this cannot be effected in its corporate capacity, very much may be expected from the junction of well-diſpoſed individuals, who ſhall be inclined *by the conſtant tenor of their lives* to recommend the profeſſion, and to prove, that Free-maſonry is only another term for *inflexible Virtue*.

It is matter of real regret when we ſee men, whoſe principles and whoſe practice would do honour to our Order, deterred from uniting with us, by the improper and indefenſible conduct of a few members of the Fraternity; and till ſome mode of ſelection like that above propoſed be attempted, reproach, I fear, muſt continue to occupy the place of reſpect, and prejudice counteract the efforts of an incomparable ſcheme of morality.

To concentrate the rays of this comprehenſive ſyſtem is the object of the writer of this paper, who, having ſmall expectations of ſucceſs from his own perſonal influence, wiſhes only to call forth the endeavours of thoſe friends to the art, who, though yet latent, he thinks, wait but a ſignal to endue themſelves with energy, and to accompliſh the grand deſign of the Inſtitution.

An Addreſs delivered to the Brethren of Lodge No. 534, Lancaſter, by the Rev. James Watſon, on his taking the Chair, December 27, 1794.

Sirs and Brothers,

PLACED by your unanimous option in the chair which I now have the honour to fill, I feel the compliment highly flattering indeed, when, in the firſt place, I reflect that an humble and obſcure individual ſucceeds *one* who, with the higheſt credit to himſelf, occupies a ſeat in the moſt auguſt aſſembly upon earth —the Britiſh Senate. The conſideration alſo of my infancy in this laudable Fraternity would have deterred me from undertaking ſo reſponſible a ſtation, had not your partiality ſuperſeded my own diffidence. Animated, however, by a veneration for the Inſtitution, a high ſenſe of obligation, and a perſonal regard for each individual around me, I am ready to offer up my utmoſt exertions in my office, as the beſt atonement for my defects and imperfections.

Maſonry having the Omnipotent Architect of the univerſe for the object of its adoration and imitation; his great and wonderful works for its pattern and prototype; and the wiſeſt and beſt men of all ages, nations, and languages, for its patrons and profeſſors, (comprehending all ſciences, divine and human) muſt be a ſubject of boundleſs extent. Suffice it, for the preſent, if I humbly attempt to delineate ſome ſmall part of its nature and excellencies, leaving a more ample diſplay of them to more exalted abilities and ſublimer eloquence.

No ſooner was man formed, and dignified with a ray of the Divinity, than that light directed him to contemplate and admire the works of his great Creator, and to copy that great Exemplar into every infant art. Thus Maſonry is coeval with mankind. But that celeſtial beam being deplorably obſcured and weakened *by man's firſt diſobedience*, we find the wanted aid of Divine inſtruction, benignly vouchſaf-

ed in the inſtitution of *naval* architecture by the building of the Ark, which has ſerved for a model to all ſucceeding ages. The ſame Heavenly Oracle dictated the conſtruction of the ark of the covenant and its *protecting* Tabernacle in the wilderneſs, and the magnificence of King Solomon's Temple afterwards, the two other patterns of *ſtone* and *military* architecture.

Leaving holy ground, we trace Maſonry amongſt the Eaſtern Magi and in the renowned learning of Egypt. From whence, like other ſciences, taking a weſterly direction, it was brought by that European Apoſtle of Maſonry, Pythagoras, from whoſe propagation it reached the Britiſh iſle. Its principles were reſpected and diſſeminated by Bramins, Philoſophers, Artiſts, and Saints, and diffuſed the light of ſcience to the remoteſt corners of the earth. It taught natural religion, philoſophy, ſubordination, and arts, on the banks of the Ganges, in the hieroglyphics of Ægypt, the ſanctuaries of Eleuſis, the ſchools of Sages, and the caves of Druids.

Though it derives its name from *ſcientific*, and its badges from *operative* architecture, it comprehends the whole circle of arts and ſciences; has been the depot of learning in all former ages, and a focus combining every ray of genius in all climes of the earth. A *Lodge* is in foreign countries eminently ſtiled an *Academy*, and Maſonry conſidered as ſynonymous to Geometry, the ſcience relating to the meaſurement of the earth, and emphatically referring to its creation; a *liberal* and *free* Maſon ſignifying a friend and admirer, or a profeſſor of *liberal ſcience*, in contradiſtinction to an *operative* Maſon.

But, though Maſonry primarily inculcates morals and the religion of nature, it has caught an additional ſpark from the light of revelation and *the Sun of righteouſneſs*. And though Maſonry continues to burn with ſubordinate luſtre, it lights the human traveller the ſame road; it breathes a concordant ſpirit of uni-

verſal benevolence and brotherly love, adds one thread more to the ſilken chord of evangelical charity, which binds man to man, and crowns the cardinal virtues with Chriſtian graces. Thus it aids the cauſe of virtue, by giving additional weight to moral obligations; and promotes public happineſs, by enjoining a peaceable ſubmiſſion to every exiſting mode of government.

But it may be ſaid, why has it been always locked up in ſecrecy? The Almighty locks up gold in the earth and pearls in the ocean, not to bury them unkindly from human uſe, but to reward human induſtry for its ſearch of them. And why do men lock up precious things, but to keep them from pilfering and unhallowed hands? Moreover, ſilence and ſecrecy inſpire awe and ſolemnity. Hence the moral Precepts, Illuſtrations, Allegories, Signs and Tokens, of Maſonry, are prohibited from being written or printed, and have been with oracular caution tranſmitted by *oral tradition* from generation to generation. But, after all, it muſt be confeſſed, that its harmleſs ſecrets are but centinels and guards againſt impoſition; and to the credit of human nature be it ſaid, that they have never been betrayed, even by thoſe who have baſely deſerted almoſt every other conſcientious engagement.

Let each of us, then, in our reſpective ſpheres, as Men and Maſons, be the generous friends of every uſeful and ornamental art and ſcience; cultivate each moral and ſocial virtue; and make our fundamental principles live, by exhibiting in our lives and actions an unfeigned *brotherly love* to each other and all mankind; a cheerful communication of *relief* to diſtreſſed brethren and fellow-creatures; and an invariable adherence to *truth* and ſincerity in all we ſay or do.

Let ſobriety temper all our ſocial moments, and good hours procure us the praiſe of regularity from our families and friends. Let ſtrict caution and diſcretion guard us from making any undue diſcoveries to the uninformed. And let us by our exemplary

conduct convince the world, that by being *Maſons* we are *better men*; remembering that an impious and diſſolute Maſon is a diſgrace to human nature, by having broken his initiating vows and obligations, both as a Chriſtian and a Brother.

Then may we humbly hope that a bleſſing will deſcend from the Moſt High upon our labours and our meetings; and that, from aſſociating as *Brethren* in *unity* here, we ſhall meet again as *Brethren* in *bliſs* hereafter.

The Rev. James Watſon's Addreſs to the ſame Lodge, on quitting the Chair.

ON quitting the chair at the period of my preſidency, I cannot help expreſſing my ſincereſt thanks to you, my worthy and reſpected Brethren, for your kind attention to all my recommendations; your ready obedience to all my official directions; and your candid indulgence to all my humble, but well meant, endeavours to promote the proſperity and happineſs of this flouriſhing Lodge. I cannot ſufficiently applaud your temperance and regularity, both in and after Lodge hours, than which nothing tends more to the credit of our aſſociations in the eyes of a cenſorious world. The rapid progreſs alſo made by ſeveral of our noviciate Brothers demands my warmeſt approbation; and their example will, I hope, ſtimulate others to a ſimilar application.

As at my entrance upon this ſtation I obtruded a few Maſonic obſervations upon your attention, ſo your kind indulgence *then* has emboldened me to treſpaſs upon your patience with a few more upon my quitting it, although they may have been already diſcuſſed by much abler Brethren.

The three degrees into which Maſonry is divided, ſeem to have an obvious and apt coincidence with the *three* progreſſive ſtates of mankind, from the Creation to the end of time.

The *firſt* is emblematic of Man's ſtate of nature,

from his firſt Diſobedience to the time of God's Covenant with Abraham, and the eſtabliſhment of the Jewiſh Œconomy.

The *ſecond*, from that period to the æra of the laſt, full, and perfect Revelation from Heaven to Mankind, made by our Great Redeemer.

The *third*, comprehending the glorious interval of the Chriſtian Diſpenſation, down to the Conſummation of all things.

The ſtate of darkneſs, or obſcurity, of the Firſt Degree, ſtrongly figures out the darkneſs of chaos before man's creation; or the night into which his glorious faculties were plunged by the fall conſequent upon his original tranſgreſſion. It is alſo forcibly emblematic of the darkneſs of the womb antecedent to man's natural birth; and the *pain inflicted* at his entrance aptly repreſents his pangs, and bitter ſenſations, on his *entrance* into the Lodge of this chequered life. Like a woeful and benighted traveller, found in a dreary and hopeleſs deſert, his indigent condition ſuggeſts to him the forlorn and helpleſs ſituation of man in a ſtate of nature; teaches him the value of mutual good offices; and directs him to extend that relief afterwards to others, which he then ſo much wants himſelf, by *comforting the afflicted, feeding the hungry*, and *covering the naked with a garment*. He is brought to the light of the world, and the light of knowledge, by the help of others. His inveſtiture is ſt on ly ſignificant of the firſt cloathing of the human race, and marks out the modeſt purpoſe of primæval dreſs. His tools are the rough implements of uninſtructed genius, and the rude emblems of the ſimpleſt moral truths, pointing out the hard labour which human induſtry muſt undergo, when unaſſiſted by the cunning and compendious devices of cultivated art. His Lodge is deſcribed to him as an univerſal wilderneſs, wherein he cautiouſly aſſociates with his human brothers upon the higheſt of hills, or in the loweſt of vallies; the green graſs its pavement; the cloudy canopy of

Heaven its covering. Thus he is taught to conſider this whole terreſtrial globe as his Lodge, and is thereby inſtructed to look on all mankind as his Brethren, and to graſp the whole human race to his heart with the arms of univerſal benevolence and compaſſion. Hence, alſo, he learns to view the whole earth as one Temple of the Deity, with its length due Eaſt and Weſt marked out by the line of the *Zodiac*, and the *Giant's Courſe* of the Sun and Moon therein; and to contemplate every human heart as an Altar burning with the incenſe of adoration to the Grand Architect of the Univerſe.

As the darkneſs of heatheniſm, or natural religion, preceded the divine revelation vouchſafed to the favorite people of God; ſo, by our initiation into the Second Degree, we advance ſtill farther into the *dawn* figured out by the Moſaic diſpenſation, which preceded the more perfect Chriſtian Day. Here the noviciate is brought to light, to behold and handle tools of a more artificial and ingenious conſtruction, and emblematic of ſublimer moral truths. By theſe he learns to reduce rude matter into due form, and rude manners into the more poliſhed ſhape of moral and religious rectitude; becoming thereby a more harmonious corner-ſtone of ſymmetry in the ſtructure of human ſociety, until he is made a glorified corner-ſtone in the Temple of God, *made without hands, eternal in the Heavens.* Here he learns to apply the Square of Juſtice to all his actions; the Level of Humility and Benevolence to all his Brother Men; and by the Plumb Line of Fortitude, to ſupport himſelf through all the dangers and difficulties of this, our fallen, feeble ſtate. Here, inſtead of the *caſual* Lodge as before, like the vagrant tabernacle in the wilderneſs, he firſt becomes acquainted with the conſtruction of the glorious Temple of King Solomon, whoſe magnificent proportions were dictated by the oracular inſtruction of God, and are figurative of celeſtial perfection.

The Third Degree brings the Maſonic enquire into a ſtate repreſenting the meridian light of the laſt and fulleſt revelation, from Heaven to man upon earth, by the eternal Son of God; through whoſe reſurrection and aſcenſion, he is raiſed from darkneſs and death to the certainty of life and immortality.

Such is the Maſonic œconomy. Such are the outlines of that ſyſtem, which is juſtly compared to an *equilateral triangle*, the perfect emblem of univerſal harmony, and the ſublimeſt ſymbol of the incomprehenſible Deity; whoſe radiant throne we may all hereafter encircle with ſongs and choral hallelujahs for evermore! Amen, ſo mote it be.

An Addreſs delivered in St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, at the cloſe of a Sermon preached before the G. Lodge of Scotland, by the Rev. James Wright, Miniſter of Maybole, Nov. 30, 1786.

ALLOW me to addreſs myſelf, in particular, to you, the Brethren of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and the Brethren of the other Lodges of this very ancient and reſpectable city of Edinburgh, and all thoſe Brethren from the country who have this day aſſembled with you.

In reflecting upon your moſt ancient and noble Inſtitution, ye cannot fail to be ſtruck with the great ſingularity of its having deſcended, both in its principles and forms, pure and unadulterated, to you, even from the firſt age of the world. Amidſt the ſucceſſive revolutions of kingdoms, and the alterations of forms of government, and the many changes of laws and cuſtoms, Maſonry has always remained the ſame, except in the caſe of a few improvements made upon it by the great and the wiſe King Solomon. Its permanency hath ariſen from its being built, not upon mutable and periſhing circumſtances of an exterior nature, but upon ſome of the beſt affections of the human heart. Piety towards God, the glorious Maſter-Builder of the univerſe, and Love to Man-

kind, are the two grand immoveable Pillars which ſupport the Fabric of Maſonry.

Reflect upon, and imitate, the wiſdom and the virtue of thoſe many great and good men of all languages, and tribes, and nations, who gloried in being admitted to the knowledge of your noble Art, and who ſtrove to tranſmit it pure from age to age. Kings and Nobles, and Prieſts and Generals, have boaſted of being made acquainted with a ſcience, whoſe object is to exerciſe and to improve ſome of the beſt affections of the human ſoul. Do ye vie with them in ſetting honour upon the Craft, and in tranſmitting it pure as ye have found it, by keeping back from the Door, as well as from the Hall, of Maſonry, *every* thing that is repugnant to its principles.

There is great merit in your having hitherto taken good care that the high offices in the G. L. of Scotland ſhould be held by none but Noblemen and Gentlemen of very great reſpectability and worth. It is well known, that the rules of every Society will be more or leſs ſtrictly obſerved, and that good order will be better or worſe preſerved, according to the degree of dignity and virtue which he poſſeſſeth who preſides over it. Every Inſtitution, for whatever purpoſe it is deſigned, takes its colour, in ſome meaſure, from the character of its Maſter or Preſident; becauſe it is a part of his office to give admonitions to others, as well as to exemplify the fixed rules and ſtanding orders of the Society. The ſpirit of the Ruler, in all caſes, is, in a certain degree, infuſed into thoſe whom he directs.

The Office-bearers in every Lodge ought to take good heed to the characters of thoſe whom they admit into the Society; becauſe *an Accepted Maſon is held by all foreigners, as well as by us, to be a term which implies a man of honour and virtue; one who has a right to be admitted into the company of Gentlemen of every deſcription, and of the higheſt rank.*

By granting a man the privilege of being an Accepted Maſon, ye do virtually give him a Letter of Recommendation to the acquaintance, and friendſhip, and confidence, of a certain number of the moſt reſpectable characters that are to be found in every part of the world. Would it therefore be treating them well, to abuſe that confidence which they are naturally led to repoſe in you, by introducing undeſerving men to their acquaintance and friendſhip? I ſubmit to you, whether ſuch an ample and valuable certificate ought to be granted to any, except thoſe alone, who, upon enquiry, are found to be men of worth and virtue. Unleſs great attention be given to this particular, not only the Lodge of admiſſion may itſelf come to ſuffer in point of character, but injuſtice may be done to the honour of the Craft in general, and a deceit impoſed upon all thoſe Brethren, both at home and abroad, who, truſting to your atteſtation, give their hand of fellowſhip to perſons who may be unworthy of their confidence and friendſhip, and even of being admitted into their company. This is one of the poſſible abuſes of *Maſonry*, which ought to be carefully guarded againſt.

The younger part of my Brethren will, I hope, forgive me, while, in the ſpirit of ſincere friendſhip, I wiſh to remind them, that they ought not to conſider their admiſſion into a Maſon's Lodge, as being deſigned to enlarge the circle of mere frolic and diſſipation. Let them, on the contrary, view it as laying them under an additional obligation to ſubmit to the rules of decency and propriety, and as a happy mean of forming in them a taſte for the delicate and refined moral pleaſures of the heart. For that reaſon, every ſpecies of riot and wanton levity, and oppoſition to the rules of good order and manly behaviour, are perfectly inconſiſtent with the ſpirit of *Maſonry*. As that old adage is the moſt agreeable in which we find a certain degree of the cheerfulneſs and gaiety of youth, ſo youth appears more amiable, by its hav-

ing a certain and a well-timed proportion of the gravity and solidity of old age.

Above all, let young men begin early to reverence Truth, which is a qualification indispensably necessary to the existence of friendship among Brethren. Falsehood is inimical to good brotherhood, and to every thing joyous and beneficial to society. A deceitful man is incapable of being a true friend, or a good citizen. Falsehood implies double-mindedness, and hypocrisy, and treachery, and all those vices of the heart whose direct tendency is to mislead and deceive the Sincere and the Upright, and to sow strife and discord among Friends and Brethren. As candour is essential to true friendship, so the want of it implies every thing that is baneful to the pleasures and interests of social life. So long as Truth guards the heart, it will be the seat of Virtue and of steady Friendship; but if that guard be once dismissed, the heart is at once laid open to every species of depravity. Accordingly, the first early symptom of a mean and worthless character, in which you can place no confidence, is always that of a want of regard to the sacred law of Truth. Let all men, therefore, and especially the young, as they regard their honour, and happiness, and usefulness in this life, and their hope of being admitted into the New Jerusalem, into which, saith the Holy Spirit, "nothing shall be admitted that maketh a lie:" let them, I say, beware of falsehood, and be always sincere in every thing that they both say and do. Then will all men honour and put trust in them.

Forms and ceremonies are necessary to the being and the preservation of every great institution: but forms are of no value, except in so far as they produce a regard to the spirit or principle of the institution itself. Therefore, use their forms as being only so many handmaids to your feeling the power of the moral and beneficial influence of the art. Strive to make your science subservient to the pur-

pose of strengthening in you pious and charitable dispositions, that these may not only operate at Masonic meetings, but may give a colour to your whole life. Unless the practice of your art shall produce in you a refined benevolence of soul, and improve the social and charitable dispositions of the heart, not only toward the Brethren of your respective Lodges, but toward all mankind, ye frustrate, with respect to yourselves at least, one main end of the Masonic Institution.

Altho' your Institution had no higher object than that of an ordinary Social Club, it would stand foremost even in that class of brotherly meetings. Even in that view, ye enjoy the pleasures flowing from the exercise of the social and benevolent affection, in much greater perfection than other fraternal clubs; because, to conscious innocence, and correct propriety of manners, there is joined, in your case, such ceremonies as tend to promote a sense of the design of your meeting, being that of improving the Temper of Mutual Affection and Brotherly Love. In your case, there are several peculiar circumstances which serve to heighten the hilarity of your social intercourse. But how must it delight you to consider, that while many others are spending their vacant hours in scenes of riot and hurtful dissipation, or in the loose debasing haunts of gross vice, ye are cementing the sweet bonds of friendship to one another, and practising an Art which teaches you how to enliven the prosperity of your friends and neighbours, and how to make the parent's wounded heart to bleed more gently, and how to soften the distresses of the widow and the fatherless, and how to taste every moral pleasure with greater delicacy and sensibility of mind.

As some take offence at your meetings, from their ignorance of the design of them, take good heed to yourselves, that ye may give no just and real cause of being blamed. Walk according to the original and inherent principles of your Art; and then will ye ob-

ſerve that virtuous decency and propriety of manners, both within and out of the Lodge, which will prevent the prejudiced from having any "evil thing to ſay of you."

In a mixed aſſembly like yours, three things are more immediately neceſſary to the exiſtence of true friendſhip; condeſcenſion to inferiors, becoming reſpect to ſuperiors, and a power of ſecrecy. We have it declared by a great authority, that "*He who revealeth ſecrets, ſeparateth chiefeſt friends.*"

I congratulate you upon your appointing a Sermon to be preached to you on the anniverſary of St. Andrew, being the day of the election of your Office-bearers. A diſcourſe on any one of the great principles of Chriſtianity has always a good effect upon the hearts of the ſerious; and therefore it is a proper mean of pre-diſpoſing you to diſcern and to feel the ſpirit and moral influence of an Inſtitution, which has for its immediate object, a reverence for the God of the Univerſe, and ſincere good-will to all your Brethren of mankind.

I ſhall conclude this charge, which, in the ſpirit of a ſincere concern for the honour and happineſs of the Brethren, I have taken the freedom of giving you, in the words of two inſpired men:—"These ſix things doth the Lord hate, yea, ſeven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that ſhed innocent blood; an heart that deviſeth wicked imaginations, feet that be ſwift in running to miſchief, a falſe witneſs that ſpeaketh lies, and him that ſoweth diſcord among Brethren *."—"Let Love be without diſſimulation; abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good; be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another; diſtributing to the neceſſity of the Saints; given to hoſpitality; bleſs them who perſecute you; bleſs, and curſe not; rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep; be of the ſame mind one towards another †." *Amen.*

* *Prov.* vi, 16. † *Rom.* xii, 9, 16.

The Speech of a Foreign Nobleman on receiving his own Son into Masonry.

Dear Son,

I CONGRATULATE you on your admiſſion into the moſt ancient and perhaps the moſt reſpectable Society in the Univerſe. To you the myſteries of Maſonry are about to be revealed, and ſo bright a ſun never ſhed its luſtre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when proſtrate at this holy altar, do you not ſhudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inſpire you with noble ſentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades the dignity of human nature; and may you feel the elevation of ſoul which ſcorns a diſhonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

Theſe are the wiſhes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greateſt hopes are raiſed, let not our expectations be deceived. You are the ſon of a Maſon who glories in the profeſſion; and for your zeal and attachment, your ſilence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

You are now, as a member of this Illuſtrious Order, introduced a ſubject of a new country, whoſe extent is boundleſs. Pictures are open to your view, wherein true patriotiſm is exemplified in glaring colours, and a ſeries of tranſactions recorded which the rude hand of time can never eraſe. The obligations which influenced the firſt *Brutus* and *Manlius* to ſacrifice their children to their love of their country, are not more ſacred than thoſe which bind me to ſupport the honour and reputation of this venerable Order.

This moment, my ſon, you owe to me a ſecond birth; ſhould your conduct in life correſpond with the principles of Maſonry, my remaining years will paſs away with pleaſure and ſatisfaction. Obſerve the great example of our ancient maſters, peruſe our

hiſtory and our conſtitutions. The beſt, the moſt humane, the braveſt, and moſt civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are ſtrangers to our works, the greateſt geniuſes have ſprung from our Order. The moſt illuſtrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their moſt amiable qualities in Maſonry. The wiſeſt of Princes planned our Inſtitution, at raiſing a Temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Univerſe.

Swear, my ſon, that you will be a true and faithful Maſon. Know from this moment that I center the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be ſuſceptible of love and eſteem, and may you burn with the ſame zeal your father poſſeſſes. Convince the world by your new alliance you are deſerving our favours, and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to juſtice. View not with indifference the extenſive connections you have formed, but let univerſal Benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the ſervice of your King and your Country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happieſt acquiſition of your life.

Recal to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue, and to govern your paſſions; and ere long you will have occaſion to ſay, *In becoming a Maſon I truly become a Man; and while I breathe will never diſgrace a jewel that kings may prize.*

If I live, my ſon, to reap the fruits of this day's labour, my happineſs will be complete. I will meet death without terror, cloſe my eyes in peace, and expire, without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and a worthy Free-maſon.

Extracts from Two Diſcourſes delivered at Woolwich, Kent, 1787—8, by the Rev. Daniel Turner.

A PANEGYRIC adequate to the honour of, and various benefits flowing from the Craft, is no

eaſy taſk. Its having, however, been ſo often attempted, by men of the firſt erudition, ſhall apologize for my ſaying little on that point; while I endeavour ſincerely, though humbly, to ſerve the ſcience, by expoſing the abſurdity and weakneſs of the objections uſually brought againſt it.

Maſonry I affirm to be a myſtic ſcience, wherein, under apt figures, ſelect numbers, and choice emblems, ſolemn and important truths, naturally tending to improve the underſtanding, to mend the heart, and to bind us more cloſely to one another, are moſt expreſsly contained. In proportion as the wiſe, the learned, and the good have ſtudied it, they have loved it. But, like all other virtuous characters, or things, it hath met with perſecution. Its enemies have been many; nor have its friends been few. Mature reflection on the characters of its adverſaries, in a great meaſure, deſtroys all they ſay. For, in the firſt place, no truly ſenſible man will ever ſpeak againſt what he doth not underſtand. There are ſome bigots in their opinions againſt it. It is, cry they, a bad thing—an unlawful thing—a ſinful thing.—Why? Becauſe we deteſt it, and abhor it. To pity ſuch, is no mean part of Chriſtian love; ſince, I am perſuaded, that even in good hearts, the firſt emotions reſpecting them were thoſe of ſcorn and contempt. Of what uſe is it to reaſon with bigots, whether in religion, morals, or politics?

There are ſome who ſpeak againſt it more from the vanity of ſaying ſomewhat on the point, than that they can urge a ſingle rational objection. If it be good, ſay they, why not tell it? But we apprehend, continue theſe wiſe-acres, there is nothing in it. As for words,—ſigns,—tokens,—all ſtuff.—depeed upon it, there are no ſuch things. Now, what genuine Son of Free-maſonry would hold converſe with ſuch people? Let them prattle on—if it pleaſes any who hear,

they must be as weak as themselves, and it never can injure you.

The weightiest objection is yet to come, nor will I flinch from it. Many thinking, serious, and judicious persons, argue thus—"The reason why we are enemies to Masonry is, the effects which, from close observation, we have repeatedly traced. We have seen those, who call themselves warm zealous Masons, most regular in their attendance on the Lodge—ready to go any lengths, both as to distance of place, loss of time, and expences, in pursuit of Masonry, who never appeared at church, and frequently left their families without bread. Others we have remarked, apparently brimful of Masonry, and vastly fond of each Brother, doubtless, in the Lodge, according to their principles, who yet would cheat, deceive, and supplant those very Brethren in trade, and the ordinary transactions of society. They would defame them; and were it practicable, we have beheld them attempting to take, as it were, the very bread out of their mouths. Instead of being friends to mankind, or one another, they are liker wolves, preying with ferocity on whatever comes in their way."

In the first place, the abuse of a thing is no valid objection to its inherent goodness. How many call themselves Christians, who are a disgrace to it, yet ultimately hurt not the gospel, but themselves? Besides, a man's worth is not to be rated from his own exaggerated account of the matter, but from what he actually, uniformly, and absolutely is. The apostle hath told us, that whosoever provideth not for his own, is an infidel; therefore we conclude, that no good Mason will ever be deficient in the due performance of all moral and relative duties. If a man is negligent in religious points, depend on it he is good for little in the Lodge.

As to the second part of the objection, viz. that

they will backbite and injure one another, it is too true. But what does it prove? ſimply this—that in the beſt inſtitutions upon earth worthleſs characters may occaſionally be found. In the holy family itſelf, conſiſting but of twelve, one was a devil. Did that hurt the integrity of the eleven? far from it. Why lay the faults of a few at the door of large reſpectable bodies of men, who, by aſſiduouſly working at the Craft, have done honour to human nature? Where the heart is bad what can be expected from the tongue? After all, is it more than what happens in the moſt ſolemn duties of religion? Have there not been wretches who could go to the table of the Lord, and the very next day traduce the moral character of the miniſter from whoſe hands they received the holy ſacrament? And if that was not making it to themſelves the cup of devils, I know not what the Apoſtle meant when he made uſe of thoſe terms.

Why need I multiply words to confirm it? Built on and drawn from revelation, muſt it not be of divine original? Adorned by the beneficent actions and amiable virtues of thouſands, the firſt in point of rank, knowledge, and moral excellence, of every language, in every age, and in every clime, muſt it not poſſeſs an inherent worth? Thou heaven-deſcended beam of light, beauty, and perfection! how oft haſt thou been the means of ſaving life and property; reconciled the moſt jarring intereſts, and converted fierceſt foes to deareſt friends! On, on then, my dear Brethren, purſue the great lecture with alacrity and firmneſs, each moving on the ſquare of truth, by the compaſs of God's word, according to your reſpective ſtations, in all the rules of ſymmetry, order, and proportion.—Nor dread when your earthly Lodge ſhall be diſſolved, your jewels will ſtill be ſafe, and you ſhall be admitted into a more glorious Lodge, even an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens; where angels,

and ſaints ſhall be your Fellow-crafts and companions; and the Supreme Architect of the Univerſe your ineffable great and glorious Grand Maſter—your light—your life—your joy—your all!

Need I tell you the honours of Maſonry are as illuſtrious as they are ancient. You know it, and firmly believe it. Still do you not agree with me, they ſhine the brighteſt when they are grounded on real piety? In all ſciences there have been pretenders, and perhaps of moſt ſecrets in the arts there have been counterfeits: yet this neither tarniſhes the beauty, nor weakens this tenet of our Craft, that Maſonry and Brotherly Love ought to go hand in hand. Diligently ſearch the ſcriptures for the ſecrets of your art; and while you toil to pry into the covenant, the ſigns, and tokens, that ſubſiſted and were communicated between the kings of Judah and of Tyre, O may the ſpirit of the Widow's Son be in you! filling you with a knowledge of the points on which all the above turned, even wiſdom to deſign, ſtrength to execute, and the beauties of holineſs to adorn. Remember that the ſame pages contain an ineſtimable pearl of great price, and that thoſe individuals are the only wiſe and good who make that pearl their own. Numberleſs are the encouragements to do this. Aſk, and ye ſhall receive—ſeek, and ye ſhall find—knock, and it ſhall be opened to you. In that caſe you lay hold on the right pillar in the temple, both of ſolid fame and ſpiritual wealth, whereby you ſhall be eſtabliſhed; and then you may fairly reſt upon the left, a ſtill higher column in your ſcientific line, ſince in that you will find ſtrength. Another motive to this flows from the examples before you. In the various periods of ſociety, the greateſt—the moſt learned—and the very beſt of characters, have belonged to your Fraternity. Whatever be your rank in life, on cloſe obſervation, you

will find thoſe in a ſimilar ſtation who have dignified themſelves, and been uſeful to mankind. The widow that threw in her mite was the moſt generous and compaſſionate of all who then entered the temple. Verbal love is but painted fire; therefore, let his example who went about doing good, be the pillar ſo elegantly adorned with lily-work, kindly directing and inflaming your humanity towards the Brethren. Meet the very loweſt of them on the level of condeſcenſion, nor venture to deſpiſe the man for whom perhaps a Saviour died; that ſo you may be able to hold up your heads when juſtice is laid to the line, and righteouſneſs to the plummet. Let your pure benevolence ſpread every way, like the more than gem-ſtudded arch of heaven, expanding even over your enemies when in diſtreſs, that you may prove yourſelves to be the children of the Moſt High, who is benign to the unthankful, and to the evil. Philanthropy is not confined to name or ſect, to climate or language. Like the power of attraction, which reaches from the largeſt to the ſmalleſt bodies in the univerſe, it unites men from the throne to the cottage. Whether your Lodge meets on the high mountains of worldly grandeur, and is beheld from afar; or in the loweſt vales of obſcurity, and noticed but by few; whether under Adoniram you hew on the tops of Lebanon, or with Aholiab and Bezaleel, are in diſtinguiſhed offices near the Sanctum Sanctorum, or with the ſons of Levi ſerve at the altar, O ſit not at a Brother's call; if he be in danger fly to his relief; if he be deceived, tell him the truth; if he be calumniated, juſtify his character—bear his burdens—allay his ſorrows—and eſpouſe his cauſe; nay, if in many things he hath erred, ſtill recollect, that indiſcretion in him ought not to deſtroy humanity in you.

As the Eaſtern Magi opened their treaſures, which, doubtleſs, were various, to the Redeemer of ſouls, ſo

every Brother ſhould be given to hoſpitality; ready to diſtribute, willing to communicate, and eager to employ his gift or power, whatever it may be, for the mutual good of each other, and the common benefit of all. Owing to the prevalency of this endearing munificence, the holy David, who collected ſo magnificently towards the building of the temple, aided by the ſpirit of inſpiration, informs us in the book of Pſalms, that the glorious head of the Church, and Grand Maſter in Iſrael, of whom the whole family in Heaven and on earth is called, may, among other things, be found out by this, that all his garments ſmell of myrrh, aloes, and caſſia.

Diminiſh not the value of your beneficence by the harſhneſs of the manner, but be affable, be courteous, be kind, and ſo ſecret leſt you wound the ſenſibility of the receiver, that on many occaſions you let not your right hand know what your left hand doth. Above all, be ſincere; and, however powerful the enticements to the contrary, ſcorn diſſimulation's winding path, for it inevitably leads to loſs of character and to future ruin. Joab and Judas could give good words, nay, kiſs when they meant to kill. Equally treacherous are numbers in the preſent age, who never ſpeak you fairer than when they wiſh to undermine you; or when they ſay that they pray for your ſucceſs, would nevertheleſs inwardly rejoice at your misfortunes.

As light and ſcience came from the Eaſt, may we, who by reaſon of mental darkneſs were once juſt in the oppoſite extreme, now quickened by the Spirit of God, and enlightened in the ſaving principle of true knowledge, be enabled to move according to the rules of order, in the niceſt lines of ſymmetry, back to the ſource of perfect light. What improvements our Science received among the Magi of Perſia, or the learned among the Egyptians; whether Pythagoras brought it to Greece, and the ſilence impoſed on his diſciples

was analogous to our taciturnity about the myſteries of our art to all but the Eklectoi, and how far it was preſerved and ſtudied by the Druids in Britain, with many other curious circumſtances, we ſhall leave for the inveſtigation of more ſequeſtered hours. Perhaps it employed the ſolitary retirement, in ſome meaſure, of the Eſſenes, the moſt particular and eremital ſect among the Jews. That ſome of its parts may have compoſed the abſtruſe and impenetrable Sephiroth is not impoſſible. This far we can ſay, that if it did, it would be as rational an interpretation of the ten circles, as any which Maimonides or the other cabaliſtical doctors have given.

Suffice it at preſent to note, that we are *Free*, becauſe no bondman is permitted amongſt us; and *Accepted*, ſeeing we have ſtood the teſt of ſeveral probationary degrees with applauſe; emulous to be found worthy of the illuſtrious badges worn by thoſe who hold the firſt places there, where no atheiſt, no libertine, or reprobate perſon, known to be ſuch, ought ever to gain admiſſion. To guide us by the way we have not one ſtar but many. Let the Bible be the rule of our faith; we may ſquare all our actions by the precepts of our Saviour; and a compaſs to our words, as relative to others, eſpecially thoſe whom we know to be Brethren.

As in our mundane ſyſtem the ſun rules by day, and the moon by night, with an inferior luſtre, ſo may we fulfil our appointed duties; more particularly by yielding a cheerful obedience to thoſe whom in his providence the Architect of the Univerſe hath ſet over us, whether the more ſubordinate, or the ſupreme.

Hail, myſtic Art! thou ſource of utility, as numbers have experienced; ſince if we were ever to be caſt on an unknown ſhore, or obliged to travel through the moſt diſtant climes, however ignorant of their language, their cuſtoms, and apparently ſtrange to their

inhabitants, thou lendeſt thy unfeigned votaries a ſecret key to open the rudeſt boſoms, and to unlock the concealed hoards of niggardly parſimony.

Then, my much reſpected Brethren, foot to foot, let us ſtand on the broad baſis of rectitude, inſcribed within the circle of harmony, to ſhow that we are ready to move with and for a Brother in every juſt and laudable deſign. On bended knees let us join in each act of adoration and praiſe to the Grand Maſter of angels, ſaints, and men, humbly begging, through the merits of Chriſt Jeſus, that his inexhauſtible goodneſs would be pleaſed to confer what his infinite wiſdom ſees moſt conducive for the eſſential and permanent felicity of ourſelves and all our genuine Brethren, whether in the preſent or future ſtate of our exiſtence. May we diſplay the reciprocity of our eſteem in imitation of the early Chriſtians, who are ſaid to have had but one heart; warmly pledging that, conſidering the inſtability of all the gifts of fortune, we are reſolved, according to our ability and the neceſſities of a Brother, to be equally ready liberally to give, or, if our ſituation requires it, thankfully to receive.

Thus acting, no human power can hurt you; for your building, thus fitly and compactly framed together, muſt grow into an holy temple, both in and for the Lord. In order to maintain unſullied the honour of the Craft, be cautious whom ye admit to the knowledge of your far more exalted than Eleuſinian myſteries; yet from the worſhippers of Ceres be not aſhamed to take a leſſon of circumſpection and vigilance. Be zealous in the diſcharge of all the duties demanded of you, nor faint though it may fall to your lot to labour in the plains of Jordan, in the clayey ground between Succoth and Zeredathah.

Thus may your Lodges appear beautiful as Thirzah comely as Jeruſalem, fair as the curtains of Solomon and ſupported by workmen that need not be aſham

May they be taught and ruled by Maſters who comprehend the light of truth; guarded by officers who will not remove the ancient land-marks which their fathers have ſet; and may the watchmen upon the towers ſuffer every man to paſs who can give proofs of his being a good Maſon and a true, adorning by his life and converſation the ſecret tenets of the ſcience, and, what is ſtill more, the Goſpel of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, to which word of our ſalvation unleſs we give earneſt heed, and render all things ſubſervient, we are but deceiving ourſelves, and the truth is not in us. Can I conclude more emphatically than in the words of the Apoſtle? Let all bitterneſs, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and ſpeaking, be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Chriſt's ſake hath forgiven you. Which God grant may be our character, now, and henceforth, for evermore. *Amen.*

Maſonic Exhortations. From the German.

O THOU! whom we have initiated in the doctrines of wiſdom, Son of Virtue and Friendſhip! liſten to us, and open thy heart to the ſerious precepts of Truth. We will ſhow thee the path to happineſs of life, the way in which thou mayeſt pleaſe thy Creator; how thou mayeſt employ with benign ſucceſs, for the benefit of mankind, all the means which Providence has entruſted thee with, and thus procure thyſelf the ſacred pleaſure of benevolence.

I. *Duty towards God and Religion.*

THY firſt homage thou oweſt to the Deity. Adore the Being of all beings, of which thy heart is full; which, however, thy confined intellects can neither conceive or deſcribe.—Look down with pity upon the deplorable madneſs of thoſe that turn their eyes from the light, and wander about in the darkneſs of

accidental events.—Deeply ſenſible of the parental benefactions of thy God, and with a heart full of gratitude, reject, with contempt, thoſe ſhallow inferences, that prove nothing but how much human reaſon degrades itſelf when it wanders from its original ſource.—Oft elevate thy heart above ſublunary things, and caſt thy eye with ardour towards thoſe higher ſpheres, which are thy inheritance.—Offer up in ſacrifice to the Moſt High thy will and thy wiſhes, ſtrive to deſerve his animating influence, and obey the commands he has preſcribed for thy terreſtrial career.—Let it be thy only happineſs to pleaſe thy God; let it be thy inceſſant endeavour, the incitement to all thy actions, to effect an eternal union with him.—The ſacred code is the foundation of all thy duties; if thou didſt not believe in it, thou wouldſt ceaſe to be a Free-maſon.—Let every action be diſtinguiſhed by an enlightened and active piety, without bigotry or enthuſiaſm.—Religion does not conſiſt of ſpeculative truths; exert thyſelf in fulfilling all thoſe moral duties it preſcribes, and then only thou ſhalt be happy; thy contemporaries will bleſs thee, and with ſerenity thou mayeſt appear before the throne of the Eternal.—Particularly thou ſhouldſt be penetrated by the feeling of benevolence and brotherly love, the fundamental pillar of this holy religion.—Pity him in error, without hating or perſecuting him. Leave the judgment to God, but "do thou love, and tolerate."—Maſons! Children of the ſame God! ye who are already brethren through the univerſal faith, bind cloſer the ties of brotherly love, and baniſh for ever all prejudices that might diſturb our brotherly union.

II. *The Immortality of the Soul.*

MAN! King of the earth! Maſter-piece of the creation, animated by the breath of God; be ſenſible of thy dignified deſtination.—The whole animal creation is ſubdued under thy dominion; all that waves and moves about thee ceaſes again to be; but

thy ſoul ſurvives all component things, and is by virtue of its divine origin incapable of being deſtroyed.—In this conſiſts thy true nobility. Feel thy happineſs without arrogance: pride was the cauſe of the degradation of man, it certainly would plunge thee into the ſame abyſs.—Degenerated being! what art thou in the preſence of the Eternal, with all the dignity originally appropriated to thee, and ſtill diſtinguiſhing thee from other beings?—Adore him, the Lord on High, in the utmoſt humility, and take care that the heavenly immortal eſſence, which animates thee, be not depraved.—This eſſence is thy ſoul; exert thyſelf in endowing it; it is capable of infinite perfection.—Make it ſo ſuſceptible, ſo open to virtuous impreſſions, that, after thy diſſolution, it may without impediment return to the pure and original ſource of virtue.—So prepared, thou wilt be free even in fetters; ſerene in misfortunes; the heavieſt ſtorm will not make thee tremble, and with true heroiſm thou wilt advance even to the face of death.—Maſon! If ever thou couldſt doubt the immortal nature of thy ſoul, and its high deſtination, in vain had we initiated thee; thou wouldſt not be the adopted ſon, the darling of wiſdom; thou wouldſt ſtep back, and mix again with the multitude of the profane rabble, who like moles crawl in the dark.

III. *Duty towards thy King and Country.*

GOD has ordained a ſovereign power of each country to be his vicegerent.—Entertain reverence for the ſupreme power, and be faithful to it, in whatever corner of the world thou liveſt.—After the homage thou oweſt to God, the duties toward the ſtate and country follow next.—Should man wander rude and unſociable about woods and foreſts, he would be leſs inclined to anſwer the intentions of Providence, and to enſure to himſelf all the good intended for him.—His being ennobles itſelf amongſt his equals, and the difference of opinions improves his genius.—But in ſociety, were every one left to

himself, the possession of property, and the unrestrained passions, would cause incessant quarrels, and cunning or power would soon triumph over innocence.—For this reason laws were necessary to regulate mankind by, and rulers to support and keep inviolated those laws.—Sensible Man! thou honourest thy parents; honour thy fathers of the state also, for they represent the Deity.—If they err, they are accountable for it to the Judge of Kings; but thy own, often very erroneous, judgment, cannot exempt thee from obedience.—Pray to God for their preservation, and exert all thy powers in favour of thy country.—Shouldst thou ever neglect this sacred duty, should thy heart not beat with joy at the dear names of thy country and thy prince, every Mason would turn thee away as a disturber of public tranquillity and order, and an outcast that does not deserve to partake of the prerogatives of a society that has particular claims upon the esteem and confidence of the sovereign power; because, animated with patriotism and zeal to form the best citizens, she makes it an invariable law for her pupils to fulfil all civil duties in the most distinguished manner, and from the purest motives.—A Mason ought to be the most valiant warrior; the most just judge; the kindest master; the most zealous servant; the tendereſt father; the most faithful husband; and the most obedient son; for his duties as a citizen in general have been strengthened and rendered sacred by the voluntary Masonic promise, and he, if ever he should neglect them, not only would show a want of fortitude, but also be guilty of hypocrisy and deceit.

IV. *Duties towards Mankind in general.*

BUT should the compass of thy country, which opens to thee such a fruitful and charming field, still be too confined for thy benevolent activity; should thy sensible heart wish to expand beyond the limits of empires, and to embrace all nations with tender feelings of humanity; shouldst thou, reflecting on

the univerſal pedigree, long to love tenderly all thoſe that are with thee of the ſame ſhape, in the ſame need of benevolence, that have, like thee, the ſame deſire to make themſelves uſeful, and an immortal ſoul; come then into our temples, and lay down thy offerings on the ſacred altar of humanity.—The mother country of a Maſon is the world; within the circle of his compaſs is contained every thing that concerns mankind.—Reflect with reverence on the majeſtic ſtructure, in which the ties of humanity and morality, too much relaxed, are bound cloſer.—Love this univerſal alliance of virtuous ſouls, that were capable of elevating themſelves above the duſt.—Thou wilt find it in every country where enlightened reaſon has forced its way, exiſting under the ſacred banner of humanity, and under the guide of ſimple and uniform laws.—Be ſenſible of the ſublime object of our revered Order; all thy faculties, thy whole life, be conſecrated to benevolence, and the happineſs of mankind.—Cultivate inceſſantly thy moral perfection, and effect the cloſeſt union with the Deity.—Thus only thou canſt ennoble, purify, and fortify, the motives of this laudable Inſtitution.

V. *Benevolence.*

BEING created in the ſimilitude of God, who in his mercy and immenſe bounty communicated himſelf to men, and expanded over them the abundance of his bleſſings, ſtrive thou aſſiduouſly, by making mankind as happy as poſſible, to reſemble this divine original. Thou canſt not imagine any thing good that is not an object of Maſonic activity.—Look down upon the helpleſs ſituation of infancy, it challenges thy aſſiſtance: reflect on the ſad inexperience of youth, it demands thy good counſels.—Find thy happineſs in protecting them againſt errors and ſeduction, the common rocks of that age.—Awake in them the heavenly fire of genius, and inſtruct them how to unfold it for the benefit of the world.—Every ſuffering being has a ſacred claim on

thy aſſiſtance; take care not to deny it.—Do not wait till thy ears ring with the lamentations of the miſerable; affectionately anticipate the wants of the unfortunate, and inſpire them with courage.—Do not poiſon thy gifts by oſtentation.—Thou ſhalt not find thy reward for thy benefactions in the vain and loud applauſes of the multitude; a Maſon will always find it in the ſilent and ſecret teſtimony of his heart, and in the ſacred pleaſure with which the Deity looks down upon him.—Has Providence granted thee abundance? Let it be far from thee to make an inconſiderate or ſhameful uſe of it.—God has given thee above thy wants, that thou mayeſt cauſe thoſe that have received a ſcanty lot to feel leſs the inequality of the diſtribution of the riches of the earth. Enjoy this glorious prerogative.—May the moſt abominable of all paſſions, avarice, never predominate over thee: may thy heart forever revolt againſt the worthleſs calculations of covetouſneſs.—But ſhould this melancholly vice overpower thee, approach no more the temples of philanthropy; they would have no more charms for thee, and we could no longer diſcover in thee the image of God.—Let religion, wiſdom, and prudence, be the rule of thy benefactions.—Thy heart might be inclined to relieve every want, but thy reaſon muſt direct to aſſiſt where neceſſity is moſt preſſing.—Inſtruct, adviſe, intercede; be charitable, conſole according to the exigency of circumſtances.—If thou findeſt at laſt that thou art confined, and that thy ſoul begins to mourn, and to lament the incapacity of expanding as much happineſs as thou wiſheſt, then haſte to our temples.—Behold here the ſacred tie of benevolence, and, contributing as far as thy abilities permit towards the laudable Inſtitution of our Fraternity, rejoice at the idea of being a fellow-citizen of this better world; and enjoy the ſweet fruits of our faculties united and concentered to one point.—The ſources of relief will then flow more abundantly;

inſtead of helping one, thou wilt co-operate to make thouſands happy, and thy wiſhes will be fulfilled.

VI. *Further Duties towards Men.*

LOVE thy neighbours as thyſelf, and do unto others as thou wiſheſt to be done by.—The faculty of expreſſing thy thoughts by words is an external ſign of thy command over nature; make uſe of this gift to alleviate the wants of thy fellow-creatures, and to encourage them to virtue.—Be affable and ſerviceable; edify others by thy example, and bear thyſelf kindly, and without repining, at the proſperity of others.—Do not ſuffer thy heart to entertain any envy; it would undermine thy happineſs, and rage in thy breaſt.—Pardon thy enemy, and have manlineſs of heart enough to do him good.—This generous ſacrifice, one of the moſt exalted precepts of religion, will awake in thee the moſt benign ſenſations; thou wilt repreſent the image of the Deity, who with adorable kindneſs pardons the errors of men, and, diſregarding their ingratitude, pours down his bleſſings upon them.—Always recollect that this is the moſt glorious victory thy reaſon can obtain over the brutal inſtincts; and thy motto be,

A Maſon forgets only Injuries, never Benefits.

VII. *Cultivation of One's Self.*

BY making thus the proſperity of mankind the object of thy labours, do not loſe ſight of the neceſſity of forwarding thy own perfection, and do not neglect the concerns of thy immortal ſoul.—Often unveil and examine thy heart to diſcover its moſt ſecret diſpoſitions: the knowledge of one's ſelf is the ſum of all Maſonic precepts.—Thy ſoul is the rough aſhlar which thou muſt labour to poliſh; thou canſt not do homage more worthy of the Supreme Being than when thou offereſt up to him regular deſires and inclinations, and reſtrained paſſions.—By ſtrictneſs and modeſty in thy moral conduct acquire the eſteem of the world.—Diſtinguiſh thyſelf by

diſcipline, rectitude, love of truth, and humility.—Pride is the moſt dangerous enemy of mankind, and the ſource of all their evils.—Do not look back to the point from which thou proceedeſt, this would retard thy career; let thy eye continually be caſt towards the goal; the ſhort time of thy journey will hardly afford thee the hope of arriving at it.—To compare thyſelf with thoſe that are poſſeſſed of ſuperior faculties, would be a dangerous flattery of thyſelf; rather let a virtuous emulation animate thee when thou perceiveſt ſuperior talents.—Let thy tongue be a faithful interpreter of thy heart; a Maſon who could abandon candour, and hide himſelf behind the maſk of diſſimulation and deceit, would be unworthy to ſit amongſt us; he would ſow upon our peaceable ſoil the ſeed of diſtruſt and diſſention, and ſoon become the abomination and the ſcourge of our aſſemblies.—May the ſublime idea, that thou walkeſt before the eyes of the Omnipreſent, ſtrengthen and ſupport thee.—Review daily the vow of mending thy life; watch and meditate, and call to thy recollection at night a noble action, or a victory over thy paſſions; then lay down thy head in peace, and gather new ſtrength.—Finally, ſtudy eagerly the meaning of the hieroglyphics and emblems which the Order lays before thee: even nature does not always unveil her ſecrets; ſhe muſt be obſerved, compared, and frequently watched with attention in her operations.—Of all the ſciences on whoſe extenſive field the induſtry of men gather uſeful illuſtrations, none will afford thy heart heavenly ſatisfaction, but that which inſtructeth thee in thy relation to God and the creation.

VIII. *Duties towards Brethren.*

AMONGST the numberleſs inhabitants of the earth, thou haſt choſen, by a voluntary vow, the Free-maſons as Brethren.—Therefore never forget that every Free-maſon, without diſtinction of the

profeſſion of his faith, country, or rank, the moment he offers thee his right hand as the emblem of brotherly confidence, has a ſacred claim upon thy aſſiſtance and friendſhip.—Equality was the firſt lot of nature, but was ſoon ſwerved from.—The Maſon reſtores the original rights of mankind; he never ſacrifices to vulgar prejudices; the ſacred Plumb-rule amongſt us puts all ranks on a level.—Nevertheleſs, honour the diſtinctions of rank in civil life, which ſociety has introduced or permitted.—Oft are thoſe gradations the production of pride; but pride it would be in thee to ſtruggle againſt, or to diſavow thoſe diſtinctions which civil ſociety acknowledges.—In our aſſemblies, ſtep behind him who is more virtuous and more enlightened: the dignity which diſtinguiſhes thee in the world remains unnoticed here.—Be not aſhamed of an inſignificant, but honeſt, man out of the Lodge, whom thou haſt acknowledged a ſhort time before as a Brother; the Order would then be aſhamed of thee alſo, and ſend thee back to the profane theatre of the world, there to exerciſe thy pride.—Is thy Brother in danger? Haſte thou to his aſſiſtance, and heſitate not to endanger thy own life for him.—Is he diſtreſſed? Open thy purſe to him, and rejoice in having found an opportunity to make ſo benign a uſe of thy gold.—You are to be benevolent to mankind, but in particular to thy Brother.—Is he blinded by errors, and haſtens towards a precipice? Take up the brotherly arms of rational repreſentations, and ſtop him.—Reconduct the wavering creatures of God to the path of virtue, and raiſe up the fallen.—Haſt thou an animoſity againſt thy Brother, on account of real or imaginary offences? Let not the ſun ſet before thy reconciliation.—Call in an unprejudiced arbitrator, and invite him to brotherly mediation.—But never ſtep over our threſhold, unleſs thy heart is clear of hatred and vengeance.—In vain wouldſt thou attempt to ſupplicate down into our temples the Eternal, if

they were not ornamented by the virtues of our Brethren, and conſecrated by their unanimity.

IX. *Duties towards the Order.*

BY having admitted thee to partake of the advantages which are the conſequences of our alliance, thou haſt reſigned a part of that natural liberty.—Fulfil with religious ſtrictneſs all thoſe moral duties which the Order preſcribes thee.—Follow its wiſe precepts, and honour thoſe, who, by the confidence of the Brethren, have been made the Guardians of the laws, and the interpreters of the univerſal union.—Thy will is ſubordinate, in the Order, to the will of the law, and thy ſuperiors.—Thou wouldſt not be a true Brother, if thou wouldſt reſiſt this ſubordination, ſo very requiſite in every ſociety; and nothing would remain for us then, but to baniſh thee from among us.—In particular we have a law, the inviolable compliance with which thou haſt promiſed before the face of Heaven; it is the ſtricteſt ſilence concerning our rites, ceremonies, ſigns, and the form of our alliance.—Do not imagine that this promiſe is leſs ſacred than any which thou makeſt in civil life.—Thou madeſt the ſolemn promiſe of thine own free will, and it is not now at thy option to violate it; the Eternal, whom thou haſt invoked to witneſs it, has ratified it.—Tremble at the breach of thy promiſe; never couldſt thou eſcape the gnawing reproaches of thy own heart.—Thou wouldſt loſe for ever the eſteem and the confidence of a numerous Society, who would have an undoubted right to declare thee to be an infamous being.

Concluſion.

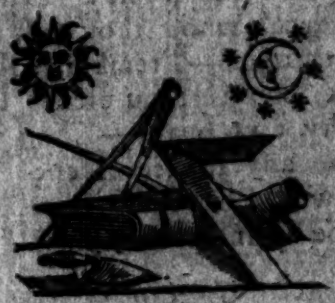
SHOULD theſe Precepts, which the Order communicates to thee, to make the path to truth and happineſs ſmooth, imprint themſelves deep into thy heart, open to the impreſſions of virtue; ſhouldſt thou make thoſe excellent principles thy own, which

diſtinguiſh each ſtep of thy Maſonic career, and render them the plumb-line of all thy actions—*O Brother!* how great would be our joy! Then wouldſt thou anſwer thy exalted deſtination: thou wouldſt reſume that reſemblance with God which was the ſhare of man in his ſtate of innocence, which is the object of Religion, and the principal end of Maſonic initiation: thou wouldſt be once more the favourite of Heaven; the abundance of its bleſſings would be poured over thee, and, acquiring the title of a wiſe, free, happy, and firm man, thou wouldſt run thy terreſtrial career as—the

Benefactor of Mankind,

AND THE

Pattern of thy Brethren.



THE

Free-maſon's Vade-Mecum.

Remarkable Events in Maſonry.

	A. D.
ST. Alban formed the firſt Grand Lodge in Britain	287
King Athelſtan granted a Charter to Free-maſons	926
Prince Edwin formed a G. Lodge at York	926
Edward III. reviſed the Conſtitutions	1358
Maſons' aſſemblies prohibited by parliament	1426
Henry VI. initiated	1450
Grand Maſters of the Knights of Malta, Patrons of Maſonry	1500
Inigo Jones conſtituted ſeveral Lodges	1607
Earl of St. Alban regulated the Lodges	1637
St. Paul's begun by Free-maſons	1657
William III. privately initiated	1690
St. Paul's completed by Free-maſons	1713
G. L. revived, Anthony Sayer, Eſq. G. M.	1717
Several Noblemen initiated	1719
Valuable MSS. burnt by ſcrupulous Brethren	1720
Office of Deputy Grand Maſter revived	1720
Book of Conſtitutions firſt publiſhed	1723
Grand Secretary firſt eſtabliſhed	1723
Grand Treaſurer appointed	1724
A general fund propoſed for diſtreſſed Maſons	1724
Committee of Charity eſtabliſhed	1725
Provincial Grand Maſters firſt appointed	1726
Twelve Grand Stewards firſt appointed	1728
Lord Kingſton gave valuable preſents to the Grand Lodge	1729
Duke of Norfolk ditto	1731
The Emperor of Germany initiated	1735

Grand Stewards' Lodge firſt eſtabliſhed A. D. 1735
Frederick Prince of Wales initiated - 1737
Anderſon's edition of the Conſtitution-book publiſhed - - - 1738
Grand Hall built at Antigua - - 1744
Public proceſſions on Feaſt-days diſcontinued 1747
Grand Certificates firſt iſſued - - 1755
Fourteen perſons expelled for irregularity - 1757
Entick's edition of the Conſtitution Book publiſhed - - - 1758
Fifty pounds diſtributed in charity abroad - 1760
Several perſons expelled for irregularity - 1762
His R. H. the Duke of Glouceſter initiated 1766
A new edition of the Conſtitutions ordered 1767
Henry Fred. Duke of Cumberland initiated 1767
£100 ſent to Barbadoes for ſufferers by fire 1768
Regiſtering regulations commenced Oct. 28 1768
Plan of a Hall for the G. Lodge approved - 1769
Elegant Hall built by the Free-maſons at Barbadoes - - - - 1772
Hall Committee appointed by the G. Lodge 1773
Alliance formed with the G. L. of Germany 1773
King of Pruſſia incorporated the Society in Pruſſia - - - 1774
Ground purchaſed for a Hall in London - 1774
Firſt ſtone of Free-maſons' Hall laid - 1775
£5,000 raiſed by a tontine towards building ditto - - - 1775
Office of Grand Chaplain revived - 1776
Appendix to Books of Conſtitutions publiſhed 1776
Free-maſon's Hall dedicated - 1776
Office of Grand Architect eſtabliſhed - 1776
Free-maſons' Calendar publiſhed by authority of the Grand Lodge - 1777
Anniverſary of dedication ordered to be kept 1777
Several Maſons impriſoned at Naples - 1777
Fees of conſtituting Lodges and making Maſons raiſed - - - 1777
Several perſons of Germany formed a Lodge 1777

	A. D.
His Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland elected G. M.	1782
Noorthouck's edition of the Book of Conſtitutions printed	1784
His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales initiated	1787
His Royal Highneſs Prince William Henry initiated	1787
His R. Highneſs the Duke of York initiated	1787
The Grand Chapter of the Order of Harodim inſtituted	1787
Increaſed Regiſtering Regulation on Town Lodges commenced May 5	1788
Free-maſons' Tavern rebuilt	1788
Royal Cumberland Free-maſons' School inſtituted	1788
His R. Highneſs Prince Edward initiated	1790
His Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland, G. M. died	1790
His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales elected G. M.	1790
A new Houſe built for the Cumberland School in St. George's Fields, at an expenſe of £2,500	1793
King of Sweden initiated	1793
Free-maſons' Magazine publiſhed	1793
His Royal Highneſs Prince William of Glouceſter initiated	1795
His R. H. Prince Erneſt Auguſtus initiated	1796

A Chronological Table of the Patrons and Grand Maſters in England from the Time of the Anglo-Saxons.

A. D.	
597	AUSTIN the Monk
680	Bennet, Abbot of Wirral
857	St. Swithin
872	King Alfred the Great
900	Ethred King of Mercia

A. D.

900 Prince Ethelward
924 King Athelſtan
926 Prince Edwin, brother of Athelſtan
957 St. Dunſtan, Archbiſhop of Canterbury
1041 King Edward the Confeſſor, and Leofric Earl of Coventry
1066 Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel
Gundulph Biſhop of Rocheſter
1100 King Henry I.
1135 Gilbert de Clare, Marquis of Pembroke
1154 The Grand Maſters of the Knights Templars
1176 Peter de Colechurch
1212 William Almaine
1216 Peter de Rupibus, Biſhop of Wincheſter
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter
1272 Walter Giffard, Archbiſhop of York
Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Glouceſter
Ralph Lord of Mount Hermer
1307 Walter Stapleton, Biſhop of Exeter
1327 King Edward III.
1350 John de Spoulee, Maſter of the Ghiblim
1357 William of Wykeham, Biſhop of Wincheſter
1375 Robert of Barnham
Henry Yevele, called the King's Free-maſon
Simon Langham, Abbot of Weſtminſter
1399 Thomas Fitz-Allen, Earl of Surry
1413 Henry Chicheley, Archbiſhop of Canterbury
1443 William Wainfleet, Biſhop of Wincheſter
1471 Richard Beauchamp, Biſhop of Saliſbury
1485 King Henry VII.
1493 John Iſlip, Abbot of Weſtminſter
1502 Sir Roger Bray
1515 Cardinal Thomas Wolſey
1539 Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Eſſex
1540 John Touchet, Lord Audley
1549 Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerſet
1551 John Poynet, Biſhop of Wincheſter
1561 Sir Thomas Sackville

A. D.

1567 Francis Ruſſel, Earl of Bedford
Sir Thomas Greſham
1579 Charles Howard, Earl of Effingham
1588 George Haſtings, Earl of Huntingdon
1603 King James I.
1607 Inigo Jones
1618 William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke
1625 King Charles I.
1630 Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby
1635 Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel
Francis Ruſſel, Earl of Bedford
Inigo Jones
1660 King Charles II.
Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's
1666 Thomas Savage, Earl of Rivers
1674 George Villars, Duke of Buckingham
Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington
1685 Sir Chriſtopher Wren
1695 Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond
1698 Sir Chriſtopher Wren
1717 Anthony Sayer, Gent.
1718 George Payne, Eſq.
1719 J. T. Deſaguliers, LL. D. F. R. S.
1721 John Duke of Montagu
1722 Philip Duke of Wharton
1723 Francis Scott, Earl of Dalkeith
1724 Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond
1725 James Hamilton, Lord Paiſley
1726 William O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin
1727 Henry Hare, Lord Colcraine
1728 James King, Lord Kingſton
1729-30 Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk
1731 T. Coke, Lord Lovel
1732 Anthony Brown, Lord Viſcount Montacute
1733 James Lyon, Earl of Strathmore
1734 John Lindſay, Earl of Crauford
1735 T. Thynne, Lord Viſcount Weymouth
1736 John Campbell, Earl of Loudon

A. D.
1737 Edward Bligh, Earl of Darnley
1738 H. Brydges, Marquis of Caernarvon
1739 Robert, Lord Raymond
1740 John Keith, Earl of Kintore
1741 James Douglas, Earl of Morton
1742 John, Lord Viſcount Dudley and Ward
1744 Thomas Lyon, Earl of Strathmore
1745 James, Lord Cranſtoun
1747 William, Lord Byron
1752 John, Lord Carysfort
1754 James Brydges, Marquis of Caernarvon
1757 Sholto, Lord Aberdour
1762 Waſhington Shirley, Earl Ferrers
1764 Cadwallader, Lord Blaney
1767 Henry, Duke of Beaufort
1772 Robert Edward, Lord Petre
1777 George, Duke of Mancheſter
1782 Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland
1790 George Auguſtus Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Mode of conſtituting a Lodge, according to ancient Uſage, with the Ceremonies of Conſecration and Inſtallation.

ANY number of *Maſter Maſons*, not under ſeven, reſolved to form themſelves into a new Lodge, muſt apply, by petition, to the Grand Maſter, or Provincial Grand Maſter; ſetting forth, *That they are regular made Maſons, and preſent Members of different Lodges under the Conſtitution of England; that they have the proſperity of the Society at heart, and are willing to exert their beſt endeavours to promote the principles of* Maſonry: *that, for the conveniency of their reſpective dwellings, and other good reaſons, they have agreed to form themſelves into a new Lodge, to be named* ——; *and have nominated* A. B. *to be the Maſter*; C. D. *to be the Senior Warden*; *and* E. F. *to be the Junior Warden: that, in conſequence of this reſolution, they pray for a Warrant of Conſtitution, to impower*

them to aſſemble, and hold a regular Lodge on the —— of every month, at the houſe of C. H. known by the ſign of ——, in ——, and then and there to make, paſs, and raiſe Maſons, according to the regular forms of the Society, and to execute all the other duties of the Craft; that, the prayer of their petition being granted, they will faithfully obey all the edicts or commands of the Grand Maſter, and ſtrictly conform to all the laws and regulations of the Grand Lodge.

This petition, being properly ſigned and recommended by three Maſters of regular Lodges, muſt be delivered to the Grand Secretary, who, on preſenting it to the Deputy Grand Maſter, and his approving of it, will grant a Diſpenſation, authoriſing the Brethren, ſpecified in it, to aſſemble as Maſons for 40 days, or until ſuch time as a Conſtitution ſhall be granted, or that authority be recalled.

In conſequence of this Diſpenſation, a Lodge may be held at a place there ſpecified; and its tranſactions, being properly recorded, will be equally valid, for the time being, with thoſe of a regular conſtituted Lodge.

The petition is preſented by the Deputy Grand Maſter to the Grand Maſter, who being ſatisfied of the truth of the allegations it contains, appoints a day and hour for conſtituting [and conſecrating] this new Lodge, and for inſtalling the Maſter, Wardens, and other officers of the ſame.

If the Grand Maſter attends, with all his officers, the Lodge will be conſtituted *in ample form*; if the Deputy Grand Maſter and the other grand officers attend, it will be conſtituted *in due form*; but if the power is veſted in any ſubordinate Lodge, it will only be conſtituted *in form*.

On the day and hour appointed, the G. Maſter, with his officers (or the Maſter and officers of any private Lodge, authorized by the G. M.) meet in a convenient room, and, being properly cloathed, walk in proceſſion to the Lodge-room. The Lodge is

opened by the G. M. in all the degrees of Maſonry. A prayer being repeated in due form, and an ode, in honour of the Society, ſung, the G. M. (or Maſter in the Chair) is informed, *That a certain number of Brethren then preſent, duly inſtructed in the myſteries of Maſonry, deſire to be formed into a new Lodge, under his Worſhip's (or the Grand Maſter's) patronage; that a Diſpenſation had been granted them, by virtue of which authority they had aſſembled as regular Maſons; and that the tranſactions of their ſeveral meetings had been properly recorded.* The petition is then read, as is alſo the Diſpenſation, and the Warrant or Charter of Conſtitution, granted in conſequence of it. The minutes of all the tranſactions of the new Lodge, while under Diſpenſation, are likewiſe read, and, being approved, they are declared to be regular and valid. Then the G. M. (or Maſter in the Chair) takes the Warrant in his hand, and requeſts the Brethren of the new Lodge to ſignify their approbation or diſapprobation of the officers nominated in the ſaid Warrant to preſide over them. This being ſignified accordingly, an anthem is ſung, and an oration on the nature and deſign of Maſonry is delivered.

Ceremony of Conſecration. (*Never to be uſed, but when ſpecially ordered.*)

THE G. M. attended by his officers, and ſome dignified clergyman, form themſelves in order round the Lodge, in the centre. All devoutly kneeling, the preparatory prayer is rehearſed. The Chaplain produces his authority, and, being properly aſſiſted, proceeds to conſecrate. Solemn muſic ſtrikes up, and the neceſſary preparations are made. The firſt clauſe of the Conſecration Prayer is rehearſed, all devoutly kneeling. The Reſponſe is made, *Glory to God on High.* Incenſe is ſcattered over the Lodge, and the Grand Honours of Maſonry are given. The Conſecration Prayer is concluded, and the Reſponſe repeated, together with the Grand Honours, as before. All riſing up, ſolemn muſic is introduced;

after which, the Bleſſing is given, and the Reſponſe made as before, accompanied with the uſual honours. An Anthem is then ſung, and the Brethren of the new Lodge coming forward and doing homage, the Grand Maſter pronounces theſe words:

In this my exalted character, and in the name of the Moſt High, *to whom be glory and honour, I conſtitute and form theſe good Brethren into a regular Lodge of* Free and Accepted Maſons; *and God be with them.* Amen. [Flouriſh with drums and trumpets.]

The Grand Honours are once more repeated, and the ceremony of Conſecration ends.

Ceremony of Inſtallation.

THE G. M. then aſks his Deputy, *If he has examined the Maſter nominated in the Warrant, and whether he finds him well ſkilled in the noble Science and the royal Art?* The Deputy anſwering in the affirmative, he, by the G. M.'s order, takes the candidate from among his fellows and preſents him at the pedeſtal, ſaying, *Moſt Worſhipful Grand Maſter, [or Right Worſhipful, as it happens,] I preſent my worthy Brother* A. B. *to be inſtalled Maſter of this new Lodge. I know him to be of good Morals and of great Skill; true and truſty, and a lover of the whole Fraternity, wherefoever diſperſed over the face of the earth.*

The following charges are then read by the G. Secretary [or acting Secretary] to the Maſter Elect:

I. You are to be a good man and true, and ſtrictly to obey the moral law.

II. You are to be a peaceable ſubject, and cheerfully to conform to the laws of the country in which you reſide.

III. You are not to be concerned in plots or conſpiracies againſt Government, but ſubmit to the deciſions of legiſlative power.

IV. You are to reſpect the civil Magiſtrate; to work diligently; live creditably; and act honourably by all men.

V. You are to obey the Rulers and Governors of the Society, ſupreme and ſubordinate, in their different ſtations, and ſubmit to the awards and reſolutions of your Brethren.

VI. You are to avoid private piques and quarrels, and guard againſt intemperance and exceſs.

VII. You are to be cautious and prudent in your behaviour, courteous to your Brethren, and faithful to the Lodge to which you belong.

VIII. You are to reſpect your genuine Brethren, and diſcountenance all falſe pretenders.

IX. You are to promote the general good of Society, cultivate the ſocial Virtues, and be always ready to give or to receive inſtruction.

The Secretary then reads the following Regulations:

I. The Grand Maſter for the time being, and all his Officers, are to be duly homaged, and the Edicts of the Grand Lodge to be ſtrictly enforced.

II. No alteration or innovation in the Body of Maſonry ſhall be made, without the conſent of the Grand Lodge firſt had and obtained.

III. The duties of the G. L. are to be regularly attended, and the dignity of the Society ſupported.

IV. No ſtated Lodge is to be formad without leave from the G. M. or his Deputy; or any countenance given to a Maſon clandeſtinely made in ſuch Lodge.

V. No Maſon is to be made, or Member admitted, in a regular Lodge, without one month's previous notice, or due inquiry into his character.

VI. No Viſitors are to be received into a Lodge, unleſs vouchers can be produced of their having been initiated in a regular, conſtituted Lodge, acting under the authority of the Grand Maſter, or ſome other Grand Maſter approved by him.

VII. No public proceſſion of Maſons, cloathed with the badges of the Order, are to be countenanced, without the ſpecial licence of the G. Maſter.

Theſe are the Laws and Regulations of the Society of Free and Accepted Maſons.

The Grand Maſter then addreſſes the Maſter Elect in the following manner: *Do you ſubmit to theſe Charges, and do you promiſe to ſupport theſe Regulations, as Maſters have done in all ages?* The new M. having ſignified his cordial ſubmiſſion, is bound to his truſt, and inveſted with the badge of his office by the G. M. who thus ſalutes him: *Brother* A. B. *in conſequence of the recommendations I have received of you, and your cheerful conformity to the Charges and Regulations of the Society, I appoint you Maſter of this new Lodge, not doubting of your care, ſkill, and capacity.* The Warrant of Conſtitution is then delivered over to the new Maſter; after which, the Holy Bible, the Square and Compaſs, the Book of Conſtitutions, the Minute Book, the Hiram, the moveable Jewels, and all the Inſignia of his different Officers, are ſeparately preſented to him; and the neceſſary Charges, ſuitable to each, are properly delivered. [*The ſame Ceremony and Charges attend every ſucceeding Inſtallation.*] The new Maſter is then conducted by the Stewards, amidſt the acclamations of the Brethren, to the G. Maſter's left hand, where he returns his becoming acknowledgments to the G. M. firſt, and to all the reſt in their order: after which he is ſaluted by the muſic, with a ſong ſuitable to the occaſion. The Members of the new Lodge next advance, pay due homage to the G. M. and ſignify their promiſe of ſubjection and obedience to their new Maſter, by the uſual congratulations in the different degrees of Maſonry.

The Grand Maſter orders the new Maſter to enter immediately upon the exerciſe of his office; to wit, in appointing his Wardens, whom he accordingly names. They are conducted up to the pedeſtal, and preſented to the Grand Maſter; after which the new Maſter proceeds to inveſt them with the badges of their offices in the following manner:

Brother C. D. *I appoint you Senior Warden of this Lodge, and inveſt you with the enſign of your office.*

[Here ſpecify its moral excellence.] *Your regular and early attendance I particularly requeſt; as, in my abſence, you are to govern the Lodge; and, in my preſence, to aſſiſt me in the government of it. Your attachment to this Lodge, joined to your knowledge of Maſonry, will, no doubt, enable you to diſcharge the duties of this important ſtation with honour and reputation.*

Brother E. F. *I appoint you Junior Warden of this Lodge, and inveſt you with the badge of your office. To you I entruſt the examination of Viſitors, and the introduction of Candidates. I therefore requeſt your regular and punctual attendance on the Lodge. Your proficiency in Maſonry, I doubt not, will qualify you to execute faithfully the duty you owe to your preſent appointment.*

Brother Wardens, you are both too good Members of our Community, and too expert in the principles of Maſonry, to require much information in the duties of your reſpective offices: ſuffice it to mention, that I expect, what you have ſeen praiſe-worthy in others, you will carefully imitate; and what in them may have appeared defective, you will carefully avoid. Good order and regularity you muſt endeavour to promote. By a due regard to the Laws in your own conduct, you can only expect to enforce a due obedience to them in that of the other Members.

The Wardens retire to their ſeats, and the Treaſurer is next inveſted. The Secretary is then called up to the pedeſtal, and inveſted with the jewel of his office, upon which the new M. thus addreſſes him:

I appoint you, Brother G. H. *Secretary of this Lodge. It is your province to record the Minutes, ſettle the Accounts, and iſſue out the Summonſes for our regular Meetings. Your good inclinations to Maſonry will certainly induce you to diſcharge this truſt with fidelity; and, in ſo doing, you will juſtly merit the eſteem and applauſe of the Lodge.*

The Stewards are next called up and inveſted, and the following Charge is delivered by the new M.

Brother I. K. *and Brother* L. M. *I appoint you Stewards of the Lodge. The duties of your office are, to introduce viſitors, and to ſee that they are properly accommodated; to collect the quarterage and other fees, and to keep an account of the Lodge expences. Your regular and early attendance will be the beſt proof you can give of your zeal for Maſonry, and your attachment to this Lodge.*

The Maſter then appoints the Tyler, and delivers over, in form, the inſtrument of his office, with the neceſſary charge on that occaſion: after which he addreſſes the members of the Lodge as follows:

Brethren,

Such is the nature of our Conſtitution, that, as ſome muſt of neceſſity rule and teach, ſo others muſt, of courſe, learn to ſubmit and obey. Humility in both is, therefore, an eſſential duty. The Brethren I have appointed to ſupport me in the government of this Lodge, I hope, are too well acquainted with the principles of Maſonry, and the rules of good breeding, to exceed their power; and the other members are too ſenſible of the neceſſity of their appointment, and of too generous diſpoſitions, to envy their preferment. From the knowledge I have of both, I make no doubt but we ſhall all unite in the grand deſign of being happy, and of communicating happineſs.

The Grand Maſter gives all the Brethren joy of their Officers, recommends harmony, and expreſſes his deſires that their only contention will be a laudable emulation in cultivating the royal art, and the ſocial virtues; upon which, all the new Lodge bow together, and return thanks for the honour of the Conſtitution.

The Grand Secretary proclaims the new Lodge three times, with the honours of Maſonry. Flouriſh with horns each time.

A ſong is then ſung, with a grand chorus. After which the new Maſter proceeds to explain the Lodge.

The Grand Maſter orders the Lodge to be regiſ-

tered in the Grand Lodge book, and the G. Secretary to notify the ſame to all other regular Lodges.

A ſong concludes the ceremony, and the Lodge is cloſed with the uſual ſolemnities in the different degrees, by the Grand Maſter and his Officers; after which they return in proceſſion to the apartment from whence they came.

This is the uſual ceremony obſerved by regular Maſons; but the Grand Officers can abridge or extend it at pleaſure.

A rehearſal of the ancient Charges properly ſucceeds the opening, and precedes the cloſing, of every Lodge. This was the conſtant practice of our ancient Brethren, and ought never to be neglected in our regular aſſemblies. A recapitulation of our duty cannot be diſagreeable to thoſe who are acquainted with it; and to thoſe who know it not, ſhould any ſuch be, it muſt be highly proper to recommend it.

Laws for the government of the Lodge.

[*To be rehearſed at opening the Lodge.*]

BRETHREN ſalute one another in a courteous manner, agreeably to the forms eſtabliſhed among Maſons; you are freely to give ſuch mutual inſtructions as ſhall be thought neceſſary or expedient, not being overſeen or overheard, without encroaching upon each other, or derogating from that reſpect which is due to any gentleman were he not a Maſon; for though as Maſons we rank as Brethren on a level, yet Maſonry deprives no man of the honour due to his rank or character, but rather adds to his honour, eſpecially if he has deſerved well of the Fraternity, who always render honour to whom it is due, and avoid ill-manners.

No private committees are to be allowed, or ſeparate converſations encouraged; the Maſter or Wardens are not to be interrupted, or any Brother ſpeak-

ing to the Maſter; but due decorum is to be obſerved, and a proper reſpect paid to the Maſter and preſiding Officers.

Theſe laws are to be ſtrictly enforced, that harmony may be preſerved, and the buſineſs of the Lodge be carried on with order and regularity.

Amen. So mote it be.

THE privileges of Maſonry have been made too common; they have been beſtowed upon the worthleſs and the wicked, and the reputation of the Society has been injured. Good and true men, not immoral or ſcandalous, but of good report, ought only to be honoured with them; and every Maſon ſhould be particularly careful to recommend none as candidates for our myſteries, but ſuch whoſe characters will anſwer this deſcription; and previous to his initiation, every candidate ought to ſubſcribe the following declaration:

I, A. B. do ſeriouſly declare upon my honour, that unbiaſſed by friends, and uninfluenced by mercenary motives, I freely and voluntarily offer myſelf a candidate for the myſteries of Maſonry; that I am ſolely prompted by a favourable opinion conceived of the Inſtitution, a deſire of knowledge, and a ſincere wiſh of being ſerviceable to my fellow-creatures; and that I will cheerfully conform to all the ancient eſtabliſhed uſages and cuſtoms of the Society. As witneſs my hand, this day of

(Signed) A. B.

C. D. } Witneſſes.
E. F. }

The Ceremony and Service at a Maſon's Funeral.

NO Maſon can be interred with the formalities of the Order, unleſs by his own ſpecial requeſt, communicated to the Maſter of the Lodge of which

he died a member; nor unleſs he had been advanced to the third degree of Maſonry.

The Maſter of the Lodge, on receiving intelligence of his death, and being made acquainted with the day and hour appointed for his funeral, is to iſſue his command for ſummoning the Lodge; and immediately to make application by the Grand Secretary to the Deputy Grand Maſter, for a legal power and authority to attend the proceſſion, with his Officers, and ſuch Brethren as he may approve of, properly cloathed.

The diſpenſation being obtained, the Maſter may invite as many Lodges as he thinks proper, and the members of the ſaid Lodges may accompany their Officers in form; but the whole ceremony muſt be under the direction of the Maſter of the Lodge to which the deceaſed belonged; and he and his Officers muſt be duly honoured, and cheerfully obeyed, on the occaſion.

All the Brethren who walk in proceſſion ſhould obſerve as much as poſſible an uniformity in their dreſs. Decent mourning, with white ſtockings, gloves, and aprons, are moſt ſuitable and becoming. No perſon ought to be diſtinguiſhed with a jewel, unleſs he is an Officer of one of the Lodges invited to attend in form, and the Officers of ſuch Lodges ſhould be ornamented with white ſaſhes and hatbands; as alſo the Officers of the Lodge to whom the diſpenſation is granted, who ſhould likewiſe be diſtinguiſhed with white rods.

In the proceſſion to the place of interment, the different Lodges rank according to their ſeniority; the junior ones preceding. Each Lodge forms one diviſion, and the following order is obſerved:—

The Tyler, with his ſword;
The Stewards, with white rods;
The Brethren out of office, two and two;
The Secretary, with a roll;
The Treaſurer, with his badge of office;

Senior and Junior Wardens, hand in hand;
The Paſt Maſter;
The Maſter;
The Lodge to which the deceaſed Brother belonged, in the following order, all the Members having flowers or herbs in their hands:
The Tyler;
The Stewards;
The muſic [drums muffled, and trumpets covered];
The Members of the Lodge;
The Secretary and Treaſury;
The Senior and Junior Wardens;
The Paſt Maſter;
The Bible and Book of Conſtitutions on a cuſhion, covered with black cloth, carried by a Member of the Lodge;
The Maſter;
The Choriſters, ſinging an anthem;
The Clergyman;
THE BODY,
With the regalia placed thereon, and two ſwords croſſed;
Pall-bearers;
Chief Mourner;
Aſſiſtant Mourners;
Two Stewards;
A Tyler.

One or two Lodges march before the proceſſion begins, to the church-yard, to prevent confuſion, and make the neceſſary preparations. The Brethren are on no account to deſert their ranks, or change their places, but keep in their different departments. When the proceſſion arrives at the gate of the church-yard, the Lodge to which the deceaſed Brother belonged, and all the reſt of the Brethren, muſt halt, till the Members of the different Lodges have formed a perfect circle round the grave, when an opening is made to receive them. They then march up to the grave, and the Clergyman, and the Officers of the acting L.

taking their ſtation at the head of the grave, with the choriſters on each ſide, and the mourners at the foot, the ſervice is rehearſed, an anthem ſung, and that particular part of the ceremony is concluded with the uſual forms. In returning from the funeral, the ſame order of proceſſion is to be obſerved.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

THE Lodge is opened by the Maſter of the L. to which the deceaſed belonged in the third degree, with the uſual forms, and an anthem is ſung. The body being placed in the center on a couch, and the coffin in which it is laid being open, the Maſter proceeds to the head of the corpſe, and the ſervice begins.

Maſter. "What man is he that liveth, and ſhall not ſee death? ſhall he deliver his ſoul from the hand of the grave?

"Man walketh in a vain ſhadow, he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who ſhall gather them.

"When he dieth, he ſhall carry nothing away, his glory ſhall not deſcend after him.

"Naked we came into the world, and naked we muſt return: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; bleſſed be the name of the Lord."

The grand honours are then given, and certain forms uſed which cannot be here explained. Solemn muſic is introduced, during which the Maſter ſtrews herbs or flowers over the body; and, taking the *Sacred Roll* in his hand, he ſays,

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like his."

The Brethren anſwer,

"God is our God, for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."

The Maſter then puts the roll into the coffin, after which he ſays,

"Almighty Father, into thy hands we commend the ſoul of our loving Brother."

The Brethren anſwer three times, giving the grand honours each time.

"The will of God is accompliſhed: ſo be it."

The Maſter then repeats the following prayer:

"Moſt glorious God, author of all good, and giver of all mercy, pour down thy bleſſings upon us, and ſtrengthen all our ſolemn engagements with the ties of fraternal affection. Let this ſtriking inſtance of mortality remind us of our approaching fate, and ſo fit and prepare us for that awful period, whenever it may arrive, that after our departure hence, in peace and in thy favour, we may be received into thine everlaſting kingdom, and there enjoy, in endleſs fruition, the juſt rewards of a pious and virtuous life." *Amen.*

An anthem being ſung, the Maſter retires to the pedeſtal, and the coffin is ſhut up. An oration ſuitable to the occaſion is then delivered, and the Maſter recommends love and unity, the Brethren join hands, and renew to each other their pledged vows. The Lodge is adjourned, and the proceſſion begins in the form already deſcribed to the church, and from thence to the place of interment, when the following exhortation is given:

"The preſent occaſion preſents to our view a ſtriking inſtance of the uncertainty of life, and demonſtrates the vanity of all human purſuits. As the laſt offices paid to the dead are only uſeful as they are lectures to the living, we ought to derive inſtruction from them, and conſider every ſolemnity of this kind as a ſummons to prepare for our approaching diſſolution.

"Notwithſtanding the various mementos of mortality with which we daily meet, notwithſtanding we are convinced that death has eſtabliſhed his empire over all the works of nature, yet, through ſome unaccountable infatuation, we are ſtill apt to forget we were born to die. We go on from one deſign to another, add hope to hope, and lay out plans for the

ſubſiſtence and employment of many years, till we are ſuddenly alarmed with the approach of death when we leaſt expected him, and at an hour which we had probably concluded to be the meridian of our exiſtence.

"What are all the externals of majeſty, the pride of wealth, or charms of beauty, when nature claims her juſt debt? Let us, for a moment, throw our eyes on the laſt ſcene, view life ſtript of her ornaments, and expoſed in her natural meanneſs, and we ſhall then be convinced of the futility of theſe empty deluſions. In the grave, all fallacies are detected, all ranks are levelled, and all diſtinctions are done away.

"As, therefore, life is uncertain, and all earthly purſuits are vain, let us no longer poſtpone the important concern of preparing for eternity. Let us embrace the happy moment while time and opportunity offer, in providing with care againſt that great change, when the tranſitory pleaſures of this world can no longer delight us, and the reflections of a life ſpent in the exerciſe of piety and virtue yield the only comfort and conſolation.

"While we drop the ſympathetic tear over the grave of our deceaſed friend, let Charity induce us to throw a veil over his foibles, whatever they may have been, and let us not withhold from his memory the praiſe his virtues may have claimed. Suffer the apologies of human nature to plead in his behalf. Perfection has never been attained, and the wiſeſt as well as the beſt of men have erred. His meritorious actions let us imitate, and from his weakneſs derive inſtruction.

"Let the example of his fate excite our ſerious conſideration, and ſtrengthen our reſolutions of amendment, leaſt our expectations be alſo fruſtrated, and we be hurried unprepared into the preſence of an all-wiſe and powerful Judge, to whom the ſecrets of all hearts are known, and from whoſe dread tribunal no culprit can eſcape.

"To conclude—Let us ſupport with propriety the character of our profeſſion on every occaſion, advert to the nature of our ſolemn engagements, and ſupplicate the Divine Grace to enable us to purſue with unwearied aſſiduity the ſacred tenets of our Order. Thus we ſhall ſecure the favour of that eternal Being whoſe goodneſs and whoſe power can know no bound, and proſecute our journey, without dread or apprehenſion, to a far diſtant country, from which no traveller returns. By the light of the Divine Countenance, we ſhall paſs without trembling through thoſe gloomy manſions where all things are forgotten; and at that great and tremendous day, when arraigned at the bar of Divine Juſtice, judgment ſhall be pronounced in our favour, we ſhall receive the reward of our virtue, by acquiring the poſſeſſion of an immortal inheritance, where joy flows in one continued ſtream, and no mound can check its courſe."

The following invocations are then made by the Maſter, and the uſual honours accompany each.

Maſter. May we be true and faithful, and may we live and die in love.

Anſwer. So mote it be.

Maſter. May we always profeſs what is good, and may we always act agreeably to our profeſſion!

Anſwer. So mote it be.

Maſter. May the Lord bleſs us, and proſper us, and may all our good intentions be crowned with ſucceſs.

Anſwer. So mote it be.

The Secretaries then advance, and throw their rolls into the grave with the uſual forms, while the Maſter repeats with an audible voice,

"Glory be to God on high, on earth peace and good-will towards men.

Anſwer. "So mote it be now, from henceforth, and for evermore."

The Maſter then concludes the ceremony at the grave in the following words:

"From time immemorial it has been an eſtabliſhed cuſtom among the Members of this reſpectable Society, when requeſted by a Brother, to accompany his corpſe to the place of interment, and there to depoſit his remains with the uſual formalities.

"In conformity with this laudable uſage, and at the ſpecial requeſt of our deceaſed Brother, whoſe memory we revere, and whoſe loſs we now deplore, we are here aſſembled under legal diſpenſation, in the form and character of Maſons, to reſign his body to the earth from whence it came, and to offer up the laſt tribute of our fraternal affection and regard to his memory, thereby demonſtrating to the world the ſincerity of our paſt eſteem, and our ſteady attachment to the principles of our honourable Order.

"With all proper reſpect to the eſtabliſhed cuſtoms of the country in which we reſide, with due deference to our ſuperiors in church and ſtate, and with unlimited good-will to all mankind, we here appear in the character of our profeſſion. Inveſted with the badges of our ſacred Inſtitution, we humbly implore the bleſſing of Heaven on all our zealous endeavours for the general good of ſociety, and pray for our ſteady perſeverance in the principles of piety and virtue.

"As it has pleaſed the great Creator to remove our worthy Brother, now deceaſed, from the cares and troubles of a tranſitory exiſtence to a ſtate of eternal duration, and thereby to weaken the chain by which we are linked one to another—may this example of the uncertainty of human life remind us of our approaching fate, and may we, who ſurvive him, be more ſtrongly cemented with the ties of union and friendſhip, and ſo regulate our conduct here, by the ſacred dictates of truth and wiſdom, as to enjoy, in the latter period of life, that ſerene tranquillity of mind

which ever flows from a clear and unſullied conſcience, void of offence.

"Unto the grave we have reſigned the body of our loving friend and Brother, there to remain until the general reſurrection, in ſavourable expectation that his immortal ſoul will then partake of thoſe joys which have been prepared for the righteous from the beginning of the world—and we earneſtly pray Almighty God, of his infinite goodneſs, at the grand tribunal of unbiaſſed juſtice, to extend his mercy towards him, and all of us, and to crown our felicity with everlaſting bliſs in the expanded realms of a boundleſs eternity. This we beg, for the honour of his holy name, to whom be glory, now and for ever." *Amen.*

Thus the ſervice ends, when the uſual honours are given, and the proceſſion returns to the place from whence it came.

The Brethren being all arrived at the Lodge, the neceſſary duties are complied with, and the buſineſs of Maſonry is renewed. The regalia and the ornaments of the deceaſed, if an Officer of the Lodge, are returned to the M. in due form, and with the uſual ceremonies; after which the charges for regulating the conduct of the Fraternity are rehearſed, and the Lodge is cloſed in the third degree, with a bleſſing.

An Account of the Royal Cumberland School.

TO our Maſonic readers we need offer no apology for introducing the preſent ſubject to public attention. An Inſtitution ſo noble in itſelf, and ſo honourable to the Fraternity, can never be too well underſtood, or too ſtrongly recommended. It opens a field in which the generous feelings of humanity may exert their utmoſt energy, and points at once to temporal enjoyment and eternal bliſs.

The ſpirit of benevolence was never more univerſally or more efficaciouſly exerted than at preſent—

proviſion for the aged, the poor, and the infirm, being abundantly found in this hoſpitable country. Free-maſonry, however, which has reaſon to boaſt of every excellence that antiquity and the practice of moral virtue can give, had not before this Inſtitution extended its beneficence to Female Orphans, however urgent their neceſſities. The purpoſe of the Inſtitution was, therefore, to preſerve the *female offspring of indigent Free maſons* from the dangers and misfortunes to which a diſtreſſed ſituation might expoſe them.

To extend the hand of compaſſion, to give aſſiſtance where it was moſt wanted, and to render the deſign extenſively beneficial, a plan was, with the utmoſt deference, ſubmitted to her royal highneſs the Ducheſs of Cumberland, by the Chevalier Bartholomew Ruſpini. Her royal highneſs having conſidered the ſame, humanely condeſcended to take it under her protection, and deigned to accept the title of Patroneſs. His royal highneſs the Duke of Cumberland, then G. Maſter, and their royal highneſſes the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Glouceſter, expreſſed their approbation, and a diſpoſition to ſupport it by their patronage.

The more effectually to ſupport this humane undertaking, and to prevent abuſes, it was conſidered, that the aſſiſtance of the Ladies would prove a valuable acquiſition: it was therefore reſolved to ſolicit the favour of thoſe Ladies who ſhould condeſcend to become governeſſes, to inſpect into the œconomy of the houſe, the education of the children, and into all matters relative to their various employments; and that they would vouchſafe to communicate to the Committee ſuch obſervations as might ſeem neceſſary to forward the purpoſes of this Inſtitution; thus adding to the liberality of their contributions, the kind office of training young female minds, deſtitute of parental care and attention, to induſtry and virtue, to ſocial, moral, and religious duties.

To Ladies of all ranks we eſpecially and moſt earneſtly recommend the ſupport of this Benevolent Fabric, which has for its object to qualify a number of girls to occupy an uſeful ſtation in life; to furniſh reſpectable families with ſervants, whoſe talents and virtuous diſpoſitions may entitle them to that confidence which can rarely be beſtowed with ſafety on thoſe whoſe birth and education have been among the loweſt orders of ſociety.

The great encouragement this undertaking met with in its infancy from ſeveral branches of the royal family, and from many diſtinguiſhed characters among the nobility and gentry, as well without as within the circle of the Fraternity, enabled the Truſtees and Committee, who were delegated to manage the concerns of the Charity, to take a houſe at Somer's town, in the New Road leading from Tottenham-court-road to Iſlington; and on the firſt of January, 1789, fifteen Children were admitted therein, which number was, at different periods, augmented to the amount of twenty-eight, than which number the houſe was not calculated to accommodate more.

In 1793 the Governors, anxious ſtill further to extend the benefits of this Inſtitution, hired on leaſe a piece of ground in St. George's Fields belonging to the city of London, on which they have erected a commodious and ſpacious ſchool-houſe at the expence of upwards of £2,500, into which the Children are now removed. This building is ſufficiently extenſive to accommodate 100 Children, and from the exertions of the Fraternity at home and abroad, there is every reaſon to hope that the Governors will ſoon have it in their power to provide for that number.

The following are ſome of the general regulations for the management of this School.

Every Child who is admitted into the School muſt be the daughter of a Maſon who has been initiated into the Society three years, and regiſtered in the books of

the Grand Lodge—and ſuch child, at the time of application, muſt be between the age of five and nine years, not weak, ſickly, or afflicted with any diſorder or infirmity—muſt have had the ſmall-pox, and be free from any defect in her eyes or limbs. There is no reſtriction as to her parochial ſettlement, whether it be in town or country.

Children continue in the School till they attain the age of fifteen years, during which time they are carefully inſtructed in every domeſtic employment, and when they quit the School, are placed out as apprentices, either to trades, or as domeſtic ſervants, as may be found moſt ſuitable to their reſpective capacities.

A quarterly general court of the Governors is held on the ſecond Thurſday in January, April, July, and October, to receive the reports of the general Committee, order all payments, admit and diſcharge Children, and tranſact all general buſineſs relative to the charity.

A general Committee, conſiſting of perpetual and life Governors, and thirty annual Governors, meet on the laſt Friday in every month, to receive the reports of the Sub-committee, and give ſuch directions as they ſhall judge proper, ſubject to the confirmation or rejection of the ſucceeding quarterly Court.

A houſe Committee, conſiſting of twelve members of the general Committee, meet on the Friday preceding each meeting of the Committee (or oftener, if any matter require their attendance) to whom the internal management is ſpecially delegated; for which purpoſe they viſit the School in weekly rotation, examine the proviſion and ſtores ſent in for the uſe of the Charity, and ſee that the ſeveral regulations are ſtrictly complied with, and report their proceedings to the general Committee.

A Committee of Auditors, conſiſting of twelve members of the general Committee, meet previous to every quarterly Court, to examine the vouchers and

accounts of the Treaſurer and Collector, ſee that the ſame are properly entered by the Secretary, and prevent any payments being made, which have not been previouſly examined and approved by the houſe and general Committees.

Abſtract of the general Principles upon which this Charity is conducted, and the Qualification and Privileges of a Governor.

1. Every perſon ſubſcribing one guinea annually is deemed a Governor or Governeſs, during the time ſuch ſubſcription is continued.

2. Every ſubſcriber of ten guineas, or upwards, is deemed a Governor or Governeſs for life; and ſuch Governor is a member of the general Committee.

3. The Maſter for the time being of any Lodge ſubſcribing one guinea annually, is deemed a Governor during that time.

4. The M. for the time being of any Lodge ſubſcribing ten guineas, is a member of the Committee for fifteen years; and on ſuch L. paying the further ſum of ten guineas within the ſpace of ten years, ſuch M. for the time being is a Governor, and member of the Committee, ſo long as ſuch Lodge exiſts.

5. The Maſter for the time being of any Lodge ſubſcribing twenty guineas, is a perpetual Governor, ſo long as ſuch Lodge exiſts.

6. Any ſubſcriber who has already made a benefaction of ten guineas, or the Maſter of any L. who has contributed twenty guineas, and chuſes to repeat ſuch donation, is entitled to the privilege of a ſecond vote on all queſtions relative to the Charity.

7. The executor of any perſon paying a legacy of £100 for the uſe of this Charity, is deemed a Governor for life—and in caſe a legacy of £200, or upwards, be paid for the uſe of the Charity, then all the executors proving the will are deemed Governors for life.

8. Every Governor has a right to vote at all quarterly and ſpecial courts, and every Nobleman, Member of Parliament, Lady, Maſter of a country Lodge, and Governor not reſiding within the bills of mortality, have a right to vote by proxy at all ballots and elections—but no perſon, being an annual Governor, can be permitted to vote at any election until the ſubſcription for the current year (and arrears, if any) are paid to the Treaſurer.

9. Any Governor ſupplying this Inſtitution with any article wherefrom any emolument may ariſe, ſhall not vote on any queſtion relative thereto; nor can ſuch Governor be a member of any Committee whatever during the time he ſerves the Charity.

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

To him who uſes the mallet in knocking off thoſe ſuperfluous paſſions that in any manner degrade the man or the Maſon.

May every Maſon be a good man, and every good man a Maſon.

May we always meet upon a level and part upon the ſquare.

May Sincerity, Charity, and Peace be eſtabliſhed in this Lodge.

May hypocriſy, faction, and ſtrife, be for ever rooted from every Lodge.

May Virtue ever direct our actions with reſpect to ourſelves, juſtice to thoſe with whom we deal, mercy, love and charity to all mankind.

Every Brother who keeps the key of knowledge from all intruders, but will cheerfully open the cabinet to a worthy Brother.

The Maſon that knows the true value and uſe of his tools.

FINIS.